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## AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Our social life in the United States, our society, has been developed from the principles which form the basis of our government. It is well now and then to look below the surface of things and consider why we so seldom feel the pressure of our government—that in fact we scarcely realize we have a government. We forget the cause that gives every man the right to vote, and to aspire to any high place he may desire, and every woman the right to hold her property and govern her children, and go when and where she will without question. This is not simply because we have a republican form of government, but it is because our republicanism is founded on standards of law and order, on principles of justice and morality, both written and unwritten, which regulate the relations of man with man, yet leave him free in his individual life. In this respect our government is as beneficent as Nature, whose inexorable laws cannot be violated with impuuity, and yet few of us realize that we are subject to such laws. The laws, established by our forefathers, find their consummation not only in our government but in our society. If to he a good citizen we should learn something of the underlying principles of our government, and of its organization and its forms, so as members of society we should learn something of its principles and forms. We speak of government as a science, and we may call society an art. Art finds its method of expression in various ways; in society, art exists in that spirit of refinement which pervades the household and the social circle, in the adornment of the house and the person; and especially in the forms that illustrate the thoughts, sentiments and tastes which prevail in society.

Webster defines society to be, "the more cultivated portion of the community in its social relations and influences." Here then we must seek for the art by which such thoughts, sentiments and tastes as exist in society are expressed; and here we find pure and elevated work to do, noble ambition to gratify and power to exercise. Every American is animated with a desire and a laudable ambition to do some good work, and thereby exercise a certain influence or power, and especially is every American woman at the present time stimulated to such desires.

Now when so many avenues of business, so many opportunities of effort are open to woman, it is important for her to make a just estimate of the relation between the business world and the social world. While she should appreciate the business opportunities offered, and gladly embrace them, she should not lose sight of her rightful position in society. There she may always hold supreme power. If she does not sustain this higher power, which is now accorded to her as a welldefined heritage; and if she does not maintain her influence through this social power, then we may expect our race to return to a semi-barbaric condition. This is strong language, but surely it is not wealth nor labor, nor learning, nor even religion that holds mankind to a refined method of living. Riches and work, wisdom and religion may each and all exist amid a coarse and even a revolting mode of life. It is the standard of good society that lifts humanity and upholds it in the refined regions which give opportunity for the growth of the most delicate sentiments and the purest lives, and an adherence to such standards stimulates the religious sentiment.

The impression prevalent in some directions, that a desire to enjoy the privileges of good society is reprehensible, that it indicates a frivolous taste and a trivial ambition, is a mistake. This view of social life is taken from a low standpoint, and induces a judgment from the surface of things. It is the same kind of view that leads society people to look on politics as a debasing pursuit; the same kind of view that influences the pessimist to despair of human life; it is the standpoint from which are pictured the realistic novels, which in their crude truthfulness bear the same relation to true realism that mere



nakedness does to the nude creations of high art. No phase of human life can be fairly judged by the external only. In the human being we search for the soul, in human affairs we must likewise seek the motive power that stimulates action and creates the forms of expression.

We find this motive power, this spirit of society, in certain unchangeable principles, which are the same in all countries and at all times. For this reason persons of true politeness recognize that quality in each other in any place, and under all circumstances, although they may differ greatly in their opinion and knowledge of etiquette. The etiquette of society is its external life, its body. The conventional decorum of society is a matter of fashion, and is as fluctuating as all things that come under the rule of that whimsical power. Goldsmith says: "Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is the same everywhere. Politeness is the result of good sense and good nature."

The elements which form the spirit of good society are the common virtues of justice, honesty and charity, which exist also in the rough and uncultivated part of the community. In these classes such virtues are found as uncut gems or untried ore; the sterling worth of the gem and the metal is there, but its value is obscured and its beauties are hidden. In good society the sharp instruments of conventional restraint and the high polish of a fine courtesy abstract all dross from the ore; they shape and polish the rough gem until it is beautiful, lustrous and of a higher value. There is also a dishonorable class where these virtues are basely initated, and are covered by a false glitter; they are mere pieces of colored glass to which the delicate instruments of courtesy give an external polish while they remain intrinsically worthless.

In the older governments the forms of society are sharply defined and rigidly enforced. In the official society of our country, as in Washington, such rules are gradually being formed and accepted. A necessity for them impresses itself so strongly on the sense of society that it has been unable to resist the pressure, although protesting against the very rules it is obliged to make. This protest and a resistance to this



development is a mistake, and unjustifiable while these rules designate only such distinctions as have a real existence, and set up no shams. While the principles of our government and of our society affirm that all men are entitled to equal opportunities, and that no law must be made and no form adopted that will restrain a person or a class of persons from aspiring to the highest positions, they do not affirm that all such positions are equal. All men are at liberty to labor and to aspire, but the things to which they aspire are not equal, and never can be. Do we not rightfully accord more applause and respect to a judge of the supreme court and a senator of the United States, or a cabinet officer, than we do to a simple copyist, a clerk in the government departments? Since this distinction is genuine, and we admit that it is a just distinction, as more ability and experience are required for one place than the other, it may legitimately have an outward expression, it will, in fact, obtain an outward expression whether we define it or not. In time the clerk may become the judge, the senator, the cabinet officer, and then he will receive the honors denied him now.

Society cannot exist without form as seen in its conventionalities. We may as well talk of art without expression as of society without form. Immediately after the Revolution, the natural conservatism of society held to many of the ceremonies of the aristocratic period just passed; thus Washington and later Presidents and Governors of States were addressed as Your Excellency; people signed their names as your most obedient and humble servant, etc. In the beginning of this century there was a rather violent reaction from such habits. and there followed an annihilation of form which was in advance of the conservatism of our government. This was a forced movement, an unnatural one, hence we find the conservatism of society reasserting itself, and demanding a return to legitimate forms and ceremonies. The peculiarity of our government is in a combination of progress and restraint, freedom and conservatism; our social life must be in harmony with this characteristic.

The forms of society, are as essential to the good order of society as are the forms of law to the administration of justice.



The bit of pasteboard that we call a visiting card establishes a barrier in social intercourse as effectual as if it were a bar of steel; this little thing, lightly thrown about, is really a symbol of the sacredness of home; like many forms it may be abused, it cannot be spared. The ceremonious bow, or lifting of the hat, expresses the respect which each acquaintance should entertain for the man or woman with whom he is willing to hold social intercourse; it indicates a principle which cannot be dropped from society. And so we might multiply the reasons for ceremonies that often appear to us useless and insipid.

While we attach due importance to ceremony, it is essential to the artistic sense of society that we preserve a severe simplicity, such as constitutes the noblest type of art in music and painting. Such simplicity is ever the distinguishing characteristic of the most agreeable people in society who have a generous cultivation and a large experience.

A brief survey of society in America shows it divided into many and various cliques and coteries. We have most conspicuously the stylish set, dashing and arrogant; and the circle of descendants from the good old colonial families, respectable and conservative. Each of these express a contempt of politics, the first declaring that politics are low, stupid, intolerable; the last are deplorably indifferent to politics, intimating that they are in the hands of new people, corrupt and degenerate, and should be avoided. The men and women of these sets forget that—

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands reveal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
That make or mark the common weal.

Nor lightly fall,
Beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act

Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote.

They also forget that if politics have become degenerate it is because public sentiment is debased, and that public senti-



ment is led not only by the business part of the community, or it it is so led this indicates a weak and inferior social life, for society in its legitimate action should have a large if not a controlling influence on politics. In the great centres of political life, as in Washington and the capitals of the states, a social power might prevail which would radiate from thence throughout the country. It is the first, the most important, business of women in society to retain or to develop this influence; the ambition of style should not be paramount but accessory to the ambition of power, the power to sway events and men.

Besides the stylish and the aristocratic sets we have the literary circles, the musical set, the artistic coterie and the religious sociables and circles of various kinds, together with the many clubs organized for an infinite number of purposes. All of these sets and circles, these cliques and clubs, are the elements from which good society, in its broad and generous and in its higher signification, should be drawn. Of themselves, neither individually nor collectively, are they good society.

During the first half of this century we had in America a good society; it was distinctly recognized in all parts of the country, and its leaders were known in every centre of the higher social life; it exerted a large influence on the politics of the country. The men and women of that time were filled with enthusiasm, and were not ashamed of it. They had great thoughts and great purposes, and talked about them; and they had amusements, active and animated. The characteristics of that society were sensible and amusing conversation, protection and assistance extended to the young, deference and gentleness accorded to the old; dignity, kindness, and above all a generous hospitality.

The immense growth and development of the country, and especially the disorganization consequent on the late war, utterly destroyed this early society, and nothing has yet worthily replaced it. But we have what is, perhaps, better; what will be better if we use the material we have to develop a society—elevated, liberal, and genuine—modeled on the liberality and conservatism of our government.

Our theories of government demand integrity, capability and intellectual superiority as essential qualities for a participation



in its highest offices, and demand nothing more—no test of birth or wealth; so our society must demand only refined manners and intellectual cultivation based on those common virtues to which we have referred.

Upon these standards we should form our ideal, and all others be resolutely put aside. The first and most important test of admission to society should be the simple, genuine qualities of the true gentleman and the true lady, that is, refined manners based on the essential virtues. We may criticize the words lady and gentleman, and prefer the good strong terms, men and women, as a matter of taste and correct English, yet to our finer sense there is a quality of refinement associated with the old fashioned words lady and gentleman that we do not quite catch in the stronger substitute. In good society no mere external polish, no ability nor intellectual brilliancy should be allowed to cover a deficiency in refinement; no elevated position, and no amount of wealth should be accepted in its place, nor may even good moral character or finely finished manners alone pass current. Society must have the power to create her own standards in which she will include, and yet demand something more than morality, knowledge or polish The good man may be boorish, the intellectual man may be willfully rude, the polished man may be covertly coarse; she will tolerate none of these faults; each one within her circle must show a willingness to conform to her laws, and check his awkwardness, his surliness, and his grossness while within her rigid precincts.

When we have created an ideal society, led by the choice spirits of the fashionable, aristocratic, religious, literary, musical, and artistic coteries—what should be its leading object? Milton says, all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body. Thus dress and eating and dancing, which are prominent features of good society, and are not only allowable but desirable, pertain to the body and therefore should not be leading objects in society, although they are to be encouraged, for treated in their finest sense they are the embellishments and indulgences necessary to society. It is believed by some that the principle object of social life should be an interchange of views on moral and religious subjects;



others say that it must be intellectual advancement, and others again urge that it should be for amusement only, and for a rest from all definite pursuits.

Each of these objects can be gained more directly outside of society, and either of them as a leading object would narrow the influence of society while gaining little for their immediate purposes. All persons require relaxation, not simply as rest, but relaxation with entertainment; and such relief is sought by public and private amusements. drama, opera and concert, the exhibition of works of art, select readings and lectures constitute the public entertainments. They offer rest and relaxation; they please and amuse, and often elevate the sentiments; but they do not satisfy a longing in the human heart for social life. At times we endeavor to satisfy this longing by a repetition or imitation of public entertainments in private life. These amusements are either for the pleasure of invited guests or for the benefit of some charity. However managed, the majority of such attempts are the result of an ungratified desire for the advantages, the stimulant and enjoyments of good society.

The same longing often leads to the organization of various clubs and societies, which are established ostensibly with a definite object in view relating to literature, science or art. A few earnest spirits labor zealously in behalf of the leading object of the club, but the larger number will be found to use the association for the enjoyment of social intercourse. This is an innocent and an honorable desire. Its indulgence may be misplaced in some of these clubs, but there are others in which it is legitimate. It will be found, however, that as good society develops and becomes clearly defined in a community, these clubs and associations will lose their impetus and decline except as a means of actual work toward special objects, which is their legitimate end.

Neither clubs and societies, amateur entertainments nor public amusements will satisfy the social desire, because such an instinct demands activity as well as passivity; it must give as well as receive. The mere performance of a set part in a play, a reading or a concert, or the listening to such a part, will not satisfy this demand; it aspires to something more, and



again urges its appeal. It calls for the excitement, the friction, the intense pleasure of mind striking against mind, of fancy playing in and out of the intricacies of another fancy; of wit sharpening itself on the edge of another wit; of amiability mingling its sweet incense with the aroma of another lovely nature; it demands—conversation.

This, then, is the legitimate object of good society;—relaxation and entertainment as found in conversation. This is the fine art of social life. Numerous as are the allowable and desirable side issues, the highest object of good society should be the encouragement, cultivation and acquisition of facility in conversation, of tact and power in conversation.

Madame de Staël says: "Conversation as a talent exists in France alone; in all other countries it answers the purposes of politeness, of argument and friendly intercourse;" and again, "In France it is an art to which the imagination and the soul are no doubt very necessary, but which possesses besides these certain secrets whereby the absence of both may be supplied." As conversation has been so little cultivated and enjoyed among Americans, we may believe that we are justly included among those who do not possess it as a talent, but we may take a hint from the subtle French woman who intimates that there are secrets whereby the absence of talent may be supplied. To discover these secrets will require not only thought and theory, but experiment and practice.

We are a practical people; as soon as we seize upon an idea we are straightway mad until we witness its practical workings. We cannot theorize like the Germans, and let our everyday lives drift on as if we had no theories. We cannot believe like the Frenchman, and cover our belief with a light and airy expression which may be taken either as jest or earnest. We see the advantages of a community of goods and interests, and we establish a Brook Farm; we believe in socialism, and we found the Oneida Community; we consider Joseph Smith a prophet, and we have Mormonism; we believe in a liberal religion, and a church of ethical culture is the result. If we would study Shakespeare, we organize a society for that purpose; to understand Browning, we have a host of clubs. When the Centennial of 1876 created an era in Decorative Art in this



country, we had societies and clubs and circles without number as an illustration of our awakened interest in art in all of its forms. Such a fervor of enthusiasm brings about some follies and exaggerations, but these are faults attendant upon the experimental conditions of our life. We have the exuberance of youth, and deal in superlatives, but we do many beautiful and wise things as a result of our experiments.

The good society which we are to develop in this country will be of slow growth, as judged by our standards, for we have proverbially the impatience of youth; an art must have time for growth, and this art cannot be perfected in a season. Yet we are not to sit with folded hands and await its development; no good thing will come to us unless we believe in it and struggle for it.

Toward the practical attainment of the main object of good society, and as a means of discovering the secret of de Staël we should individually test and improve our usual modes of expression; and in every city and village the clubs and societies now established for mental cultivation of any kind should introduce the practice of conversation as an art to be attained. These organizations do indirectly lend themselves to this object by demanding a definite expression of ideas and opinions, but they also render our deficiencies more palpable. There might be among these associations a friendly rivalry for advancement in clearness and facility of expression. It is only by a community of effort that we will make progress.

We are but men, no gods are we To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak, Each separate, on his painful peak, Thin-cloaked in self-complacency!

It is in clubs and societies that opportunity will be found for unity of effort; but care should be taken that the meetings of such associations do not become schools of pedantry or forums for the display of personal vanity. There is a tendency of intellectual Americans toward these faults, and it indicates an ignorance of the charms of conversation as an art, of its even movement, its impetuous flow and its repose. To talk, to instruct, to chatter, to hold forth, is not conversation. To do either one or the other is to be a menial, not an artist, in the



circle where high standards are held. Such a talker takes the rank in conversation that a drummer who marks the time for a military company does in music; but one who while he converses has his learning, his judgment and his wit ready for a stroke, a pause, a trill—ready for a solo or a grand harmony, is time and occasion demand—is an artist in conversation as the prima donna is in music. Such a person will study, without seeming to study, the lights and shadows, the distances and forms, the colors and effects of what he says himself, and of what is said to him, and skillfully, with the brush of ready speech will take from the palette of good sense the brilliant hues of imagination, and the subdued tints of propriety, and will paint a picture which seeming to fade while he paints, will yet be imprinted on the memory and heart of the listener with a lasting endurance. But the artist in conversation must be able not only to impress on the listener his own personality, but be equally able to draw from the listener the best that is in him, and also to give him a conciousness of having done his best. Indeed, this quality of drawing out another may be of o distinct a character as to form an ideal conversationalist, even when there is no marked ability in the power of expression.

These methods show conversation as a fine art. It is towards such ideals that we must aspire. To some persons the onception of an ideal may seem out of keeping with this subect. Is any fine art trivial, is anything that tends to elevate the mind and the taste puerile? Can this art be insignificant which is a gymnasium for the exercise of a knowledge of all arts, and of philosophy and science? Here we will have no specialties, but a recognition of the best in all things. It will e one of our peculiar merits that in this age of specialties, then mind and manner have a tendency to run in grooves, to \*come contracted and one-sided that we will thwart this tendency; not by diverting the mind from the special object of sudy or activity, but by impressing it with the value and imortance of other pursuits. To run in a rut and become sarrow minded is a natural, but not a necessary result of earnest iplication to single departments of knowledge and peculiar of art. It is the office of good society, and largely by seans of conversation, to preserve the equilibrium of cultivated



men and women, by bringing them together "to hold the mirror up to nature," in which each may contemplate a reflection of himself in association with others, and thus prevent that distorted view which comes from gazing always on the same object, or on different objects from the same standpoint.

We have seen the necessity for individual effort and far associated effort in the development of the main object of good society in our country with the combined influence of both men and women. But as it is peculiarly the province of woman to establish the habits of society—at least until such time as men and women stand upon equal ground politically and socially—it is also her province to assume the main responsibility of a true development of American society in the attainment of conversation as a fine art. Women should be the leaders, the heroines in this movement, and they will reap the fame and the power, for such leaders will become queens of society in a noble and royal way that will surpass the queenliness of all times and places. They will be queens by right of nature, by right of genius, of cultivation and effort; by the admiration and respect of wise and great men, by the love and homage of generous and loval women. We should have thousands of such queens reigning in the simple and tasteful. as well as the sumptuous and luxurious, drawing-rooms that are scattered all over our prosperous country. Queens to whose drawing-rooms and tables statesmen and politicians, authors and artists, judges and professors, the refined and cultivated from every part of the country, from every part of the world, should feel it a privilege to be admitted.

The women who may aspire to these honors are not only the wives and daughters of millionaires and the representatives of renowned families. These should, indeed, feel an added responsibility to become instigators and models in an advancement of our social life; but all women who preside in pleasant and comfortable parlors, at orderly and well-served dinners. should have blooming in their households the thrifty plant of conversation, for it must take root first in the family. Women in homes simple, beautiful or luxurious should realize that their parlors and their tables are thrones from which, by means of the golden words that fall from their lips, shall emanate the



radiance of their virtues, the influence of their intellectual gifts and the graciousness of their charity. To reign worthily on such a throne is the legitimate ambition of every American woman; married or single, young or old, she has her domain in which she may yield a supreme influence. Her dominion need not be limited; society will gather around her if she has the power to influence it, and her sway will broaden year by year. The power exercised with tact and delicacy in the family extends to public opinion, and from public opinion it extends into the government; and thus the low-toned voice of a frail woman may shake or uphold the mighty fabric of the State.

Not women alone owe a duty to society in the cultivation of conversational power. It is largely the fault of men that conversation in society is so trivial and meaningless, so flat and wearisome. Men know that women are capable of better things than they bring to them or seek from them. They degrade both themselves and women by the simpering stuff they so often present and call forth as a substitute for conversation. No wonder that women turn away from such insipidity in search of earnest work and more noble issues, and that men express freely their disgust with society. It is the duty of men, as it should be their pleasure, to encourage and assist women in an effort toward higher aims in our American social life. have proved themselves the friends of higher education for women; they have stimulated her to become their compeer in many novel positions; it may be expected then that they will uphold her in the cultivation of this art, of this beautiful flower of the highest civilization. Men should not enter society condescendingly, nor with a flippant air, nor yet so seriously that the harassments of business seem to hang about their looks and manners. They should let the mind relax without becoming a vacuum; they should not leave all intelligence in the office, or reserve it for a few adoring friends, but use it in society.

We should all, men and women, have words of sympathy, of inspiration, of cheer and pleasantry to help each other onward, that together we may grow strong and agile in mental expression, while resting from the strain of business, and so gather trofit from an hour of pleasure.



"A dreamer dropped a random thought, 't was old and yet 't was new, A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true, It shone upon a genial mind, and lo, its light became A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame; The thought was small, its issues great, a watchfire on the hill, It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart, Let fall a word of hope and love unstudied from the heart, A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death;
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last."

Ellen Hardin Walworth



## NEGLECTED GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

"'T is true and pity 't is 't is true,' that the future, with all its uncertain results, appeals to us more than the past, with its tender memories and glorious triumphs.

America's past is now far enough removed to have gained a perspective, and to challenge the assertion that "there is nothing to lend a tinge of romance to her history." Her battlefields, moss-grown and ivy-mantled ruins, monuments and historic landmarks, all speak of a country rich in traditions and proud of her struggle for principle. From such a past should be evolved a deep and ardent desire to keep alive the memories of those who participated in that struggle, and made it glorious by their sacrifices.

During the Colonial and Revolutionary times men were too busy making history to think of burial places; but when the glorious deeds of those patriots passed into history, and they were consigned to the grave, it seems singular that a patriotic people, to say nothing of their immediate descendants, did not take some measures for marking their last resting places. In many instances at the South, these men of heroic memories were buried on their plantations, each of which had its own private burial ground in some sequestered spot. General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution, is buried on his plantation, "Belle Isle," in St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina. A crumbling and broken marble slab bears this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Brig. Genl. Francis Marion, who departed this life on the 27th of February, 1795, in the 63d year of his age, deeply regretted by his fellow citizens. History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution, which elevated his native country honor and independence, and secured to her the blessings of aberty and peace. This tribute of veneration and gratitude is exected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues

of the citizen and the gallant exploits of the soldier, who lived without fear and died without reproach."

General William Moultrie is also buried on his plantation, "Winsor Hall," about fourteen miles from Charleston, South Carolina, and has no monument to mark his grave. He it was who, on the 28th of June, 1776, gained the first complete victory achieved by America over British forces, and saved his native city, Charleston, twice from capture. In 1775 he designed the flag, a blue ground with a single silver crescent, which was shot away at Fort Moultrie and restored to position by Sergeant Jasper. The Cincinnati Society, whose first president he was, has placed a tablet to his memory in the vestibule of St. Philip's Church, Charleston, The following inscription is copied from the tablet:

"Sacred to the memory of Maj. Genl. Wm. Moultrie, who by his intrepidity and good conduct on the 28th of June, 1776, gained with his regiment the first complete victory achieved by America over the forces of Britain, preserving Charleston from capture, giving confidence to the Union, and showing that the boasted navy of England was no longer invincible. Who, in 1777, saved Beaufort from capture by gallantly displaying his faithful band of militia in the open field, discomfiting an equal number of British regulars and proving the superiority of patriotic valor, well directed, over the sheltered discipline of despots. Who, again in 1779, by his activity and firmness, rescued his native city, Charleston, assailed by a formidable British army, thus thrice meriting the mural crown, and who, though captured and imprisoned, rejected with disdain the splendid bribe of rank and emolument in the enemy's army, demonstrated that a reverse of fortune could only add fresh luster to his laurels. Though daring in action and inflexible in patriotic principles, he was in society mild, benevolent and unassuming. No domestic character was more beloved; no He died the 27th of Sep., 1805, in the friend more cherished. 76th year of his age."

Gen. Thomas Sumter, the "Game Cock of the Revolution," has no stone to mark his resting place. He is buried in the family graveyard, near Statesburg, Sumter County, South Carolina. The place is called the "Home House," and is



owned by his youngest grandson. The General died in 1832. His son and only child died shortly afterward. The family contemplated erecting a handsome monument to their illustrious ancestor, but the money set aside for that purpose was lost during the war, and so the grave remains unmarked.

General Christopher Gadsden, who introduced the flag to be used in the American navy with a yellow field and a rattle-snake coiled and ready to strike, with the words "Don't tread on me" under it, lies in an unmarked grave in St. Philip's churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. He it was who, when the Stamp Act was passed in 1765, cried out, "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us known only as Americans, for we stand on the broad common platform of natural rights."

John Rutledge, one of the signers of the Constitution of the 'United States, known in South Carolina as "The Dictator," and pronounced by Patrick Henry to be without a peer for eloquence in the First Continental Congress, lies buried in St. Michael's churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina, his grave marked by only a plain, low headstone, with the simple inscription—

"On the 18th of July, A. D., departed this life in the 61st year of his age, John Rutledge." Not even the year of his death is given.

Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is buried in St. Philip's churchyard, Charleston, his monument being no more pretentious than that of "The Dictator's."

Thomas Heyward, Jr.; signer of the Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation, is buried at "Old House," the original Heyward plantation, West of Combahee river, South Carolina, on the road to Savannah.

On the banks of the Ashley river, along the picturesque road, stands the old "Middleton Place," the home of Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The old gates with their massive pillars stand intact, but of the homestead itself only the chimneys remain, the building having been burned down during the late war. Here, in this secluded and beautiful spot, rest the remains of the old signer.



Bolt upright against the wall, back of the chancel of old St. Michael's church, Charleston, South Carolina, we find a low, plain headstone with the simple inscription, "Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, born 25th of February, 1746, died August 1825." This was the grand old Roman, who uttered the immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute." He was also a signer of the Constitution of the United States. By his side lies Charles Pinckney, another signer, with a similar headstone.

In a secluded burial ground at Rantowle's Bridge, in the Parish of St. Paul's, South Carolina lies the gallant hero of Cowpens, Trenton, Eutaw Springs and Hobkirk's Hill, Col. William Washington, a cavalry officer in the war of the Revolution; born in Virginia Feb. 28th, 1752, died March 6th, 1810. The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, have erected a handsome monument to his memory in Magnolia Cemetery.

Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, a signer of the Articles of Confederation, President of the Continental Congress, Minister to Holland, a captive State prisoner in the Tower of London for several years, and one of the Commissioners with Franklin, Adams and Lee, who formed the treaty of American Independence with Great Britain, was cremated by his own request at "Mepkin," his estate, in South Carolina.

At "Hayne Hall," in St. Paul's Parish, Carleton County, South Carolina, a few miles from Jacksonboro, on the Edisto River, can be seen the unmarked grave of the "Martyr Hayne," who on August 4th, 1781, was led from his cell, in the basement of the old postoffice, Charleston, South Carolina, and executed at Radcliffe's Garden, then situated above the old fortification lines, now known as Radcliffe street, at a point between Jasper's court and Cumming street. William Gilmore Simms, the South Carolina novelist and historian, has given the most touching and graphic description of this event in his "Katharine Walton."

At the south end of Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast, at a place called "Dungenese," we find a little family burial plot containing several dark lichen-covered slabs, upon which the inscriptions can scarcely be traced. One of them covers the grave of the gallant "Light-Horse Harry Lee,"



the father of General Robert E. I.ee, of Virginia. General I.ee was wounded while trying to quell a riot in Baltimore, in 1817. With the hope of restoring his health he took a sea voyage, and stopped at Cumberland Island, to visit his old friend and comrade, Gen. Greene, where he died, and was buried in the plot containing the graves of Mrs. General Greene and her daughter. It is a lovely spot, overlooking Cumberland Sound. The walk leading to the burial enclosure is lined with banana trees, and is known as the "Banana Walk." Strange that he should find a grave at the home of his friend, whose grave is unknown, although a handsome monument is erected to General Greene's memory in Savannah.

Pulaski's and Jasper's graves are also unknown.

In the burial ground attached to St. Mary's Church, in Charleston, South Carolina, is a massive tomb, bearing the following inscription: "Underneath lie interred the bodies of Dlle. Amelie Maxime Rosale De Grasse, deceased the 23 day of Aug. 1799, and of Dlle. Milaine Veronique Maxime De Grasse, deceased on the 19th of Sep. 1799, daughters of the late François Joseph Paul Count De Grasse, Marquis De Lilly of the former counts of Province and Sovereign princes of Antibes, Lieut. Genl. of the Naval armies of his most Christian majesty, Commander of the Royal Order of St. Louie, and a member of the Military Order Society of Cincinnati." The De Grasse coat of arms also appears.

In a lowly unmarked grave, eight miles below Columbia, South Carolina, lie the remains of the heroic girl, Emily Geiger, who, when the woods of her native State were filled with Tories, volunteered to take a message from General Greene to General Sumter, a distance of many miles. With his usual precaution, Greene communicated the contents of the letter to the young woman verbally, fearing she might lose the written message on the way. Mounting a swift horse, the brave girl crossed the Wateree and pressed on to Sumter's camp. On the second day of her journey she was captured by Tory scouts, taken to a house on the edge of the swamp and searched. Being left alone a short time before the search she ate up Greene's letter piece by piece, and when the search was made nothing was found. With many apologies from her captors, she was allowed



to pursue her journey. She reached Sumter's camp, communicated Greene's message, and soon Randon was flying before the Americans. Surely her native State owes this brave girl a fitting monument.

Fourteen miles from Charleston stands the old Colonial Church of St. James, Goose Creek, built in 1711. Above the high pulpit and quaint sounding-board can still be seen the royal arms of Great Britain, the identical decoration that preserved the temple from destruction during the Revolutionary war. This historic church is considered the most interesting relic of colonial times, principally from its being kept in good repair, with everything about it as in days of yore when stately dames in four-horse coaches rolled up to the door, and with their attendant cavaliers filled the seventeen straight-backed mahogany pews. The floor of the church is of stone. In front of the pulpit, set in the floor, is a tablet, "To the memory of the first rector of the Parish, the Rev. Francis Le Jan, D. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, who died in 1717."

Among the curiosities to be seen here is the "Izard hatchment," said to be the only one in this country. At the funeral of Ralph Izard, that devoted patriot who predicated his entire fortune for the benefit of his country during the Revolution, this hatchment was borne before the body into the church, where it has remained ever since in accordance with the English custom. In the graveyard, fortified by a wall and ditch, are many old gray tombs, with their lichen-covered inscriptions so nearly obliterated that it would take an "Old Mortality" to decipher them. Old landgraves lie here who have been mouldering since 1694. One of these landgraves, Thomas Smith, Governor of the Province in 1694, was the first person who planted rice in South Carolina. The neighborhood round about this church is truly a classic region, and suggestive of many a tradition and adventure of ye olden time. Here were the residences of many of the wealthiest families of colonial times who spent their winters upon their splendid estates, retaining much of the style to which they had been accustomed in their homes across the sea. Here Marion and his men, Sumter and Greene, bivouacked time and again, and many a fair colonial dame waved a farewell to her husband or lover

from the windows of the mansions now in ruins, or fired a gun through the port-holes at their assailants. Nor is the place lacking in ghost stories and hints of underground passages to the river, of haunted houses with secret chambers and the echo of mysterious foot-falls, which, like the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow," fly as the whirlwind when pursued.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The Greeks and Romans honored their illustrious dead; the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt bespeak the same national trait. England has her Westminster Abbey and France her mortuary structures in bronze and marble. The Chinese and Japanese share the same sentiment, and worship their ancestors as gods and demi-gods. Even the North American Indians erected "barrows" or "cairns" in commemoration of their dead. Not only is the instinct of human nature, which teaches us to honor the virtues and achievements of our heroic dead commendable, but it kindles in the breast of the rising generation a laudable ambition to emulate the example of their noble ancestors.

The name of any one of the Revolutionary patriots mentioned in the foregoing pages would have been enough to illustrate an era or distinguish a nation, yet we find most of them without monuments or even memoirs to commemorate their eventful lives. We have been content to enjoy the liberty and independence achieved through their sufferings and bloodshed, but have manifested an unpardonable indifference to the perpetuation of their memories.

Now that the "Colonial Dames" and the "Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution" have organized societies, whose keynote is "Perpetuation of Historic Spots," we hope soon to see the sacred resting-places of these brave patriots crowned with fitting monuments.

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MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE, Ex-State Regent for South Carolina.



## A GERMAN REGIMENT FIGHTING FOR INDEPENDENCE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Having often remarked the prevalent impression that in the struggle of the Colonies for Independence, the only foreign assistance rendered our forefathers was by the French, and that all the Germans engaged, with the glorious exception of Baron Steuben, fought on the other side, I have thought it might interest the Daughters of the American Revolution to hear of one German regiment which crossed the broad ocean to fight in behalf of liberty.

Of course we all know there were many German regiments in our war of Independence, but they were Hessians, sold by their ruler and fighting to enforce the British yoke upon the descendants of that same British nation.

The Germans of whom I would speak were from another part of Germany, the Palatinate, which now forms part of the kingdom of Bavaria.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, in that beauful and fertile part of Germany which might well be called the "Garden of Europe," there still existed a small principality whose lord took his name from the chief city, the Residenz, Zweibrücken, called by the French "Deux-Ponts." This prince had a favorite regiment called the "Pfalz-zweibrücken," and which, from its foundation, had always been entrusted to the care of one of the princes of Zweibrücken. That it was permitted to come and join in the battles of the infant Republic was due to the persuasion of a Saxon princess, Amalie, who subsequently married the successor of the prince and became Duchess of Zweibrücken.

The regiment was commanded by Baron Eberhard von Esebeck, the "stately colonel" of the old *Chronicle*, and whose descendants still live in that little Rhenish Bavarian town with whose history they are identified. Under his command were the two young Counts von Forbach, sons of the Duke's morganatic wife.

This regiment was in Lafayette's command, and its members



are probably counted among the "French" who came to our assistance. It was also engaged in the battle of Yorktown, where one of the Forbach brothers, Count Wilhelm, especially distinguished himself in the successful storming of a redoubt, "for which services," says the *Chronicle*, "he was \*decorated with the order of the Cincinnatti."

#### KATE T. W. TITTMANN.

NOTE.—[In a volume of "Revolutionary Letters" recently translated from the German by Wm. L. Stone, it is said by a Hessian officer writing home after the surrender at Saratoga, and referring to the reception of the Hessians in the American camp: "A number of officers formerly in the Prussian service were fairly in ecstacies at sight of our blue coats-bringing back to them recollections of the battles of Sohr, Prague and Kesseldorf. Brigadier Weissenfels, of Konysberg, has rendered many services to those of our officers who were taken prisoners." Mr. Stone says in a note, "The statement of the writer (of this letter) that so many French and Prussian officers were in Gates' army, is quite a new revelation. There were doubtless, however, numbers of foreigners fighting on the side of the colonists whose names have not come down to us." Here is an interesting field of inquiry open to students of American history. In Rosengarten's "The German Soldiers in the Wars of the United States," he says: "Among the French allied army sent to the help of the struggling Colonists were many Germans, and the investigation of H. A. Rotterman attest both their number and influence. \* \* \* France had troops from the Rhine Provinces, Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland." This being the case, why may we not have Daughters of the American Revolution in some of these countries? With the Zweibrücken regiment came not only the two Counts Forbach, but also Captain Haake. Count Christian Forbach left a very full journal in manuscript, which has been translated by Samuel Abbott Green. In his journal he notes the fact that

<sup>\*</sup>Decorations being the rule in foreign countries, the historian seems to think our ancestors provided themselves with a supply of them for use in the war with the Mother country.



when he led the advance at Yorktown, he was challenged by a Hessian soldier stationed on the parapet, crying out in German, "Wer da." The brothers Forbach returned to Bavaria when the French Revolution obliged them to leave France, and they lived in Munich, holding posts of honor in the court until they both died in that city. It would be interesting to follow the career of the Princess Amalie, through whose intercession these gallant officers fought in behalf of American Independence.— Editor.]

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## MRS. A. S. HUBBARD.

Mrs. Hubbard is a representative of two hundred and fifty years of New England civilization; her ancestors, both on the paternal and maternal side for several generations having made their home in Massachusetts.

She is the youngest daughter of the late John Sylvester and Hannah Goodrich Holt, his wife, both of Charlestown, Massachusetts. She was born under the brow of Breed's Hill and within a stone's throw of the celebrated battle monument, Bunker Hill.

Through the Holts she is of the seventh generation in lineal descent from Nicholas Holt, of Romsey, England, who, accompanied by his wife Elizabeth and one child, sailed from Southampton, England, in the ship James, of London, April 6th, 1635, arriving in Boston the 3d of June following. He settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, and removed from thence in 1644 with his wife and four children to Andover, Massachusetts. He was the sixth family to settle in the town, and he was one of the original founders of Andover Church. Her great-grandfather, Joseph Holt, was a graduate of Harvard College in 1739, and for a number of years had charge of the Grammar School at Andover. He was in the Canada expedition of 1758, and kept a journal which was published in the New England Historical Magazine of 1856, vol. x., page 307. Her grandfather, Valentine Holt, from whom she derives her eligibility to membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, entered the Revolutionary Army when a lad of thirteen years of age, serving with his brother-in-law, Capt. Benjamin Farnham of Colonel Tupper's regiment. He was in the battle of Bennington, Vermont, August 16th, 1777, under General Stark, and was discharged in November, 1777, near West Point.

He entered the service for the second time and served in Captain William Barrow's company, Colonel Nichol's regiment, New Hampshire militia, and was discharged from the service October 22d., 1780. His application for a pension is on file in the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C.



Sarah Isabelle Sylvester Hubbard was educated in the public schools of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and was the youngest girl at that period who had ever been admitted to the Charlestown High School, the Hon. Samuel Pasco, present United States States Senator from Florida, being the youngest boy. She had for instructors such eminent men as Paul Hart Sweetser, Robert Swan, and later Prof. Caleb Emery, of the Boston Latin School. In 1857 she left New York in the steamship George Law for San Francisco, where she subsequently married Col. A. S. Hubbard. who was made an Honorary Past President-General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at the National Congress of that body held in Louisville, Kentukey, in 1890. He has also been accorded the honor of having founded the California society. When the Society of the Daughters of Revolutionary Sires (an auxiliary of the Sons) was organized in 1876, in San Francisco, Mrs. Hubbard's name was enrolled, and she remained a member until this branch fell into "innocuous desuetude." She is the mother of two sons, one of whom, now a freshman in an Eastern college, enjoys the distinguished honor of being the voungest and only member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in the United States under twenty-one years of age. She has been and is now identified with several religious and fraternal organizations of California. She was prominently connected with the founding of St. Luke's Church, now the largest and most influential Protestant Episcopal Church of San Francisco. She was for four years Deputy Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, an auxiliary, bound by the dearest ties, those of wife, mother, daughter and sister, to Freemasonry, and was the presiding officer of Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, of San Francisco, and has been prominently mentioned as the presiding officer of the Grand body of the same order.

Those who have kept themselves informed of the good work done by the Daughters of the American Revolution on the Pacific coast will be pleased to be brought near the lady who has been so active and zealous for "Home and Country" beyond the Rocky Mountains.

She has said that her ambition for this society is "that it should embrace in its fold one undivided sisterhood from



the Atlantic to the Pacific shores," and her efforts have been on a large and liberal scale commensurate with this desire. Strong in character and fearless in expression, she is well calculated to lead the van in a great popular movement, and the success of the Sequoia Chapter in San Francisco proves her ability, while her plans for the development of Chapters throughout the State of California promise a future for the Society which will bring to light many a historical treasure that has been carried from the original Thirteen States to the Golden Gate.

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and become it will be to the later.

L. M. B.



#### HYMN OF THE VESTAL VIRGIN.

Not yet! Not yet!

The stars will rise and set,

The maiden day lie tranced and still

Upon the heart of night,

Lost in the mystic shadow of the light,

The moon will witch the sea

With wonder of white witchery;

Deep call to deep,

Wave leap to meet the wave,

The impassioned surges sweep

Into the sky,

The while I lie and sleep

And dream, and lose myself in Thee,

Thou infinite indwelling mystery.

Not yet! Not yet! The sea and sun are met And mingled into one; The night is done and gone; The earth doth bare her bosom to the dawn, The roses blush before the glimmering lawn, The lily tells her beads in shining tears That, one by one, Are stolen from her by the ardent sun, And many a pulsing thing Doth wake and run To live its little day, And fling its life into a matin song-To sing and fade away Into the memory of a wing-The while I lie and sleep, And dream, and wake, alone With this white thought of Thee, Thou shadow of infinity.

Not yet! Not yet! The summer shall forget The glory of her noon, and her regret Be buried with forgotten violet Beneath the snow. Days come and go And follow their appointed ways Into the far eternity: Time and times shall ebb and flow Into the vast unfathomable Now; Until the angel soundeth, Time shall be no longer. Wake! Awake! All ye who sleep. The earth shall shake Through all her hidden deep; The Heaven roll into a shrivelled scroll. And death be swallowed up in victory. Then, Thou, my Lord, Thou with me, And I alone with Thee, One with infinity.

-JULIA SADLER HOLMES.



### THE LIBERTY BELL EPISODE OF 1777.

The Liberty Bell\* of Philadelphia, famous as having first proclaimed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776, has made two remarkable journeys which are in striking contrast; the last one in January, 1885, to the World's Fair in New Orleans, where it was one of the greatest attractions, was heralded throughout the country, while the precious relic was escorted by three city policemen, two of whom never left it day or night; it was bedecked with flowers, and honored in every possible way until its return to Philadelphia in June of the same year. Its first journey, made in September, 1777, one hundred and eight years earlier, was of a different character; but few persons were entrusted with the important secret of its removal from the State House or of its destination.

A panel of a large stained glass window adorning the facade of Zion's Reformed Church of Allentown, Pennsylvania, has a representation of the old bell, with the following inscription: "In commemoration of the safe-keeping of the Liberty Bell in Zion's Reformed Church, A. D. 1777."

It will be remembered that when the British troops invaded Philadelphia the bell was secretly removed for safe-keeping, and that it was loaded on a wagon and carried off ostensibly with the baggage train of the Continental army. The impression was given that its sacred and patriotic tongue had forever been drowned in the river of the Delaware. Some historians say it was taken to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where Congress repaired in September, 1777, the same month removing to York, Pennsylvania, where Congress remained until June 27th, 1778.

<sup>\*</sup>The "Independence Bell" was imported from England in 1752; on trial it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper and was recast in Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Isaac Norris, who placed upon it the remarkable inscription which surrounds it, taken from Lev. xxv: 10th. "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Immediately beneath this is added, "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in Philadelphia."



The fact was, that in September, 1777, by order of the Executive Council, the State House bell, the bells of Christ Church and St. Peter's Church, eleven bells, were removed to Allentown by way of Bethlehem. This action was taken, it is said, because at that time it was recognized as one of the rights of the captors of a town to seize upon the church bells as spoils of war and transmute them into cannon. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, the bells were brought back and put in their respective places in the latter part of the year 1778. The diary of the Moravian Church of Bethlehem, kept by the presiding Bishop, has the following entry under date of September 23d, 1777: "The bells from Philadelphia brought in wagons. The wagon with the State House bell broke down here, so it had to be unloaded; the other bells went on."

They were all taken to Allentown, and the State House bell and chimes of Christ church were buried beneath the floor of Zion's Reformed Church. The church was built in 1762 of logs, re-built of stone in 1770, and again re-built later. The Rev. Abraham Blummer was pastor of the church at the time the bells arrived. and assisted in the work of concealing them. His son Henry was married to Sarah, a daughter of John Jacob Mickley (my great-great-grandfather) who had charge of the bells from Philadelphia to Allentown; he brought them on his wagons drawn by his own horses; his son, John Jacob, (my greatgrandfather) then a boy of eleven years, rode on the wagon which carried the State House bell, and was occasionally allowed to drive. The description, as he gave it, of his first visit and ride to and from Philadelphia, as told to his grandchildren (of whom my father is one), would be an interesting story. The bells were taken from Philadelphia during the night, and had the appearance of farmers' wagons loaded with manure, the strategy used to conceal them and insure their safety. The breaking down of the wagon at Bethlehem was a most aggravating delay just six miles from home and four miles from the place where they were to be concealed. John Jacob Mickley, who had charge of the bells, was the son of Jean Jaques Michelet, a Huguenot refugee of the Michelet family of Metz, Lorraine, France. The family fled to Deux Ponts, then a German Province, whence the son left for



Amsterdam and came to America on the ship Hope to Philadelphia. On this ship his name was registered Johan Jacob Mückli. Arriving in Philadelphia, he took the oath of allegiance August 27th, 1733, and settled in White Hall, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, where many of his descendants reside. The name has undergone many changes. In various deeds and other documents in my possession the name is written Michelet, Miquelet, Mückli, Michley, and finally fell into the present form of Mickley, used during the past four generations. Jean Jaques had three sons, the eldest, John Jacob, who with his large means, aided, in every way he could, the cause of the Continental army. He gave his teams for its use, and his personal assistance in secreting the bells of Philadelphia.

John Martin was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was in the battle of Germantown. John Peter served in the capacity of fifer, was in the battle of Germantown, and served during

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the whole continuance of the Revolutionary war.

MINNIE F. MICKLEY,
Mickleys, Pennsylvania.





Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race, Patterns of every virtue, every grace.

-Cowper.

Alterations of surnames have obscured the truth of our pedigrees.

-Camden:

There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes a weak pride—but there is also a moral and philosophical respect. for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

-Daniel Webster.

# REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF CATHARINE HITCHCOCK (Tilden) AVERY.

Regent of Western Reserve Chapter, Cleveland, Ohio.

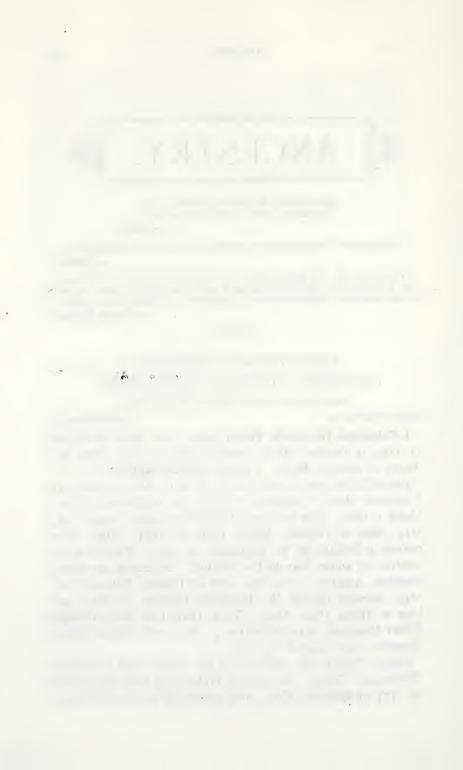
National Number, 135.

Local Number, 1. :.

I, Catharine Hitchcock Tilden Avery, was born December. 13, 1844, at Dundee, Mich.; married July 2, 1870, Elroy M. Avery, of Monroe, Mich. I am the eldest daughter of

Junius Tilden and Zeruah (Rich) Tilden. He was born at Yarmouth, Mass., November 28, 1813; died at Monroe, Mich., March 1, 1861. She was born at Wellfleet, Mass.; January 28, 1813; died at Dundee, Mich., June 30, 1854. They were married at Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1838. They had six children, of whom four died in infancy. A second surviving daughter, Augusta Lovia, was born at Dundee, February 21, 1849; married George W. Hanchett, October 31, 1870, and lives at Hyde Park, Mass. They have two sons: George Tilden Hanchett, born September 4, 1871; and Junius Tilden Hanchett, born August 28, 1873.

Junius Tilden was the son of Dr. Calvin and Catharine Hitchcock) Tilden. Dr. Calvin Tilden was born September 29. 1774, at Scituate, Mass.; was graduated at Brown Univer-



sity, 1800; died at Hanson, Mass., June 28, 1832. His wife was born at Hanson, Mass., June 8, 1783; died at Hanson, September 22, 1852. They were married December 23, 1804. Calvin Tilden was the son of

Samuel Tilden, born September 14, 1739, at Marshfield, Mass.; died May 29, 1834, at same place; married Mercy Hatch, November 10, 1763, at Marshfield, Mass.; and he, the said Samuel Tilden, was a revolutionary patriot.

Catharine Hitchcock, the wife of Calvin Tilden, was the daughter of Gad Hitchcock, M. D., who was born at Hanson, November 2, 1749; was graduated at Harvard College, 1768; married Sagie Bailey, July 9, 1778; and died November 29, 1835. The said Gad Hitchcock, M. D., was a revolutionary patriot. He was the only child of

Gad Hitchcock, LL. D., who was born February 12, 1719; was graduated at Harvard College, 1747; died August 8, 1803: and he, the said Gad Hitchcock, was a revolutionary patriot. He was the son of

Ebenezer Hitchcock and Mary (Sheldon) Hitchcock, and she, the said Mary Hitchcock, was the mother of six boys who were revolutionary patriots.

Sagie (Bailey) Hitchcock, wife of Gad Hitchcock, M. D., was the daughter of Col. John Bailey, who was born October 30, 1730, and died October 27, 1810, and he, the said John Bailey was a revolutionary patriot. The wife of John Bailey was Ruth (Randall) Bailey, and she was the mother of two revolutionary patriots.

Every one of my father's ancestors, who was of military age or nearly so, was a revolutionary patriot. Two were more than seventy-two years of age and died soon after the war began; one was less than a year old when the war broke out; the rest were revolutionary patriots.

### Revolutionary Services of Deacon Samuel Tilden.

In 1775, Deacon Samuel Tilden was a member of Joseph Clift's company of militia for six months. (See History of Plymouth County, Massachusetts.)

In 1776, the Committee of Correspondence for Marshfield consisted of four member,s of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See History of Plymouth County.)



The Committee of Inspection for Marshfield consisted of twenty-one members, of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See Marshfield Records.)

A paper is still in existence at Hanover, Mass., dated June 14, 1775, and directed to Capt. Amos Turner, giving a list of the names of a committee whom he should notify "upon the appearance of an invasion of the enemy," and the name of one of the committee is Deacon Samuel Tilden.

Samuel Tilden was an only son. His father was dead and his eldest son was only ten years old when the war broke out; there was no other of that family to go to the war or to perform revolutionary services.

# Revolutionary Services of Gad Hitchcock, M. D.

May 27, 1775, Col. John Thomas returned the name of Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's-mate in his regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (Force's Archives, 2:826.)

On the afternoon of Friday, June 30, 1775, it was ordered that a warrant be issued to Dr. Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's-mate in Col. John Thomas's regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (Force's Archives, 2:1464).

He was surgeon's-mate to Dr. Lemuel Cushing, in Col. Thomas's (afterwards Col. John Bailey's) regiment from May to September, 1775; he was then transferred to the hospital at Roxbury as surgeon's-mate, under surgeons Hayward and Aspinwall, where he remained till May, 1776. In June, 1776, he was appointed surgeon in Col. Simeon Cary's regiment of the Massachusetts Line, going to New York. Here he was soon appointed chief-surgeon of General Fellows's Brigade Hospital, where he continued till February, 1777. (See Documents in Old War and Navy Office in the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.)

He was placed on the pension roll June 10, 1819, at \$240 a year; this was increased March 4, 1831, to \$355 a year.

He was an only child; therefore he had no brothers to go to the war.

## Revolutionary Services of Gad Hitchcock, LL.D.

Gad Hitchcock was the son of Ebenezer Hitchcock, who was a lieutenant in Col. Dwight's regiment in the Louisburg



expedition, 1745. His mother was a descendant of the "worshipful Major John Pynchon," of Springfield, and of Capt. Joseph Sheldon, of King Philip's War.

Gad Hitchcock settled in Pembroke, Mass., in 1747. In 1774, he was chosen to preach the election sermon before Governor Gage and the Massachusetts House of Representatives on the occasion of the "Election of His Majesty's Council for said Province."

The following copy of an interesting document tells its own story:

In the House of Representatives,

### May 26, 1774.

Resolved, That Mr. Turner, Major Morey, and Doctor Holton, be and hereby are appointed a Committee to return the Thanks of this House to the Reverend Mr. Gad Hitchcock, for the Discourse delivered by him Vesterday, being the Day of the Election of Councellors; and to desire of him a Copy of the same for the Press.

Attest.

SAMUEL ADAMS, Clerk.

The fierce excitement and spirit of resistance that preceded the outbreak of the Revolution had reached its height. tea had already gone overboard in Boston Harbor and blood was soon to flow at Lexington. "Pembroke had been among the foremost towns in indignant protest and threats against the tyrannical action of the royal government, and the preacher's whole heart was with his people" whose ideas he had helped to mould. He had chosen for his text, Prov. xxix: 2, "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." "The very text was like a trumpet call to battle. Fresh from the people whose excitement and indignation he shared, he arose in the presence of the hushed assemblage and launched full on the bosom of the astonished Governor 'When the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." (Headley's "Chaplains of the Revolution." He proceeded "to make a few general remarks on the nature and end of civil government—point out some of the qualifications of rulers—and then apply the subject to the design of our assembling at this time."

He then went on to say: "The great end of a ruler's exaltation is the happiness of the people over whom he presides:



and his promoting it, the sole ground of their submission to him." In such governments as the British, "rulers have their distinct powers assigned to them by the people, who are the only source of civil authority on earth, with the view of having them exercised for the public advantage.

\* \* And as its origin is from the people, who not only have a right but are bound in duty for the preservation of property and liberty of the whole society, to lodge it in such hands as they judge best qualified to answer its intention; so when it is misapplied to other purposes, and the public, as it always will, receives damage from the abuse, they have the same original right, grounded on the same fundamental reasons and are equally bound in duty to resume it and transfer it to others."

In the end he says: "The people of this province, and in the other colonies, love and revere civil government—they love peace and order—but they are not willing to part with any of those rights and privileges for which they have, in many respects, paid very dear.

"The soil we tread on is our own, the heritage of our Fathers, who purchased it by fair bargain of the natives, unless I must except a part, which they afterwards, in their own just defense, obtained by conquest—we have therefore an exclusive right to it.

"But while we are disposed to assert our rights, and hold our liberties sacred, let us not decline from our former temper, and despise government; but may we always be ready to esteem and support it, in its truest dignity and majesty. Let us respect and honor our civil rulers, and as much as possible lighten their burdens by a cheerful obedience to their laws, without which the great end of government, the public safety and happiness, cannot be promoted."

Governor Gage was filled with great wrath on account of the boldness of this position. Dr. Hitchcock in after years wid: "It was doubtless a most moving discourse, in as much as it moved many of the congregation from the house," referring to some of the governor's party who left the church in their indignation. After listening to the sermon, the legislature ordered it printed and then proceeded to elect councillors in full accord with the preacher's advice. Governor Gage negatived



thirteen of them, and adjourned the legislature to meet at Salem, June 17, as a punishment and as a means of keeping them from coming together. At Salem, he again adjourned them, but they locked the doors, refused the governor's messenger admission and transacted their business in spite of him. Such sermons had something to do with the Revolution. There are several of the original copies in existence and a few years ago it was reprinted.

Gad Hitchcock served as chaplain, but was not commissioned. He was elected July 12, 1779, a member of the convention to make a constitution for Massachusetts. The convention met in 1780 and formed the constitution under which Massachusetts was governed till 1820.

Joseph, one of the brothers of the Rev. Gad Hitchcock, was a Revolutionary soldier and one of the Committee of Safety for Ludlow, Massachusetts.

Daniel, another brother, was colonel of a Rhode Island regiment at the siege of Boston, commanded a brigade at the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777, and did such good service that Washington publicly thanked him and Greene gave him his own watch as a keep-sake. The watch is in the possession of a member of our family. Daniel died a few days after the battle of a disease from which he was suffering at the time he led the gallant charge.

Abner, another brother, served under Capt. Walker for eight months from May, 1775, and was also at the "Lexington Alarm."

Seth, another brother, also served in the Revolutionary War, but in what capacity, I know not.

# Revolutionary Services of Colonel John Bailey.

Col. John Bailey was the elder son of Capt. John Bailey, of the militia of Hanover, Mass. He was lieutenant-colonel of Col. John Thomas's regiment at the beginning of the war of the Revolution. When the continental army was reorganized he became colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

He was at the siege of Boston, was one of those who crossed the "Neck" and fortified the hill. On March 29, 1776, he marched his regiment to New York and played an important



ANCESTRY.

part in the siege of that city. He lost some of his men at White Plains, was in the battle of Princeton; crossed the Delaware with Washington, and aided in the capture of the Hessian general, Rahl. He was then sent to the northern army, assisted in the campaign, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne.

There is a letter in the State Department at Washington from Col. Bailey to General Washington, dated November 16, 1777, at Hardwick, N. J., stating that he is on his way with his regiment to join him near Philadelphia. There is also a letter dated West Point, June 13, 1779. He resigned April, 1780, on account of ill-health. His resignation was accepted October 21, 1780, and he was retired on half pay. During the latter part of his service he acted as "Colonel Commandant" of "late Leonard's Brigade."

There has always been a member of the "Order of the Cincinnati" in the family."

Luther Bailey, second son of Col. John Bailey, served through the entire war, ending his services as major of the second Massachusetts regiment.

Col. John Bailey's daughter, Ruth, married William Stockbridge. He was one of the six tories of Hanover. She, however, was a staunch patriot, and employed her time, unknown to her tory husband, in aiding the cause; she even "ran" bullets for her father and brother while her husband was at church.

The wife of Col. John Bailey was Ruth Randall. She had a brother, Stephen Randall, who served in the Revolutionary War.

# KATHARINE SEARLE McCARTNEY,

Regent of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

The ancestry of Mrs. McCartney is closely associated with the earliest colonial period. She is descended from five of the Mayflower pilgrims, viz: Wm. Mullins and wife; Priscilla Mullins, who wed John Alden; Elizabeth Alden, the "first Puritan maiden," who married William Pebodie; Elizabeth Wabache, who married John Rogers<sup>3</sup> (John<sup>2</sup> Thomas<sup>1</sup> of the Mayflower); Sarah Rogers, who married Nathaniel Searle;



Nathaniel Searle, Jr., assistant Governor of Rhode Island from 1757-62, wed Elizabeth Kennicutt, sister "Lieutenant-Colonel" Kennicutt; Constant Searle, killed in the battle of Wyoming. married Harriet Minor, descendant of Thomas Minor and Grace Palmer: Rogers Searle, named from paternal grandmother, was in battle and escaped; married Catharine Scott: Leonard Searle married Lyda Dimock, whose grandfather was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army and had charge of Fort Vengeance, a northern frontier of Vermont, and great-grandfather of Mrs. McCartney. She is also descended from Rev. John Mayo, Rev. John Lathrop, Nathaniel Bacon, John Coggeshall, first President of Rhode Island; John Rathbone, who came in the Speedwell in 1620, from Margaret Beach, sister of Gov. Winthrop's wife, and wife of John Lake, through daughter Harriet, who wed Captain John Gallup; Captain James Avery and other early colonists. Some details of this genealogy are promised for a future number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Mrs. Searle, the mother of Mrs. McCartney, was the author of a valuable work entitled "Washington Our Example." When she died it was said:

"The death of Mrs. Searle at her residence in Montrose yester-day will be widely lamented. She was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Dimock, one of the memorable pioneers of Susquehanna County, and she has been for more than half a century one of the leading literary as well as social characters of Northern Pennsylvania. With all the tenderness of woman, and a most devoted wife and mother, she had a strong love for literature and singular fitness for literary labor. Her "scrap-books," both of politics and of the choice productions of the most gifted poets and authors, are among the most complete to be found in any library, and her original articles were marked by unusual force and excellence. No woman of the northern portion of the State will be more widely or more gratefully remembered than Mrs. Searle, of Montrose, and her life and character will long be pointed to as among the noblest of examples."

#### ONE GENERATION FROM THE REVOLUTION.

It has been stated that only three daughters of Revolutionary heroes now live. This is a mistake. Mrs. Louisa Rochester



PITKIN, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester of Revolutionary fame, is a member of the New York Chapter, and an honorary Vice-President of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and resides in Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Pitkin has reached the golden age of eighty-two years. Her reminiscences of these years are of great interest to her friends and to the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is an aunt of General Rochester, U. S. A.

Colonel Rochester (Mrs. Pitkin's father) was appointed a member of the committee of safety for Orange County, N. C., in 1775, whose business it was to promote the revolutionary spirit among the people, procure arms, ammunition, and to make collections for the people of Boston, whose harbor was "blocked" by the British fleet, and to prevent the sale and use of East India tea. In August of the same year he was a member of the first Provincial Convention in North Carolina, was appointed major of militia, paymaster to the Minute-Men and militia, and a justice of the peace. In 1777 he was a member of the Assembly of North Carolina, and appointed a commissioner to establish and superintend a manufactory of arms at Hillsborough. Col. Rochester traveled with wagons to Pennsylvania for bar iron for the factory, and, as history tells us, he filled the offices of trust with bravery and honor. ever duty called he was with the first to answer "present."

Colonel Rochester was born in Westmoreland County, Va., and it is said that "Westmoreland County is the birthplace of only brave men."

I. P. Beall.

There is a fifth daughter, ANNE MERCER SLAUGHTER, who married her cousin, Philip Slaughter, and daughter of Capt. Philip Slaughter, of the Eleventh Virginia regiment of Culpeper Minute Men, under Morgan, raised during the first of the war. Her grandfather, Colonel James Slaughter, was one of the committee of safety. Although eighty-two years old and blind, she has a vivid recollection of Lafayette's ball in 1825, and had the honor of being present at two receptions given to this old-world hero. She has been for two years vainly petitioning Congress for a pension, being



almost totally dependent. A niece named for her became the wife of General Ord, of the United States Army, and another married General Trivine, of the Mexican Army.

JOHN F. LONG.

There is also a sixth daughter, Mrs. MARY WASHINGTON, of Macon, Ga., Chapter Regent Daughters American Revolution.

Mrs. Charlotte Louise Lawrence, a daughter of the American Revolution, has the following interesting ancestry: She is (1) a great-granddaughter of Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration, who was her mother's grandfather. (2) A great-granddaughter of Major Morgan, her father's grandfather on his mother's side. (3) A great-granddaughter of Col. Jonathan Bliss, of Longmeadow, Mass., by her father's grandmother on his father's side, who commanded a Massachusetts regiment of the Continental Line, and (4) a great-great-granddaughter of David Morgan, from her father's grandmother on his mother's side, who was a private in Captain Joseph Hoar's company of Colonel Gideon Bart's regiment of Massachusetts militia, who served in 1782 in the army of Canada.



#### COLONEL SELDEN'S POWDER-HORN.

There is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society an interesting Revolutionary relic, presented to that society in 1886. It is a powder-horn, nineteen inches long and three inches in diameter at the larger end. It is almost completely covered with drawings representing on the upper part the houses and churches of the city of Boston; in the middle, Boston Neck, many ships and fishes, and on the lower part a lion, a deer, redoubts and barracks. These illustrations are labeled: "The Regular Breastwork," "The Yankee Breastwork," "Morter," "Ship America," "Block House," "Redoubts." The horn is inscribed with the name of the owner: "Major Samuel Selden, P. Horn made for the defense of Liberty." Accompanying the Powder-Horn is a letter of which the following is a copy:

"Boston, June 1, '86.

" Dear Sir :

"It gives me great pleasure to present to the Massachusetts Historical Society in the name of my good friend, James Lord Bowes, Esq., of Liverpool, England, the accompanying curious and valuable Revolutionary relic, so well described by the inscription which it bears.

"With great respect, I am dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"Thos. G. Frothingham

"Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President."

The reader will naturally desire to know more of the former owner of the powder-horn and his subsequent history, therefore the following sketch is prepared largely from an address by Prof. Henry P. Johnston, of the College of New York City, delivered at the Selden reunion, August 22d, 1877, at Fenwick's Grove, Old Saybrook, and quoted with additions from the genealogy of the Selden family, in preparation by Henry M. Selden, of Haddam Neck, Conn.



Samuel Selden, born January 11th, 1723, was the son of Colonel Samuel Selden of the Colonial army and Deborah Dudley, his wife, granddaughter of Governor Joseph Dudley and great-granddaughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, the second governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. born at Hadlyme on the Connecticut river at the Island Farm near Selden's Cove, a spot of rare and romantic loveliness. He was a farmer and remained on the homestead of his father and grandfather. He married Elizabeth Ely, of Lyme. united with the Congregational Church in Hadlyme not long after their marriage; he was elected deacon, which office he held until his death. He was chosen lustice of the Peace soon after and held that position many years. The book containing the records of the cases brought before him is now in the old home. He built some time before the Revolution a large two-story house, still in good preservation and in the possession of the family. The present owner is his greatgrandson, William Elv Selden.

"He is presented to us at that time, by tradition and record, as a man of solid character, of influence and popularity in his town, well-known throughout the country, with plenty of friends around him, and acres enough in his possession for a generous support. He was then just in the prime of life, and looking forward to continued usefulness and a peaceful death, when in 1775 the war of the Revolution opened and the American Colonist was called to assert and defend his rights. How much Connecticut contributed to the success of that struggle is a matter of history. At the first alarm her people everywhere rose to arms and through all the war responded in more than their proportion to recruit the army. In 1776, it was evident that great exertions would be necessary to meet and cope with the new array of force which Great Britain was preparing to send against us."

Colonel—then Major—Samuel Selden was at Boston with the Connecticut troops early in 1776, and during his service there the decorations and inscriptions were made on his powderhorn. On the nights of March 4th and 5th, 1776, the Americans fortified Dorchester Heights as silently as the year before they had fortified Breed's Hill, and in the morning Boston



(then occupied by the British) was at their mercy. Howe decided to risk an assault, but a storm delayed him; his officers lost heart, and on the 17th he embarked his whole army for Halifax, leaving valuable stores for the victors. "Washington well knew that the intention of the British was to seize New York; and while the whole country was rejoicing over the recovery of Boston, he hurried his troops to the Hudson, and perched on the fortifications begun some time before in anticipation of this movement. It is probable that Major Selden in the meantime returned to his home, for his fellow townsmen elected him to represent them at the May session of the Legislature.

Washington, with an insufficient army, was at New York and needed reinforcements. Recruits came in slowly, but in June Congress made an urgent call for more troops, and Connecticut answered promptly. Johathan Trumbull—"Brother Jonathan"—the old war Governor of the Revolution, ordered six new levies or volunteers to be raised forthwith to serve under Washington until Christmas. The Assembly selected the commanding officers of these regiments, and among them was Colonel Samuel Selden, of Lyme. Colonel Selden's regiment was raised, equipped and the soldiers paid at his own expense.\* His nephew, Captain Ezra Selden, who subsequently commanded a Forlorn Hope at Stony Point, was one of his officers. These six regiments formed one brigade under General James Wadsworth, of Durham.

At New York, Colonel Selden's regiment took part in building the many earthworks that were thrown up around the city during that campaign. The military orders from headquarters show that he took his turn with other officers of his rank as officer of the day.

During August his men were stationed with the rest of Wadsworth's brigade along the East River front, from the battery up to about the line of the present bridge tower. Events soon became of a stormy character. On the 22d day of August the British landed on Long Island, and on the 27th was fought the disastrous battle on the Brooklyn side.

<sup>\*</sup>Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of New York."



On the morning of the 15th of September the British, continuing their advance upon the Americans, crossed the East river to capture New York City. Wadswortn's men and other forces nearer the city were compelled to leave their posts to save themselves from being intercepted; and all hurried to and along the main road toward the upper part of the island. A scene of panic followed, which even Washington himself could not control, and over three hundred of our troops were made prisoners. It was on this occasion that Colonel Selden fell into the hands of the enemy.

On the return of his regiment to Lyme, Colonel Selden was reported as among the killed or missing. His family knew nothing definite of his fate, except that he was taken prisoner. They supposed that he was confined in the Jersey prison ship, and on his decease thrown into the bay, until 1848 when the details of his death and burial were found in the diary of Lieutenant Jabez Fitch, of Colonel Jedediah Huntington's regiment, who was taken prisoner on Long Island and confined in the same prison with Colonel Selden.

They were imprisoned in the city jail, which still stands as the Register's office in the City Hall Park in New York, and there he was taken with fever and died about 5 o'clock P. M. on Friday, October 11th, 1776, aged 52 years. In the latter part of his illness he was attended by Dr. Thacher, a British surgeon, who paid him every attention.

His remains enclosed in a coffin were buried the following day in the Presbyterian (Brick Church) graveyard. His captors buried him with all the honors of war, most of the imprisoned officers were permitted to follow him to his last resting place. "The enclosure where he was buried was long since converted to the commercial uses of a busy city. We cannot even gather his dust; but all the more are we called to gather the incidents of his life, to cherish his memory, to recall his patriotic service and death, and to follow whatever we have seen in him to be patriotic and noble.

Colonel Selden left thirteen children. Two of his sons served in the Revolution. One of his granddaughters was the mother of the late Chief Justice Waite, and a grandson was the father of Mrs. Waite. Another granddaughter was the mother



of General McDowell, another the wife of Hon. Lewis Cass, and her sister married Gen. John E. Hunt. Hon. Dudley Selden, of New York, was his grandson.

Seventy-two years after his death, the journal of a comrade and fellow prisoner gave us the story of his capture and death. Nearly forty years later, one hundred and ten years after his death his old Powder-Horn, captured with him, was found by an antiquarian in the enemy's country, and sent over the sea to the scene of its earlier employ, where it tells the story and illustrate's Washington's first victory over the British, "There to be preserved as a memento consecrated to the ages to come." Thus was the old proverb verified:

"Time brings all to light."

Susan Rivine Hetzel





#### TO AN ADIRONDACK CAMP.

Our boats move quickly o'er the moonlit lake Where 'neath a hill our Lodge spreads roof-trees wide;

Beneath its eaves the welcome lights awake

As on the troubled waves our light craft shake Uptossed by breeze that through the oak trees sighed:

Upon a waste of waves the warm lights ride

Undimmed by pools where distant moonbeams break,

For round a hearth these beacon stars abide,

To guide full many a traveler to that shore: Alone upon the waves of life's dark sea,

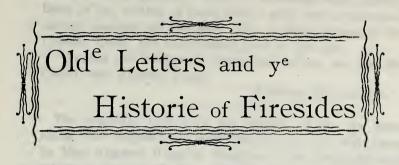
When all things fair are wrapped in mystery

Not often is it that the wanderer's oar

Can bring him safe to such a kindly door, When treacherous lights to further vistas flee.

CECIL HYDE.





Mr. Eggleston's letter given below has been valued and remembered until a time should come when his advice could be followed. The Daughters of the American Revolution and other persons interested in an effort to rekindle the fires on the hearths of our ancestral homes should keep this department overflowing with valuable material. Original papers, not previously printed and loaned to the editor, will be used with great care and returned, or received as gifts to the National Society to be preserved in its department of "History and Relics;" copies authenticated and prepared for the printer will be appreciated and promptly acknowledged.

"222 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
"NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1891.

" My Dear Mrs. Cabell:

"Perhaps the only thing I can do to show my sympathy with the laudable aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution is to suggest that there is one part of the field of American history of the greatest importance that has received but scant attention, and that is a peculiarly appropriate field for researches of members of your society. Daniel Webster said: "We need a history of firesides." The real causes of the American Revolution would be disclosed by a true history of early American firesides. In order to teach this, it is necessary that domestic letters and other memoranda, illustrating life and manners in the early times, be gathered up and printed.

"More women of ability are trying to write than can find room in the magazines. What an admirable field is open to them in the writing of local history with special reference to ancient manners and customs. Miss Calkins' history of New London, Conn., is a monumental work of this sort.

"Pardon the freedom of advice, and believe me, dear Mrs. Cabell, very sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EGGLESTON."

The originals, time-worn and stained, of the two letters below, from England and from New York in 1776, were loaned by Miss Augusta Wiggins, Daughter of the American Revolution, of Saratoga Springs, New York:

"Bristol, England, October 17, 1776.

" My Dear Brother :

"Notwithstanding my father has just finished a letter to you and our other friends, I cannot refrain from telling you I am alive and pretty well—my solicitude for my friends and connections in America has nearly cost me my life. Habit, they say, is second nature, from the length of our sufferings and afflictions we are so familiar to them, they do not affect us so acutely as at first. Would to Heaven I saw an end to the troubles in America. England has now nearly closed a treaty for a great number of Prussians in case they shall be wanted next year; and seems bent upon pursuing the quarrel with unremiting spirit. Adieu! My tenderest love to all my dear friends, and be assured I am, with constant remembrance and love yours,

"To J-, New York, North America."

"NEW YORK, November 11th, 1776.

"Dear Sister: Your letter of the 27th May last came to my hand not many days ago, together with the duplicate—the letter enclosed for Mrs. Nickols I will forward by the first conveyance to Connecticut, where you no doubt have heard before this she has taken up her residence—at present there is no conveyance from hence to that side, but probably one may offer during the winter. You will wonder no doubt at your having received no letters from the family since the last year; but our situation, when explained to you, will sufficiently account for



it. G-, poor fellow, is now a prisoner in Connecticut; he had retired since last winter with my mother to Long Island to avoid the danger and confusion threatened to the city, and was taken out of his house at midnight by the Rebels some time in August last. Billy retired about the same time with his family to Jersey. I have received no letter from him in five months, as all intercourse has been for some time cut off. I am told he is a prisoner also upon his parole. David Johnston and his family are in Dutchess County, but no possibility of hearing from them for many months, the intercourse being also cut off there. His house in town, a new building, a good one indeed, was reduced by fire the infernal rebels kindled after the city was in possession of the King's troops, the particulars of it vou no doubt will have seen. I shall therefore not trouble you with the description. A. Cr. is residing at Musketine with his family, who are well. Lewis Morris is, I know not where, with his whole family, having for several weeks deserted his estate from the near approach of the King's troops. He has from the very beginning taken an active part in this unnatural rebellion and is now a General in their service—his son Lewis is an Aide-de-Camp to General Sullivan and Jacob to Gen'l W. Poor Polly, who was but lately married to Thos. Lawrence her cousin, at Philadelphia, died a few days after being delivered of a son in July or August. Poor girl, by this timely death has escaped many scenes of distress which are brought upon her unhappy family by the weakness and imprudence of her father. And now for my own situation. I had retired early the spring before the last to my house at Belle View, about even miles from town with a view to return to the city in the winter, but as I found it was threatened with a fire from the men-of-war, by the imprudence of the soldiers whom there was no opposing, I determined to stay out of town with my family for the winter; but this I was not permitted to do, for about the middle of February I was ordered to turn out with my family and furniture in twelve hours to give place to 300 rebel toops, who were to occupy the house as barracks and the grounds as a place for fortification. Nearly destitute in mida inter, and as there was no safety in the city where everybody was flying from it, I determined to go to Long Island at a senture and run the risk of getting a nome after we arrived at



Musketine. I was so lucky as to get a tolerable farm house near Oyster Bay, where my family has been seated ever since; but I was for many months before the King's troops landed on the island obliged to stay at times from home as parties were continually employed in taking suspected persons, as they denominated all who would not join in their mad measures. The night G-was taken I happened to be with my family and luckily had information of their intention to take me in just time enough to make my escape before the armed party surrounded the house; a few weeks later I was relieved by the landing of the King's troops. From this account, my dear sister, you will begin to see the distress our several families have endured for near twelve months past. My house at Belle View, occupied by the Rebels till the landing of the King's troops on York Island, they set fire to when they found they could have it no longer, and it was reduced in a few hours to a heap of rubbish and the ground is so broke up as to render it unfit for any use and every improvement totally destroyed. This I expected, as from the beginning I found I was pointed out, but the most afflicting circumstance to me in these unhappy troubles is the wretched situation they have thrown your interests, which are in my brother's and my hands. The moment I was driven from my house I thought it absolutely necessary to put all the papers of consequence out of my hands lest in the violence of party rage when they came to take me they would be destroyed; and as I was so far removed and continually obliged upon alarms to leave my house it became impossible to attend either to yours or my own affairs; besides, if I had been ever so much at leisure, the law being suspended, debtors generally took the advantage of it and payments of all kinds ceased till a few weeks before the arrival of Gen. Howe, when everybody strove to get rid of their Continental money. At that time large sums were forced upon the family in payment of bonds, which, in all probability, will be wholly lost. Amongst the rest I received very large sums on different accounts, and I have now upwards of 1200 pounds of it remaining by me that is of no more use than so much dross. I have the pleasure to acquaint you very little was received on your account. Since the arrival of the army all intercourse with this Province except between the city of New York and Long Island is stopped, and Jersey of



course; so that till the dispute is happily ended by conquest or treaty it will be impossible to recover any debts due in that part of the Province or in others that remain in the hands of the Rebels. From these unhappy circumstances I am so far from having it, to remit you any money for the present, that I have been obliged to borrow money since the coming of the army to support myself and family, as none but gold and silver are received in payment, of which I had not 3 pounds. This is also the disagreeable situation of my mother. When an alteration happens for the better, which God grant may be soon, you may rest assured I will use my best endeavors to collect and remit the interest due on your several bonds. My wife joins me in wishing you and your family health and happiness, and be assured I am, dear sister, your affectionate and obedient servant. " I----

"The state of the King's army and that of the Rebel's, you will see in the prints. Washington still retires and seems determined not to come to a general action. In every encounter the King's troops have beat him.

"To Mrs. H——,
"Bristol, England."

Copies of the following extracts from the journal of a Revolutionary soldier are furnished by Mrs. McCartney, Regent of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania:

AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF LIEUT. DAVID DIMOCK.

"At the battle of Harlem Heights the Americans were ranged on the heights four men deep, awaiting the approach of the British, who were eight men deep. Our men had orders not to fire till the signal would be given. The firing commenced in the right wing, and I could not help feeling an involuntary tremor, as though my knees were giving away, as I was obliged to stand still and listen to the steady 'tramp, tramp' of the approaching foe, but as soon as we received their fire and the man at my right-hand side fell forward shot through the heart, the blood spouting in a stream from his bosom, at the sight of that blood all the tremor was gone in

an instant, and vengeance was the only feeling. We returned the fire, and then ran backward down the heights and formed at the foot. Our orders were not to fire until we could see the feet of the pursuing British through the smoke of battle. We did so. The British kept firing, but not seeing our men they shot over their heads. In this way our men kept on till they crossed a little brook, when they formed on the bank and made a stand. The British finally retreated with great loss, the waters of the little brook running red for many miles with British blood.

"Early in summer of 1776 I enlisted and served nine months in the Continental Army under Lieut, Levis. Was at battle of Brooklyn, L. I., August 27, 1776, which was lost by our troops under General Sullivan, though warmly and bravely contested. Was one of 9,000 men who skilfully retreated, crossing the East River the night of the 20th with all our stores and ammunition unperceived, though surrounded by the foe. Washington was present, and it is said that during the retreat and previous to it for twenty-four hours he never left the saddle. I cannot express my feelings when creeping stealthily along the beach to embark, shrouded by thick fog from the view of the British sentinels, whom we could plainly hear pacing to and fro on the high bank above. I was one of a party employed in endeavoring to destroy the enemy's shipping at that time. I fought at Harlem Heights September 16, 1776, and White Plains under Washington October, 1776."

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S LOOKING-GLASS—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

It occurred more than one hundred years ago.

The actors in it have passed away. Their children have grown old and followed their parents. The grandchildren. those who are left of us, are among the old people. The mother of the writer gave her these reminiscences over sixty years ago.

The old Looking-Glass had been suspended by a strong rope cord for a century in one place in the home of Deacon Joseph Davis and his ancestors at Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

While the Revolutionary war was in progress, a scout of the American troops on horseback brought the news to the village. The marauders are coming! The British troops are advancing!

The "Deacon" had a large family, consisting of a wife and one child, a widowed mother and seven sisters. He was an only son; his landed possessions were vast, his servants numerous. As rapidly as possible the horses and cattle, flocks and herds were driven forward with provisions for man and beast. The young wife and babe, the mother and sisters, safely guarded, were hastened away from danger. The good husband and father, kind son, loving brother and good master lingered behind loading wagons and sending necessities and comforts to the Stone-House Plains, the boundary of his estate, where all were removed.

Knowing the propensity of British soldiers to run their bayonets into everything destructible, his eyes fell upon the long used and faithful friend, "the old looking-glass."

It was his last act before following his family. Hastily taking it down, he sped to the garret, and sliding it down between the rafters and the ceiling, it rested in a secure hiding place seven years till the war was over. It was then restored to its old position, where it remained another century. It is still in the family of Deacon Davis in good preservation.

If this old relic could see, hear and speak what wonderful events it could relate. Not only of the occurrences preceding and succeeding its imprisonment connected with the struggle for independence, but the family history of many generations.

Of the war it would speak of the sighs and groans of the wounded lying upon the floors of the old stone dwelling, while it was hiding in the garret.

It could tell us that general George Washington stood upon the large solid stone door-sill when he was about to occupy the house for his headquarters, but seeing the wounded he went to another stone dwelling.

It would speak, further, of peace and plenty following the war, and tell how the old place was renovated, planted with trees and shrubbery until it was an ornament to the town, and was continually occupied by descendants of the family.

MRS. ANNA M. McDowell.





## OFFICIAL.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A COLONIAL FAMILY.

BY MRS. JAMES B. BAYLOR,

Representing the Chapter of Richmond, Va., in the Continental Congress, Feb. 23, 1892.

A traveler unlearned in Virginian history sees little to interest him in the monotonous country lying between the Potomac River and the border line of North Carolina.

Wherever the waters of the Chesapeake Bay intersect, with long arms, the stretches of sandy land covered for the most part with sad-looking pine forests, there is the picturesqueness which must always dwell in glimpses of gray distances and shining sails. But unless, when we look landward, "our memory (as Horace Walpole wrote during his tour of Italy,) sees more than our eyes," we shall find little to repay us for a second glance.

Putting aside recollections of great historical events, one may dwell on thoughts of a social life lived here, but based on ideas brought from that "Home," so called even by native born Colonists till the Revolution severed their connection with England.

Here, on the borderland of a vast unexplored wilderness, inhabited by savages, a few English-speaking people lived, as nearly as was possible in the way their forefathers had lived amidst peaceful rural English scenes. They built great houses, many of which still stand, square and sturdy, although Revolution and Civil War have raged about them, and in these houses people lived with ease and abundance, for even the luxuries of life were readily obtained, and a visitor supplied the place which the morning paper fills for us of the nineteenth century.



In the year 1740 a Colonial gentleman and his wife living in a Virginia house, which was forty years later to be demolished by the fire of English guns, watched with pride and interest, as we may imagine, the erection of a more imposing dwelling which was to be the home of their eldest son. This son was then but an infant, unable even to hold the first brick which was to be used in the building, and which his parents decided should pass through his little hands as he lay in his nurse's arms.

The parents were William Nelson, commonly called President Nelson, of the King's Council, and Betty Burnwell, his wife, and the son was to become Governor Nelson, and to be one of the chief agents in destroying the old order of things and bringing about the new, in which eldest sons were to have no sacred rights, and ancestral homes were to grow more and more rare.

The great house built in 1740 still stands at Yorktown, and is still owned by descendants of Governor Nelson, but Yorktown is no longer a centre of active life and varied interests. The world has passed it by and the Nelson house is left, its walls scarred by the shells of the Revolution, a gaunt memorial of other days around which a hundred stories cling.

In the yellowing pages of the old letter-books still to be found there, one catches a glimpse now and then of the child in whose honor the house was built Tradition has it that his father finding him one Sunday, when he was fourteen years of age, playing on the outskirts of the town with a horde of little negroes, suddenly conceived the idea of sending his heir abroad, where he might find more profitable associates. On the very next day a ship which had lain in the river nearly ready to sail, bore from American shores the hope of the family to be educated in England.

· President Nelson's letters to his London agent after this, are full of inquiries after "Tom," showing how much his thoughts dwelt on his eldest son. He ends his first letter to the Agent, who was also a friend, with the injunction "Pray, make Tom write often." His next letters are full of suggestions as to his son's education, warnings and moralizing. One sentence shows that the father's fears have been aroused afresh.



"Captain Johnston," he writes, "delived to my brother a cock and hen which Tom sent—I suppose for some of his young acquaintences here, since he knows such a present not very proper to be made to me who hope his thoughts are more fittingly engaged on other things." In those days the ideas associated with fowls of the species herein named were not always simpel bucolic.

In a letter which follows this President Nelson puts aside, for a while, the subject of his son and writes at length of the incursion of the French into the West, and of the appointment of "Colonel George Washington, a most promising young man," to succeed Colonel Fry, who had recently died. Then follows an enthusiastic account of "our brave young officer's" conduct in the engagement which ensued, and he concludes with the following observations: "This success of so small an affair hath had a very good effect by fixing many of the Indian Tribes to our interest who before were wavering. For these Savages have in this business of war, as much cunning as those Princes in Europe who take care to join that side on whom success is likely to attend."

President Nelson's next letter is addressed to the Reverend Mr. Porteous (afterward the celebrated Bishop of London) who was the tutor in whose charge young Thomas Nelson had been placed at Cambridge. This letter is so fine in sentiment and expression that the writer's lament over having himself been taken from school at the age of 17, seems uncalled for. So also, seems his solicitude lest his son's "vivacity and turn for pleasure" should cause him to waste his time. This fear is shown in every letter, and seems strange when one remembers that son's subsequent noble and self-sacrificing career.

Only one of the letters written by young Nelson to his parents has been preserved. This was written to his mother, whom he addresses as "Honor'd Madam," and is dated 1756. He begins by mentioning the unusual time which has passed since he has heard from home, but adds magnanimously, "I don't charge any one with neglect, for indeed there have been no ships from York lately. Your beef and oysters," he continues, "were very good that I had last, and should be glad of some more with some potatoes (a strange request surely to



come from the land of roast beef!). I find England agrees so very well with me that you would scarcely know me if you were to see me, especially as I have got a wig. I don't in the least doubt but you knew my picture very well, for it was allowed to be as good a likeness as could be taken. School becomes easier every day, and this is as happy a time as I shall ever enjoy, but can't say I thought so when I was at Mr. Yates' (a former school). \* \* \* I thank God I am in a better state of health than ever I was since I can remember. We are in great expectation of a war with the French Hoppers, but if they come I hope we shall make them hop and dance to a tune they will not be very fond of."

The portrait referred to is still a much-prized possession amongst the descendants of Governor Nelson. It is a good painting, and represents a boy with a face of great sweetness and intelligence, and dressed in a much-ornamented buff suit. A little sword hangs by his side, and a cocked hat is under his arm. A copy of this picture in crayon hangs in Independence Hall among the signers, another in the Capitol at Richmond, while a bronze figure on the base of the Washington monument in that city represents Governor Nelson when grown to manhood.

When Thomas Nelson returned to America after an absence of seven years, his appearance and manner seemed to have pleased his father, yet he writes discontentedly to an English friend that "he hath not improved as much in literature as he might, and I find the youngsters from Cambridge have fallen into a bad custom of smoking tobacco, filthy tobacco, of eating and drinking (not to inebriety) more than consists with the hopes of a long life."

It was evidence of President Nelson's standing in the Colony, and of the sentiment of the time, that his son, while on the ocean, was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, although for seven years he had been absent from the country.

The story runs that young Nelson's mother, on hearing of the arrival of his ship, hastened to make a most elaborate toilet, saying she well kndw how much depended on first impressions.



This lady was of a sad and prayerful nature. Her chilhood had been darkened by a contest as to her guardianship, owing to a singular clause in her father's will. This was to the effect that should his widow marry a man of rank lower than her own, her only daughter should be taken from her and placed in the care of an aunt. The widow married a Scotch gentleman, who was adjudged—by what tests, it would be interesting to know—to be of a degree lower than his wife, for the testator's sister (Mrs. Page, of Rosewell,) carried the matter into court, won her case and bore off the little girl.

As a mother Mrs. Nelson had to suffer from the loss of many children—indeed the great mortality of young children in that day strikes one in glancing over family records.

She was an unfailing attendant at church, to which she was borne in a velvet-lined sedan chair, which had been brought from England for her use. After hearing an anecdote of a Yorktown clergyman of that day one wonders if he did not contribute to the sadness with which her life was clouded. was said that another lady of his congregation was heard on her return from church to call in haste for her maid to remove her stiff brocade dress, for, said she, Parson Shield had preached so much about death, hell and damnation that it would take her all the evening to get cool. Parson Shield's fulminations were also responsible, perhaps, for Mrs. Nelson's life-long dislike of making positive statements. It was said that in her old age, her grandson, desiring as a magistrate her acknowledgment of the signature to her will, could, for a long time, only extract from her the evasive answer, "Whether or no, my dear Billy, did you not see me write it?"

Mrs. Nelson had two negro attendants, one of whom was expected to be at her call during the day and one during the night, for she was broken in health as well as in spirits for many years. In addition, she had a maiden lady as a companion. It was this lady who on one occasion wrote by Mrs. Nelson's order a list of articles to be brought from London. One of these was a gown to be fashioned of a mourning material called *rôbe de mort*, but the list having been given to Mrs. Nelson's young granddaughter to copy, she finding it rather illegible naturally set down *rôbe de mort* as *rôbe d'amour*.



Hence, instead of the sombre mourning robe expected, a rose-colored, festive-looking garment was forwarded from London which caused a thrill of horror to run through the Nelson household. The gown was finally made over to the damsel whose carlessness had caused the mistake, and she, the story goes, received it with a burst of tears, fearing lest her grand-mother might have regarded her mistake as intentional. This gown is still in existence and is in truth worthy of its poetical name.

It is with a sensation of relief that one finds in a letter of President Nelson to his London agent a message from his wife concerning trivial matters.

"She begs to return her thanks," he writes, "to your sister, for her care in choosing her last things, in which she hath hit her taste to a T."

In the same letter he offers, in her name, an apology for her failure to answer two letters—an apology gracefully abject and complete.

He writes: "But the most difficult part of my undertaking in her behalf is to make a proper apology for her not answering yours and your sister's obliging letters. At best, I am but a poor apologist, unless I could allow myself to deviate a little from the truth, and then I could form a plausible story enough. As it is, I can only say she hath been so long still that she cannot attempt it, and chooses to throw herself on the mercy of the offended party."

On the 11th of October, 1771, President Nelson writes a letter which excites a smile at this day when one reads it in the light of after events. He was no prophet, surely.

He writes: "Lord Dunmore arrived here the 25th of September, and I believe from appearance we shall be very happy with him, for I think I discover many good qualities in him."

President Nelson did not live long enough to find that his prediction was never to be realized. He died in 1772, at the dawn of a new epoch, leaving his son to play an heroic part in the drama just beginning.

ELLEN BRUCE BAYLOR.



HISTORICAL RETROSPECT OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT IN THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1775–83.

By Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, Regent of Connecticut.

An Appendix to her Report to the Continental Congress February 22, 1892.

I deem it proper in connection with this first report to refer to the part which the Colony of Connecticut took in the Revolution.

At the beginning of that struggle Connecticut was one of the most important centers of wealth, patriotism and population in America.

It is not necessary to discuss in this place the causes which led to the conflict with the Royal Government. Beginning with the Boston Port Bill in 1774, the people of Connecticut sympathized with their countrymen in Massachusetts, and began at once to organize to aid them in their resistance to that oppressive measure.

A report having been circulated that the British vessels were firing upon Boston, the people of Connecticut from one end of the State to the other began to rally. From the shores of Long Island to the hills of Berkshire, was heard the cry, "To arms, to arms," and it is told upon undoubted authority that not less than 20,000 men, completely equipped, were actually on the march to Boston when the news came that the alarm was false.

The capture of Ticonderoga, one of the most dashing exploits of the war, was concerted in Connecticut. The projectors of this expedition, Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons, Silas Dean and David Wooster, were members of the General Assembly convened in Hartford, in April, 1775. They organized a small force, which increased as they proceeded to the scene of their daring enterprise. Captain Noah Phelps, of Simsbury, visited the Fort and reported its condition to the rest of the expedition which now included 150 men. A picked body of eighty-three men under Colonel Ethan Allen, a native of Connecticut, made the assault and captured the Fort May 10th, 1775, without the loss of a single man.



This was the first offensive military operation of the Revolutionary war. One thousand militia from Connecticut, under Colonel Hinman, the same year garrisoned the captured forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

The General Assembly of the Colony in 1775 passed a law to raise one quarter of the militia for special defense of the borders, which was fully organized into six regiments, with a major general, two brigadier generals and six colonels. This body of militia, after the news of the battle of Lexington and the concentration of troops at Boston, marched to the relief of that city. In the list of captains of companies, to the glory of Connecticut, be it said, we find such names as Captain Matthew Grant, of East Windsor, the ancester of General U.S. Grant, the great captain of the recent War of the Rebellion; Captain Daniel Lyon, of Woodstock, the ancester of General Nathaniel Lyon, killed in the battle of Wilson's creek, Missouri, at the outbreak of the late Rebellion; Captain Return J. Meigs, of Windham, grandfather of General Montgomery C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General U. S. A.; Captain Samuel McClellan, of Woodstock, great-grandfather of General George B. Mc-Clellan, commanding the army of the Potomac; Captain Benedict Arnold, of New Haven, one of the most gallant spirits in the early military exploits of the continental armies, but later a traitor to his country; Captain Thomas K: owlton; Captain Nathaniel Terry, of Enfield, ancestor of Major-General A. H. Terry, U. S. A.; and Captain Israel Putnam, of Brookline. who left his horses and plow in the furrow, and rode 100 miles to Boston to join the ranks of the patriots in the desperate encounter at Bunker Hill. Thus Connecticut also participated in that first regular battle against the British veterans.

The military spirit of the people was vigorously supported by the colonial and local civil authorities. Among the foremost was Captain Benjamin Sumner, an officer in the French and Indian War, 1756–63, later Highway Surveyor and Moderator of Ashford, Windham county, in 1765–7 promoter, with others, of a movement in favor of "total abstinence from foreign luxuries" and the "encouragement of home industry;" in 1774 chairman of the committee of correspondence to cooperate with the other counties in opposition to the crown,



and in 1775 member of the General Assembly of the colony, where he was active, with the other members of that patriotic body in hastening the first war-like preparations for the impending conflict.

The soldiers of Connecticut were also the first to sustain the patriotic cause in the tory commercial city of New York in the summer of 1775, her militia having gone there under General David Wooster. The colony of Connecticut, at the request of Washington, in 1776, raised several regiments which were commanded by General Lee, for the occupation of New York city. Upon arriving at the borders of the colony, they were requested to halt, but, disregarding these entreaties, boldly marched into the city, overthrew the royal authority, and for the first time planted the American standard. This force of Connecticut troops held the city until the arrival of the army under Washington, in April, 1776.

In the very outset of the civic part of the struggle against the oppressive acts of the British Parliament, Connecticut espoused the common cause of the thirteen colonies. In the Continental Congress which formulated the Declaration of Independence, we read among the signers the names of such stirling patriots as Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams and Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut.

During the dark and troublous times of the protracted struggle, Washington, the commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, turned to Jonathan Trumbull for counsel and encouragement, in providing the necessary sinews of war; hence he was known as "Brother Jonathan," during the Revolution.

When the British force of 24,000 men and 130 vessels, driven out of Boston, concentrated at Sandy Hook in August, 1776, the American army under Washington was reinforced by fourteen regiments of militia raised in Connecticut, comprising 10,000 men. These fourteen regiments, together with the Connecticut quota in the regular army, constituted at least one-third of Washington's army in the vicinity of New York, at the commencement of operations on Long Island. Nine more regiments of Connecticut men were soon after sent to the relief of Sullilvan on Long Island, leaving but two of the twenty-five regiments for the home defense of the State and all this for the aid of New York.



After the defeat of Long Island, while the continental troops were still in the field, the State was left to rely upon her own resources against two British armies, one on her right stationed at Newport, R. I., and the other on her left, at New York city, while a large British fleet cruised in Long Island Sound.

Under these circumstances it is to the glory of the women of Connecticut that they had made themselves familiar with the use of the implements of agriculture, and but for them the State would have experienced the added privation of famine.

The name of Nathan Hale, a son of Connecticut, will be imperishably remembered in connection with the operations of the Americans on Long Island. It was he alone of all the officers of the army who responded to Washington's call for a volunteer willing to penetrate the British camp and obtain information. He had succeeded in his errand, but at the last moment was betrayed by a relative. He was arrested and executed as a spy. His last words were "that he lamented that he had but one life to give for his country."

The men and money of Connecticut were now voted freely for the cause of the Revolution. The standing militia of Connecticut sustained five heavy drafts for actual service during the year 1776 alone.

In April, 1777, the British invaded Connecticut by landing a strong force under Tryon and marching to Danbury. This force of the enemy was resisted by the militia under Generals Wooster, Zimmerman and Arnold. In one of these engagements General David Wooster was mortally wounded when victory was within his grasp. Before the close of this campaign the British were glad to return to their ships and sail back to New York. During these operations General James Wadsworth, of Durham, took an active part.

In the summer of 1777 in the rout of British Veterans and Tories at Bennington, Connecticut bore a very prominent part.

The geographical location of the colony of Connecticut, abutting on the royal province of New York, made her soil the scene af repeated forays from the British military rendezvous at New York City, resulting in numerous bloody contests both along the sound and seaboard and also through the interior. These frequent invasions of her borders by Tories and traitors



like Benedict Arnold only served to continue the patriotic ardor and determination of the men and women of Connecticut to the end of the conflict.

In the defense of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, in July, 1778, where a colony of Connecticut people had early settled under her original charter, the men having gone to the army, Colonels Nathan Denison and Zebulon Butler commanded the small body of men who could be rallied for the defense of the fort at Wilkes-Barre. But for the treachery of one of Colonel Butler's own men his gallant defense would have been turned into a victory instead of a dreadful massacre. Colonel Nathan Denison, (of the collateral line of my family,) held the fort at Kingston until nearly all his men were killed or wounded.

In March and July, 1779, the British General Tryon repeated his forays into Connecticut but was quickly repulsed by the valor of the farmer soldiers. In September, 1781, the traitor Benedict Arnold led the last expedition against his native State. The bloody battle of Fort Griswold in Groton, fought September 6, and the burning of New London and Groton caused great destruction of property and loss of life. This campaign, one of the most merciless and desperate of the war, was met by the unexampled valor of the yeomanry of the surrounding country. The blood of many of the best families drenched the soil and prisoners were carried away to suffer and die in the loathesome prison ships of Wallabout Bay. In addition to her large land force the citizens of Connecticut owned 250 vessels, which cruised along the New England coast transporting supplies and harrassing the enemy.

In the column of Continental troops which marched from the Hudson, in New York, to York, in Virginia, a distance of 400 miles, and participated in the capture of Cornwallis' veteran army at Yorktown, the State of Connecticut was represented by Col. Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., military secretary, and Col. David Humphreys, aid-de-camp to Washington, general in chief. In Lafayette's division, commanding Continental troops, were Major John Palsgrave Wyllys, of Hartford, Lieut. Col. Ebenezer Huntington, of Norwich, and Captain David Bushnell. In the desperate assaults on the British entrenchments, Major Wyllys and Captain Stephen Betts, of Stamford.



with their Connecticut Continentals, on Oct. 14, 1781, took part in the storming of Redoubt No. 10. The forlorn hope consisted of twenty men from the 4th Conn., under Lieut. John Mansfield. General Washington was enthusiastic in his admiration of the brilliant conduct of this storming party.

Five days after, the proud army of British veterans, under Lord Cornwallis, marched out of their entrenchments to the old British tune, "The World Turned Upside Down," and surrendered their arms, thus closing the active military operations of the war for American Independence.

The troops of Connecticut, as we have seen, were engaged in the first aggressive military event of the war, at Ticonderoga, and participated in the last assault, which ended the struggle, at Yorktown.

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WYOMING VALLEY CHAPTER, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.—On the 1st of May, 1891, a notable gathering of women assembled at the home of Mrs. William H. McCartney, to organize a "Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution," women who were descended from some of the most illustrious officers and soldiers of the American Revolution, many tracing their ancestry to the early colonists by a proven lineage.

The house was decorated with American flags and the portraits of Washington and his wife, Martha Washington, together with a picture of Mount Vernon, issued by the Mount Vernon Association and presented to the mother of Mrs. McCartney, who was one of the lady managers of the Mount Vernon Association for the purchase of the home of Washington, were appropriately placed.

The meeting was opened with singing "My Country 'tis of Thee," by Miss Nellie Williams, the Chapterjoining. The meeting was then called to order by Mrs. McCartney, regent by appointment. The object of the organization was stated. The constitution and by-laws were read and business relating to the future of the Chapter was discussed.

The following officers for the Chapter were elected: Mrs. Stanley Woodward, vice-regent; Miss Mary A. Sharpe, registrar; Miss Ella Munroe Bowman, secretary; Miss Sally Sharpe, treasurer. Local Board of Managers—Mrs. Colonel Bruce Ricketts, Mrs. Benjamin Reynolds, Miss Emily Cist Butler, Mrs. Sheldon Reynolds, Mrs. Murray Reynolds, Mrs. Isaac Platt Hand. Advisory Board—Mr. Sheldon Reynolds, president Wyoming Historical Society; Hon. Charles E. Rice. Hon. Stanley Woodward, Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts, General Wm. H. McCartney, Mr. Alexander Farnham, Mr. Andrew F. Dow.



Light refreshments were served. "Hail Columbia" was sung by Miss Williams in a patriotic, spirited manner, and the meeting then adjourned to meet at the home of Mrs. Richard Sharpe on Monday, May 4, 1891.

It was peculiarly fitting that the women of Wyoming Valley should unite with this "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution" in honoring the deeds of their ancestors, who "braved and dared so much that we might live." And it was a lamentable fact that the women of this beautiful historic valley, who have been so patriotic as to crect the monument at Forty Fort to commemorate the names of those slain by the savage foe, had ceased to manifest their patriotism and allowed each 3d of July to come and go without making a pilgrimage with their children to this spot, which should ever be a hallowed one to them. This was the first Chapter organized in Pennsylvania.

On the 7th of May a meeting was called to assist the Mary Washington Monument Association and the regent, Mrs. General McCartney, issued the following:

"To the Men, Women and Children of Wyoming Valley:

"This work is to be entered upon at once, and by the Daughters of the American Revolution very appropriately, as their first effort to fulfill the object of their society. As persons are eligible to membership through the mother of a Revolutionary patriot, that the mother of Washington may be honored, what more noble work can they do than take from obscurity and neglect this spot, and raise over her resting place a monument of which the women of America will be proud in future generations. The New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have already commenced this work; and as the Wyoming Valley Chapter is the first Chapter in the Keystone State, may we not hope for great aid from you.

"KATHARINE L. McCARTNEY,

"Regent, D. A. R."

At the following meetings of the Chapter it was considered that the most urgent duty before these patriotic women, most of whom were descended from the heroes and heroines who endured the hardship and tortures of the Wyoming Valley mas-



sacre, was to awaken renewed interest in a commemoration of the sufferings and services of these forefathers. It was, therefore, resolved with great enthusiasm, that the members of the Chapter in a body should attend the anniversary exercises of the Wyoming Monument Association on July 3, 1891, and that an invitation should be extended to Mrs. Harrison, our beloved President-General. Ill-health prevented the acceptance of this invitation to the great regret of the "Daughters," who lamented both her absence and the cause of it.

A newspaper account of this celebration says that carriages arrived on the ground filled with stately Daughters of the American Revolution wearing fluttering blue badges. As they came on the ground Colonel Dorrance gave them an individual greeting with the courtly manner of the last century. The ladies were all from Wilkes-Barre, and they were seated in the front rows of the semi-circle of chairs that faced the monument. Their Regent, Mrs. William H. McCartney, was at their head. Many distinguished people were present. Among them were two men of Revolutionary lineage. One was ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, of this State, and the other ex-United States Senator Patterson, from South Carolina. Mr. Patterson comes from the well-known Patterson family that settled in Lancaster county in the early days.

Rev. Dr. George Frear, of Wilkes-Barre, then delivered the invocation. The Welsh singers sang "The Lord's Prayer."

"I see I am down for a president's address," said Colonel Dorrance, as he arose. "It wouldn't do to apologize, but I smiled when I received the program fresh from the printer and saw that I was to make a speech, and I don't know how; but as long as this heart beats and I am able to keep out of bed I will be here to honor the memory of those whose dust lies under this monument. We are here to keep alive the memories of those men who sacrificed their lives for us. Any one who heard, as I heard in the winter nights of long ago, the story of the horrible scenes on this spot from the lips of the survivors of that massacre, would not wonder that we are stirred to emotion at the memory of those scenes."



There was a tremor in the venerable patriot's voice as he said that it was the last time they would see him in his capacity as president of the Commemorative Association, and called on his hearers to keep green the memory of the Revolution. [He died soon after this meeting.]

Mr. Johnson then called attention to the fact that the namesake of Wyoming Valley is Wyoming, the last State to be admitted to the Union, and that on to-morrow, the glorious Fourth, a star would be placed on the Nation's banner in honor of Wyoming's namesake. He said that when Wyoming was celebrating its entry into the sisterhood of the States, he sent a greeting to the namesake of old Wyoming. greeting was: "Old Wyoming feels justly proud of the honor of having given her name to a member of the great sisterhood of States. May the child-namesake emulate the example of the mother Wyoming of bloody memory, and in all things show itself worthy of bearing the name of this beautiful and classic valley here in Pennsylvania, so rich in patriotic memory, immortalized by the poetry of Campbell. endeared to our people by the 3d of July massacre, and the sad story of Frances Slocum and her life-long captivity among savages; and withal, bearing within her ample bosom untold wealth of anthracite coal, not second in importance to the commerce of the whole world, to the gold fields of the Black Hills of your own Rocky Mountain State."

"The forty-fourth, youngest State of the Union," came the reply from Governor Warren, "sends you greeting and confident assurance that the child and namesake will emulate the virtues and patriotism of the mother—the Wyoming of that historic valley of bloody memory. The State may not develop such wealth of anthracite coal as has the parent, but the new State has a known area of bituminous coal amounting to more than 30,000 square miles."

Ex-Governor Hoyt was then presented as the orator of the day.

Ably and in eloquent language he pictured the heroic struggle of the Connecticut settlers of the "Susquehanna tract" against the aggressive demand of the Pennites, who laid claim to the land as a part of Pennsylvania.



In concluding, he quoted from Upham's life of Pickering: "The devastation of the fields, the conflagration of the dwellings and barns, and the repeated massacre of the people—men, women and children by savage hordes, all these combined could not destroy or weaken the tenacity with which they clung to their lands. Those who escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife had come back, over and over again, from their places of refuge. The invincible, indestructible community persevered in its contest against all, and no power, civilized or barbarous, could root it out."

John Butler Reynolds, a descendant of the gallant Colonel Zebulon Butler, who, with Colonel Nathan Denison, commanded the settlers, then made an eloquent comparison between the "old and new"—the Wyoming Valley of forest and farm and the Wyoming Valley of this busy age.

The venerable president arose.

"I now introduce to you," said Colonel Dorrance, "a young man whose ancestors were killed in their field the day before the massacre." He was John S. Harding. He spoke briefly, but with a happy faculty.

"I now introduce to you," said the Colonel, "another Butler. His name is Woodward, but it ought to be Butler,"

Mr. Woodward, in a neat address, said that many of the fantastic stories about the Wyoming massacre were not founded on facts. He said it was believed now that General Brant did not take part in the battle, and that Queen Esther did not sit on the bloody rock and pick out her victims. He defended the memory of Colonel John Butler, the Tory leader at the massacre, who he said was a brave and honorable man.

As an indication of the influence which our patriotic society has exercised we may refer to the celebration at the Wyoming Monument this year, 1892, which was the largest since the great centennial of 1878. Fully six hundred persons were present. A large delegation from the Daughters of the American Revolution was present, including Mrs. McCartney and daughter Ella. Mrs. Isaac P. Hand, Mrs. G. M. Reynolds and Miss Helen Reynolds, Mrs. Alexander Farnham, Mrs. Colonel R. B. Ricketts. Mrs. Stanley Woodward, Miss Emily Butler, Miss Laura Heilner of the New York City Chapter, Mrs. Colonel E. B. Beaumont.



Mrs. Caleb Bowman, Mrs. John B. Reynolds, Miss May Tubbs, Miss Mary Slosson, Miss Ella Bowman, Mrs. Thomas Graeme, Mrs. H. H. Harvey, Mrs. Irving A. Stearns, Mrs. Sheldon Reynolds, Mrs. B. Dorrance, Miss Loveland, Miss Hoyt.

Among the visitors was a Chicago daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. M. E. Miller, who is a descendant of Daniel Gore, whose name is inscribed on the monument.

The new President, Captain Calvin Parsons, said he was one of the few present who were at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument fifty-nine years ago. The only others present so far as he could learn were Mrs. Judge Pfouts, William P. Johnson, of Dallas, and Hon. L. D. Shoemaker. Mr. Parsons said the name of Parsons was not on the monument, there were none of that name here in 1778, but his great-grandfather, Anderson Dana's name was there and that of his grandfather, Stephen Whiting. Both were tomahawked and killed by the Indians. He alluded with much feeling to the death of the late president of the association, Colonel Charles Dorrance.

Rev. F. B. Hodge, D. D., read a paper in memoriam of the late Colonel Dorrance, and it was a fine tribute to one who had ever taken such a live interest in these commemorative gatherings and was president up to the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty-seven.

The address of the day was by Henry Coppee, LL. D., professor of history and literature in the Lehigh University and the gentleman who wrote the ode for the centennial observance of 1878. The paper was an admirable dissertation on the part which the Wyoming incident played in the history of the country, together with an analysis of Campbell's poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming."

The old settlers were all delighted over the increased interest. They attribute it to three things—organization, active part taken by the "Daughters" and the greater newspaper mention the event has received.

The meetings of the Wyoming Valley Chapter have been frequent, every two weeks, and its principal pursuit has been a study of American history, with a series of questions and answers which have been diligently pursued. The crowning feature of the winter was a lecture before the Chapter by Miss



Jane Meade Welsh on "The Making of the Constitution," when the spacious parlors of the celebrated Wyoming Valley Hotel were generously proffered by the proprietor. A servant in Continental uniform received the tickets (printed in the colors of the Society—blue and white) and ladies and gentlemen in full dress attended. The lecture aroused the utmost interest in the Society, and at the same time silenced the doubts of those who have said that the organization would not be permanent.

A delightful invitation was extended to the Chapter for its last meeting of the season by Mrs. Thomas Graeme, a descendant of Colonel Zebulon Butler, and of John Robinson. the Levden pastor, to hold the last meeting of the year at her cottage at Harvey's Lake, on June 26th. The ladies were met by Mr. George Wright, a "Son of the Revolution," and brother of Mrs. Graeme, at the railway station, and conveyed by a steamer especially chartered for the occasion, and flying the national flag, across this largest body of fresh water in Pennsylvania, to their picturesque summer cottage. The hours were passed in singing patriotic airs, the raising of a new flag while singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the taking of a picture of the society by Mr. Wright. The same steamer, bearing the same stars and stripes, as the sun was setting, bore us again over this beautiful lake, and a more delighful closing to the first year of our Chapter could not be desired. May the same spirit of harmony which has permeated our first year of existence continue to hover over us in all the years to come is the great desire of

THE REGENT.

MERCY WARREN CHAPTER, Springfield, Massachusetts.—The local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution held its second meeting in the rooms of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society on Saturday afternoon and voted that it should be named the Mercy Warren Chapter, after one of Massachusetts' foremost women in the Revolution. The Regent was instructed to apply for a charter from the National Society, and sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Harrison, President of the national organization. Papers were read on the Constitution of the United States, and the names of



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three new members were reported. The papers read on this occasion commemorated the anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the convention elected and convened to prepare that document, the meeting being purposely appointed on that date—September 17th. The papers were written by Mrs. Mary J. S. Smith and Mrs. William R. Sessions. That of Mrs. Smith gave facts concerning the men of the convention; the difficulties in agreement of the North and South that had to be wisely met; the restless impatience of the people, and their anxiety lest a king in the person of a son of George IV, the bishop of Osnaburg, be recommended. Mrs. Sessions gave a graphic account of the acceptance of the Constitution by Massachusetts, including a quaint old poem describing the act.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHAPTER, No. 2, Arlington, Vermont, was organized at the residence of Mrs. J. Burdett, August II. 1892, the following being a list of the Charter Members: Mrs. Jane Burdett, Arlington, Vermont; Mrs. Edward E. Nichols, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Ida C. Nichols, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Anna M. Nichols, Manitou Springs, Colorado; Mrs. Adelbert Stone, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Elizabeth V. McAuley, Brooklyn, New York; Mrs. Mary A. Brownson Lathrop, Sunderland, Vermont; Mrs. Ann Brownson Boynton, Sunderland, Vermont; Mrs. Herbert King, Manchester, Vermont; Mrs. Samuel West, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Frances G. West, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Sarah Ann Lathrop, Manchester, Vermont; Mrs. Anson Buck, West Arlington, Vermont; Mrs. Edward D. Buck, West Arlington, Vermont; Miss Ellen Hawley, Manchester, Vermont; Miss Harriet A. Hurd, Chenon, Illinois. The following officers were appointed: Mrs. Jane Burdett, Regent; Mrs. Adelbert Stone, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Samuel West, Secretary; Miss Frances G. West, Treasurer; Miss Ida C. Nichols, Historian; Miss Elizabeth McCauley, Registrar; Rev. Richard C. Searing, Chaplain. These ladies are all Vermont girls and were born in this vicinity. The father of the two Mrs. Bucks was in the Revolutionary War. His pension papers are on file signed by Lewis Cass, Secretary of War. Miss Frances West had four great-great-grandfathers



who also served in the war. The first twelve of the Chapter and the fifteenth are all from the one Brownson family, whose ancestors were "Green Mountain Boys" and several of them were with Ethan Allen. Miss Hurd's grandfather was in nearly all of the battles of the war and carried a number of pieces of lead in his arm. The ancestor of Mrs. Burdett was Gideon Brownson, Captain of one company of the famous "Green Mountain Boys"; served through the war, and was promoted to rank of Major in the Continental service-afterwards General in the Vermont militia. Graham's letters speak of "General Brownson as a violent partisan in the late war, and that as a proof of his valiant conduct, carries eighteen pieces of lead in his body which he received during the fatal contest." He was Captain at the battles of Hubbarton and of Bennington in 1777, also a soldier in the French war. Was taken prisoner with Ethan Allen, a long time prisoner at Montreal, and was exchanged for Marsh, a Tory. Timothy Brownson, father of Gideon and Eli Brownson, was in the war, and was one of the most trusted and confidential advisers of General Washington, and was a member of the "Council of Safety."

This was the second Chapter organized in Vermont. We took the same name as the Burlington Chapter, for our ancestors were the true "Green Mountain Boys" and we liked the name. We expect to hear more of the "Brownson girls" before long.

J. B.

BRISTOL CHAPTER, Rhode Island.—Mrs. W. T. C. Wardwell, wife of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Wardwell gave a reception to the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at her beautiful residence, on Metacom avenue, on the 29th of September, to welcome the State Regent, Mrs. Wilbour, on her recent return from Europe. The grounds were prettily decorated, and two large American flags were flung to the breeze in front of her residence in honor of the occasion. The members of the Chapter were warmly welcomed by the hostess upon their arrival and hospitably entertained at luncheon. About three hours were pleasantly passed in social converse. The weather was all that could have been desired, and the reception greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

E. W. BULLOCK, Chapter Regent.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK, Kingston, New York. At a regular monthly meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in Kingston, New York, August 4, 1892, a committee composed of Miss Sarah Bernard, chairman; Mrs. Charles Burhans, Mrs. Anna Kenyon, Mrs. John Forsyth and Mrs. Mary Reynolds was appointed to arrange a programme for the suitable observance of the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the completion of the organization of the State government on September 10, 1892.

The constitution of the State was adopted on the 20th and promulgated in front of the courthouse in Kingston on the 22d day of April, 1777. On the 30th day of July, 1777, George Clinton, a citizen of Ulster County, took the 0ath of office and was inaugurated as first Governor of the State. The first court held under the first constitution of the State was opened by Chief Justice Jay in the courthouse on the 9th day of September, 1777.

The Senate and Assembly organized on the 10th of September, 1777, and on that day both Houses met in joint convention at the courthouse upon the call of the Governor, when he delivered to them his first message.

Hon. Marius Schoonmaker in his "History of Kingston" says: "With the organization of the Legislature the State government became operative and complete in all its departments, the executive, the legislative and the judicial, within the bounds of the then village of Kingston, and the wheels of government were there put in full perpetual motion."

The house in which the first Senate was convened, and which is to-day commonly known as "The Old Senate House," has been purchased by the State. It is in charge of an aged gentleman with his son, whose ancestry is entwined with all that is patriotic and best in the annals of this Revolutionary town. The Senate House is a depository for antiques and curios of various kinds, and it is within these old walls that the Daughters of the American Revolution are holding their monthly meetings and on the grounds of which was celebrated a day which should be dear to the heart of every loyal citizen of the State, and of thrilling interest to the citizens of the town which was once proud to be known as the first Capital of the State of New York.



A stage was erected on the grounds at the rear of the Senate House, which was tastefully decorated with national flags. A portrait of Governor George Clinton hung in a conspicuous position. An historical address was delivered by Hon. Augustus Schoonmaker, an original poem was recited by Mr. Henry Abbey. "The Star-Spangled Banner," with orchestral accompaniment, was effectively rendered by Miss Elizabeth Roosa, and addresses were made by Hon. William Lounsbery, president of the Senate House Association, and Judge A. T. Clearwater, a Son of the Revolution.

Letters of regret were read from Roswell P. Flower, ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, president of "The Cincinnati," and Hon. John Bigelow.

The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Burtsell, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, and after the doxology, in which the audience joined with the orchestra, the exercises closed with a benediction by the Rev. C. S. Stowitts, of the the Wurts Street Presbyterian Church.

The programme was enlivened and beautifully varied by the music of a full brass band, which played familiar and national airs.

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M. B.



### EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

Truly there is no sorrow without some compensation, some element that inspires better thought or more earnest effort, so in the midst of the anxiety and grief of all members of this Society for the continued and severe illness of our beloved and honored President-General, Mrs. Harrison, there is gratification in the universal expression throughout the country of admiration for her virtues and appreciation of the harmony and completeness of her character. Not only is the nation favored in having the wife of the President a woman whose domestic, social and business capacity is so remarkable, but the Daughters of the American Revolution may well be envied that their first officer of the highest rank is one to whom they may point with such pride and affection. It is fitting that there should be some suitable testimonial of the warm feeling of respect the Daughters have for Mrs. Harrison. Last winter we proposed to have her portrait painted to hang in the White House, and the plan was received with great favor, but was not formulated in practical shape. A private letter just received expresses this same desire, which will doubtless find ready response in many directions. The following is an extract from the letter:

"With what an irreparable loss we are threatened in the dangerous illness of that gifted woman and noble typical American matron, Mrs. President Harrison, our honored President-General. She cannot be spared—and Heaven grant her safe coming through the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death.' If Mrs. Harrison should be taken, or if she is restored, either way, I think the Daughters of the American Revolution would do well to present a memorial to Congress asking that the really exquisite plans for the enlargement of the White House which were prepared under Mrs. Harrison's own artistic auspices should, if possible, be adopted, and that the Daughters should place therein a portrait of this, in truth, 'First Lady of the Land.'"

,ii.

Without considering a change in the White House, it is certainly desirable that a portrait of Mrs. Harrison should be placed on the walls of that historic building. It will be remembered that the women in this country interested in the temperance cause have placed a very beautiful portrait of Mrs. President Hayes in the White House; there are also in its drawing-rooms paintings of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler. These are believed to comprise the entire list of portraits of the wives of Presidents in the White House.

In the very first revision of the constitution of this Society on August 9th, 1890, one of the objects of the Association was stated to be the collection and preservation of portraits of distinguished women and especially of the wives of the Presidents of the United States. In a further revision of the constitution this clause was dropped, but it is in full accord with the spirit of the organization; and surely, when the wife of the President is also the most prominent representative of the descendants of the Revolution, these descendants should see that her memory is perpetuated in the place she adorns with her graces and her virtues.

Daughters of the American Revolution owe Mrs. Harrison a debt of gratitude they cannot repay, but they can, by this compliment of placing her portrait in the Executive Mansion, express their appreciation of the brave and patriotic stand she has taken for two years in inaugurating one of the great movements in the cause of true Americanism and the honorable advancement of women; we are confident that it will be their pleasure to do this. No official action will be asked from the Society or the Board of Management, but we desire this to be a free-will offering of all "Daughters" and their friends, to honor a good and gracious American woman, who fills the highest position in the United States with dignity, while she preserves all the loveliness of family relations and a broad sympathy that is national in its enthusiasm.

Let us, as soon as possible, send in the necessary amount to engage an artist of national reputation to paint this PORTRAIT OF MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON. Subscriptions for this purpose will be received by the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. They will be honorably guarded and promptly acknowledged.



hundred dollars have already been subscribed. A national committee is being organized, which will be announced in a short time. Please send your subscriptions at once, in amounts to correspond with your own desires or means. Persons willing to aid in facilitating the object in view will address the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Another private letter received from a life-long friend who visited Washington during the grand encampment of the G. A. R., revives memories of the past which are of general interest. She says: "G——took us to St. John's church, next to my aunt's old house where I visited with my mother about 1846. The house was built by Matthew St. Clair Clarke. He married my mother's sister, a direct descendant of James Caldwell, the "Fighting Parson" of Revolutionary fame. At Mr. Clarke's table the great men of the day often assembled, and no dinner was complete without several of the capital stories for which he was famous.

"My mother and I while there were invited to dine with Mrs. Webster. Very lately, in looking over some of the few relics left from the burning of my house, I found the old invitation, dated 1846. Several of the foreign ministers were at this dinner, and I remember the graphic stories of French life told by the French Minister. No fete of the present day can compare with one he described as given upon his departure from Paris. Mr. Webster, on a visit to Illinois, had been entertained at my father's house, who sent our carriage with four white horses twenty miles to bring the great man on his journey, and in our grove a barbecue was served. The tree still stands under which Mr. Webster stood and made his political speech; and near by was the pit where a whole ox was roasted, besides sheep and lambs. My dear mother asked a blessing before the feast began; few women would do that now at a great political gathering, and you know what a gentle, superfine little lady she was.

"A sight of the old house on Lafayette Square brought vivid memories to me of the large parlors, as they then were.



with double columns of Potomac marble between them, and the rich furniture of damask and gold; the apricot and pear trees trained on the garden walls, and the porch embowered in honevsuckle and roses, as we breakfasted in the back room, the large dining room being in the front of the house. I can see the dainty lady of the house with her open wrapper, embroidered petticoat and little bronze slippers, tripping down the broad stairway where the stately husband, my uncle, met her and took her on his arm in such formal fashion to the breakfast room. At dinner time we assembled first in the drawing-room, and much etiquette was observed, as in all the arrangements of the household. The butler, who also acted as footman, was a mighty personage, yet Miss Peggy, the housekeeper, exercised a certain control over him, enhanced no doubt by the choice sweetmeats she doled out from her special domain. Yet all this grandness did not fill me with a desire for its long continuance, for I remember thinking silently that the freedom of my prairie home was much sweeter. But I was enraptured with Mrs. Madison, lovely Mrs. Madison! It was a delight to us young people to pay our respects to her very often, when she received us in turbaned cap, and with the dignity of a princess and the urbanity of a truly loval American woman; we do not often see such a type of womanhood now-a-days.

"Another pleasant memory of Washington on a later visit was watching the Sculptor Mills, who was making the equestrian statue of Jackson now in the park; I was also interested in the finely trained horse that was his model, which I used to see put through his paces, in the Smithsonian Grounds, as I walked across them to my Uncle Josiah Caldwell's. Washington was my first love of all Eastern cities, and I find it lovely yet, although so changed."

To persons of pessimistic tendencies who declare that the times are bad, that the country is going to destruction, mainly through the corruption of politics, here are consoling considerations suggested by a recent writer:



"The great political battles (national conventions) serve to show the matchless energy of the American people. They show also that Americans know one another.

\* \* \*
They travel and mingle; they stand shoulder to shoulder, and that politics is doing more than anything else except commerce to develop the truly national life of the people."

At a recent meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution in San Francisco the following action was taken:

rst. That the Society places on record that its existence to-day is due to the zeal, untiring devotion, and unceasing labors of Past President Colonel A. S. Hubbard, who aided in its inception, and has almost single-handed brought the Society through trials and discouragements which beset all new societies to its present prosperous condition; therefore it recognizes him as the founder of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and therefore founder of the Society at large.

Finally, that in appreciation of the long-continued and valuable services rendered to the California Society by Past President Hubbard, there be appropriated from the treasury a sum sufficient to purchase a badge of the first class with the following words engraved thereon:

#### PRESENTED TO

COLONEL A. S. HUBBARD,
Founder of the California Society,
S. A. R.
Bythis compatriots of the Society.
July 4th, 1892.

We are glad to notice that in the Working Girls' clubs of New York City, where such admirable work is in progress for the elevation of women, classes for the special study of American history are to be formed this winter.



It is not only gratifying but encouraging to the Daughters of the American Revolution when their objects are understood and their work is appreciated by the older historical associations. The Society of Old Brooklynites, the Rhode Island Historical Society, the Library Association of Morristown and other societies have not only sent friendly words of interest to this Society, but have subscribed for the Magazine.

The New York State Library and several first-class periodicals have kindly offered an exchange with the AMERICAN MONTHLY, thus evincing confidence in its usefulness and excellence.

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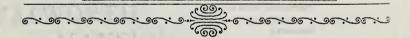
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The Magazine of American History says: "The Battles of Saratoga," and its attendant circumstances, forms an intensely dramatic narrative. Mrs. Walworth's graphic descriptions bring these stirring scenes into full view. \* \* \* No martial event has ever exerted a greater influence on human affairs than the conquest of Burgoyne. Every generation of readers need to learn this suggestive lesson, and Mrs. Walworth has done good service in placing it before them in such readable form. The history of the Saratoga Monument Association should be preserved, and we congratulate its founders and promoters on this important contribution to historic literature."

The New York Home Journal says: "Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth has issued a new edition of her monograph of Burgoyne's campaign, published in 1877, the centenary of that leader's disastrous defeat at Saratoga, illustrated with original views of the battlefield and of the historic tablets erected to mark its strategic and other interesting points. The enthusiasm and patriotic spirit which have animated Mrs. Walworth in the prosecution of this work are entitled to grateful recognition in this commonwealth, where the 'wonted fires' of patriotism are being rekindled, and to whose history she has made so interesting and valuable a contribution. Herself a daughter of the revolution are resident for the most of her life of Saratoga, familiar with the scenes of the battle steps she describes, and acquainted far and wide with men and women connected by descending with some of the actors in it, this work could certainly have been placed in no better of more competent hands."

The Albany Times-Union says: "'Battles of Saratoga.'—Joel Munsell's Sets publishers, of this city, have issued in exquisite form Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth." Battles of Saratoga," with the history of the work of the Saratoga Monument Assection. The volume is printed on elegant paper, while the engravings are superb. The work shows careful and accurate study on the part of the gifted author."



HELEN MASON BOYNTON,

VICE-PRESIDENT-GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF CHAPTERS, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



# American Monthly Magazine

Washington; D. C., November, 1892. No. 5. Vol. I.

#### THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG AND DOLLY MADISON.

Seventy thousand men recently passed in review through the streets of Washington, scarcely one-fourth of the Grand Army that preserved our Union in its greatest hour of peril from foes within the States. It was a noble sight, one never to be forgotten—a fit companion-piece for that other "Grand Review" when peace was declared at the close of the late war; only in this last review these men wore unstained uniforms and carried battle flags as "mementoes" instead of "trophies." Time and the blessings of Peace have nearly obliterated the scars of war, and intensified the love of country. Watching this well-dressed army with "comrades" on crutches or with an empty sleeve, in the streets of Washington, one could not but contrast this mighty host with the ten thousand troops (the highest estimate ever made) of the two armies taking part in the battle of Bladensburg, when the British captured Washington and burned the Capitol and other public buildings in the war of 1812. Six thousand of those troops were invaders; the remainder, mostly militia without discipline, constituted the American force.

The battle fought on that eventful day—August 24th, 1814 would is the late civil war have been regarded as little more than a "skirmish," aside from the destruction of public This wanton act was intended to serve an important Colonel Ross, the British commander, supposed that the destruction of the Capital would have the same effect in this country as in Europe, where Napoleon in his wars with the great powers found the capture of a capital meant the downfall of a nation. Here the feeling that inspired the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was still burning brightly in the

hearts of loyal Americans, and nothing short of utter destruction could "disband a nation" composed of the sons of heroic sires and of the old men who had borne a part in the struggle of the Revolution. To Americans defeat meant a rekindling of the slumbering fires of patriotism.

It is scarce a decade since the last of those Washingtonians who were at the battle of Bladensburg laid down their arms for the last time. While they lived, this six days campaign. with its disastrous close, was a frequent theme for discussion. and their opinion of the causes of the "defeat," or "retreat," as one or the other party designated the battle of Bladensburg was still unsettled to the satisfaction of these old heroes. Not only a Congressional committee investigated the "cause" of these sad calamities, but numerous articles, and even books, were written to find out who was to blame, and where one should look for extenuating causes. On the lakes and high seas most of our battles had been brilliant victories. Notably the battles of Lakes Erie and Champlain, and the victories on land over the British, and the Indians, whom the British incited to acts of cruelty and treachery as in the battle of Tippecanoe, were numerous. So marked were these victories that peace commissioners had already been sent to England to negotiate for a settlement of our difficulties. These commissioners were Albert Gallatin and James A. Bayard, who had already sailed for St. Petersburg to meet John Quincy Adams, the third commissioner, and these were authorized to accept the offer of "mediation from the Emperor of Russia." At home the peace sentiment was strong and on the increase. The "embargo act," closing our ports from all trade, was considered a hardship by many of our maritime people who looked then, as many people do now, upon public events first from a personal standpoint. President Madison was known to favor a peace policy; but his cabinet, at least two members, James Monroe, Secretary of the Treasury, and General Armstrong, Secretary of War, were at variance with him. No harmonious action relating to the war could be devised or executed by this trio. Gen. Armstrong considered himself the head of the army, outranked only by the President as Commander-in-Chief, and for his military opinions he had no respect. James, or Colonel



Monroe, could claim some military distinction, and he was the adviser of the President, who in his gentle way resented the imperiousness of his Secretary of War. But all three used the prerogative of office to advise, revise, correct or upset the plans of Brigadier-General Winder, commanding the Tenth Military District, the scene of the impending calamity. The Secretary of War was well apprised of the proximity of the British in the Chesapeake Bay for almost a year before the battle of Bladensburg, yet he took no active measures to defend Washington, although there was absolutely no fort or other defense between the Capital and Fort Dearborn, now Fort Washington. fort is situated about sixteen miles below the city, on a bluff in Maryland overlooking a wide reach of water on the Potomac. The fort was not garrisoned with regular troops, nor were there any called for that purpose, nor was anything done except to issue orders for the militia of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania to be "ready to be called out at a short notice." not to be forgotten that there were no railroads and telegraphs in those days, and Philadelphia was a two-days journey from Washington, even for the swiftest horseman. Hence, such a reliance was a mere paper army, impracticable for use.

Napoleon having been recently defeated in his European career at the battle of Waterloo, the British forces, intoxicated with that success, turned their attention toward America with a new impulse of energy. General Cockburn himself came over to command the British fleet in the Chesapeake Bay, and it is a tradition that in disguise he had previously spent several weeks in Washington as a British citizen, a man of leisure and means, studying for himself at his ease the lack of harmony in the administration and the need of defenses for the Capital, and it was said that when the city was captured he introduced himself to his former landlady in a new rôle, much to her astonishment. Such was the situation of affairs when the enemy lauded his forces at the old village of Benedict, situated on the Chesapeake Bay forty miles southeast of Washington. This was about the middle of August, 1814, and the new squadron coming in from sea consisted of twenty-two of the enemy's ships. They at once proceeded to join the forces already stationed at



the mouth of the Patuxent, and on the 19th they were at the village of Benedict. Intelligence of this movement created the greatest consternation among the citizens of Washington. The President and his Cabinet were not unruffled save the Secretary of War, who said, with an oath, he "did not see what they (the British) should want at the Capital," professing to believe the menace was to Annapolis or Baltimore instead of Washington. True, he had called for troops, but very few except those of the District were available, and these were raw and untrained. General Winder, in command, had no staff and had to act as his own adjutant and aid, being in the saddle from sun to sun, and obliged to ride all over his district daily to carry his own orders. To see them fully executed was beyond his power, for three men assumed to outrank him, and while not fully believing in the war, they proceeded to issue orders behind his back or over his head that were more disconcerting than helpful. The historians of that period, while conceding errors in General Winder's brief campaign, do not hold him responsible for its result. He worked early and late to make a gallant defense. Even the place of rendezvous was not of his selection. "General Winder's doubts as to the object and destination of the enemy continued from the time of the landing of the troops at Benedict August 18, to within three hours of the battle of Bladensburg." So said James Monroe before the Congressional committee. On this point he further says, "This continual uncertainty, as may well be imagined, had a most disastrous effect on the military operations of this brief campaign. All the force that could be assembled was considered insufficient for the protection of one point, and yet it was deemed necessary to protect three; and three avenues of approach to the seat of government were to be guarded: that by Bladensburg; that by the Eastern Branch Bridge; and an approach with a naval force from Fort Dearborn (Washington)." It will be well for the reader to accept even such high authority as Colonel James Monroe with a grain of allowance, for it is an established fact that he countermanded one of General Winder's orders on the day of battle, unknown to that officer, so that some of Winder's generals had moved from the position in



which he had placed them, much to his chagrin.\* In the mortification ensuing from a rather undignified flight from the field of action, even Cabinet officers, when called upon to give an account of themselves, were only too glad to lay the odium upon other shoulders. The Secretary of War finally had to bear the burden, and he retired from the cabinet under a suspicion of his loyalty to the government for not having adequately protected the Capital.

Now that the causes of defeat at the battle of Bladensburg have been briefly outlined, let us turn to the battlefield itself to see how the troops were situated. Bladensburg was then a little straggling village situated on rolling ground about six miles from Washington on the old post road to Baltimore. Another road led to Georgetown, and joined the Washington road at an acute angle a few yards from the bridge that crossed the Eastern Branch or Anacostia river at Bladensburg. bridge was about a hundred feet long, and at that point the water is so shallow as to be fordable the greater part of the year. Above the bridge the river was everywhere fordable. In this triangle, formed by the fork of the Georgetown and Washington roads, and on the brow of an eminence in a field three hundred and fifty yards from the bridge, lying between a large barn and the Washington road, was a barbette earthwork for the use of heavy cannon. Behind this was a park of artillery consisting of six six-pounder guns, manned by one hundred and fifty men. The space described was the Bladensburg battle ground. General Stansbury's command was posted in the triangle. The battery was so situated as to command the bridge. The troops were behind or in embrasures. General Stansbury's command consisted of twenty-two hundred men, thirteen hundred of whom were artillerymen and riflemen. Ten companies of militia were stationed in the rear of the battery, near the barn and the Georgetown road, under Captains Ducker and Gorsuch. About fifty vards in the rear of Pinckney's riflemen was Sterrett's regiment of volunteers from Baltimore; their position commanded the Georgetown

<sup>\*</sup>See Gen. Winder's report to Chairman of Congressional Investigating Committee referring to General Stansbury's change of position.



road. The cavalry, about three hundred and eighty, were placed in the rear on the extreme left, and did not take part in the conflict save as spectators. The position seemed a good one, but Colonel Monroe (Secretary of the Treasury) without consulting Generals Winder or Stansbury (he outranked them as a cabinet officer) and in the face of the enemy, then arrived at the Eastern Branch, ordered these Baltimore troops one and all to "change position" to \*a point a quarter of a mile in the rear of the artillery and riflemen, their right resting on the Washington road; this brought their line in full view of the enemy, and within reach of Congreye's rockets: the Baltimoreans were entirely unprotected, and so far from the first line as not to be able to give it immediate support in case of an attack. This position proved disastrous. General Winder arrived on the scene and posted a third line a mile from the Bladensburg bridge near one of the historic homes of the District, the residence of the late John C. Rives. proprietor of the Washington Globe. These troops were Maryland militia also, just arrived from Annapolis under Colonel Belle. They were stationed on the extreme right, Commodore Barney's flotilla men formed the centre on the Washington road with two eighteen-pounders stationed near Rives' barn, these seamen acting as artillerymen. Colonel Magruder's District militia, Colonel Scott's regulars and Peter's battery formed the left wing of the line.† Overlooking the road is a steep bluff about one hundred and fifty yards from the road where Captains Stull's and Davidson's companies were posted; across the highway Magruder was on the left of Barney's detachment, which rested on the Washington road, and Colonel Kraemer with a small force was in front of Colonel Belle. Such was the position of General Winder's little army when, at the hour of noon, the red-coats were seen coming over the hills into the town of Bladensburg.

The British had made the distance of thirty-five miles in four days—very deliberate marching. They camped and rested comfortably each night. They had neither cavalry nor artillery, but had about six thousand troops.

<sup>\*</sup>Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812.

<sup>†</sup> Near this spot, in a grassy plain set around with gentle slopes, Commodore Decatur lost his life in a duel with Aaron Burr.



The British opened the battle by throwing rockets at the Americans and attempted to throw a heavy force on the bridge: they were driven back by the cannon of the Americans and were forced to take shelter in the village and behind Lounde's hill, where Ross, the British commander, set up his headquarters in the Lounde's family residence. Winder's first and second line began bravely, while Pinckney's concealed riflemen helped mow down the British ranks. The British kept bringing their reserves into action, pushing steadily forward until some were over the bridge, while others forded the stream, falling heavily upon the inadequately supported Americans who were compelled to fall back. "One company whose commander is unnamed fled percipitately after the first fire, leaving their guns behind them." The first British brigade was now greatly elated. They threw away their knapsacks and haversacks and pushed forward to attack the second line, not dismayed by the annoying fire from Birch's cannon. The enemy now weakened their position by stretching out a line equal to that of the Americans. General Winder perceived this and took advantage of it. He was then at the head of Sterrett's regulars, and, with Stansbury's militia, pressed the enemy back to the river at the point of the bayonet, where the British maintained their position until reënforced by the second brigade. Then they pressed forward and turned the left flank of the Americans, at the same time sending rockets into Stansbury's command, which broke and ran in the wildest confusion. It was impossible to rally the troops, a panic seized them, and they fled over the Georgetown road. Sterrett's corps maintained their ground gallantly until flanked on both sides by the enemy, when General Winder retired with them and the artillery up the hill. They, too, soon caught the alarm, and the retreat became a pell-mell flight. Having dispersed the two first lines, the British pressed for the third—Peter's artillery being unable to hold them in check, and the British left under the gallant Colonel Thornton were confronted by Commodore Barney, who maintained his position heroically. In repeated attempts to pass Barney's battery they were repulsed, then they attempted to outflank him; this was frustrated by Captain Miller of the Marines with three twelve-pounders and the men of the flotilla



acting as infantry. After a contest of one-half hour the enemy succeeded in outflanking the battery and pressed the militia of Annapolis, who fled. Barney's command being now left alone the enemy no longer appeared in front, but continued to outflank and push forward sharpshooters, by whom Barney was shot and his horse killed under him. After this severe struggle with the enemy, in which Commodore Barney was severely wounded, it became evident that the position could no longer be maintained without this heroic commander. General Winder now ordered a general retreat. Commodore Barney was left on the field. being too badly hurt to be moved, and he fell into the hands of the enemy, but was paroled by General Ross, his wounds having been dressed by a British surgeon.\* The brave defense which this hero made is the one redeeming feature that characterizes the battle of Bladensburg; when this gallant officer fell wounded. President Madison and the members of his Cabinet in the field fled to the Heights of Georgetown as fast as swift-footed horses could carry them; and the undisciplined troops seeing their leaders overwhelmed with panic could not resist the ignoble infection. America has never seen but one scene like unto it, the precipitate retreat at the first battle of Bull Run in the beginning of our late war.

The private documents are numerous that testify to the grief and dismay that overtook the militia of the District of Columbia when they discovered that the retreat was not to Washington but to Georgetown, thus leaving their homes, wives and children to the fortunes of war. Certain chroniclers assert that "they wept sore, and denounced their commanders as paltroons and cowards, with oaths and imprecations."

The British pressed on, elated with a comparatively easy victory. The main body of men were halted on the plains on the north side of the Eastern Branch, where the Congressional Cemetery and jail, workhouse and other institutions are now situated, where they went into camp after burning the bridge,

<sup>\*</sup>The bullet was not extracted until after his death, when by his request it was done and was set in a disc of brass and inscribed, "In defending Washington this bullet terminated the life of Commodore Joshua Barney."



while Colonel Ross with two hundred\* men pressed on into Washington. On entering, some impulsive person fired on the invaders, who immediately proceeded to burn several buildings on Capitol Hill. They also set fire to the Capitol. the Treasury and the White House, each of which they left in ruins. Our own forces had destroyed the Navy-Yard by Government order. The affrighted inhabitants, mostly defenseless women and children, kept within doors. The unpropitious day settled down in gloom, and the rain began to fall dismally. At the White House the invaders helped themselves to a bountiful repast, set for the "conquering heroes" with coats of another color. It is said that one sentinel guarded the town that night. The office of the administration organ—the National Intelligencer—was gutted and its contents destroyed because its editor, who was an Englishman, had always chronicled unfavorably the proceedings of the enemy, his countrymen. After the battle of Bladensburg the British greatly exaggerated the number of our forces, thus in a sense glorifying themselves for having obtained the victory. Official returns show that when the British retreated they passed the fields of Bladensburg by moonlight, leaving their dead unburied and ninety wounded men on the field to be cared for by their enemies, "and after the evacuation of Washington nearly two hundred were buried by a committee of citizens," picked up all the way between the Capital and Bladensburg. It was generally estimated that the loss of the enemy before he reached his ships could not have been far from a thousand men. The enemy retreated as leisurely as they came taking four days for their return to Benedict, from whence they took hip and sailed down the bay to attack Fort McHenry at Baltimore, and where Francis S. Key during the night of the mbardment, when he was detained on a British vessel, com-; sed that noble national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," thus making his name immortal.

Every Cabinet official was suddenly called out of town, and but for the cool head and the brave conduct of one high in social position the history of the battle of Bladensburg would

Some accounts say seven hundred.



be a very good page to turn down. On great occasions or in emergencies the gentler sex sometimes shows the bravest front, and so it was at this inauspicious time that a woman's unflinching firmness gave a touch of nobleness to a day of national humiliation.

#### II.

When James Madison fell in love with a Quaker widow of twenty-three summers, Dolly Payne Todd, he probably did not know that he was doing any more for himself than other ardent admirers of fair widows have done from time immemorial. Mr. Madison was a bachelor of forty-three, and no doubt had cherished his gentle "ideal" of womanhood for many a year. In person he was small of stature, but inclined to corpulency. He was noted for his calm expression and his suave southern manner, being conciliatory and somewhat slow and grave of speech. His hair was already streaked with gray and his eves were blue and mild. Mrs. Dolly Payne Todd, the widow of an eminent Philadelphia lawyer, had characteristics opposite to these, notwithstanding her birthright into the meekest sex on earth. She had bright dark eyes, evenly arched brows, curly dark hair, a fine personal presence, agreeable but by no means "meek" manners, united to great conversational gifts, and an aptness or fondness for society which she never lost. She had also great personal magnetism or warmth of heart, and a temper subject to its "flashes" which cleared the atmosphere in her vicinity like so much electricity on the advent of a summer shower. No doubt Mr. Madison had found this out before the battle of Bladensburg, but from that time he must have had a new sense of the nobleness of the woman he had chosen for a life companion. Such women as she was are as much mother as wife to men of a weak character, for we cannot avoid thinking in the light of history that President Madison was "weak" in certain directions. Probably his was a flaw of temperament rather than a defect of character.

Mrs. Dolly Madison took a keen interest and delight in the political and social events of her time. When the militia broke into panic on the battle-ground of Bladensburg Mr. Madison at once dispatched a messenger to the White House, advising her

ł  of the probable capture of the city and urging her to seek safety in immediate flight. The news reached her about the middle of the afternoon. She immediately began gathering together the silverplate and other valuables, to be deposited in the bank of Maryland. While waiting anxiously for the return of her husband she had the full-length portrait of Washington, painted by Stuart, taken out of its frame by breaking the frame into pieces, and while the precious picture lay on the floor an old friend, Iacob Barker, entered the room. The sound of the approaching British troops was then to be heard in the streets. Mr. Barker begged her to wait no longer for the President, but to seek her own safety in flight. "Save that picture," she said to Mr. Barker "if possible; if not, under no circumstances let it fall into the hands of the enemy." Then securing the precious parchment on which was written the Declaration of Independence with the autographs of the signers, she hastened to her carriage. She was soon driven to a place of safety outside the city limits, where she was joined by the President.

The picture of Washington was taken from the stretcher in great haste and rolled up just in time, for the British appeared on the threshold and proceeded, before applying the torch, to eat Mrs. Madison's feast, set for her victorious countrymen. The British army marched away in the course of the night, not being able to hold the place they had captured.\* The precious picture was carried by its custodians behind the army in a closed carriage to a place of safety.

The British did not enter the Capital of the United States to stay. They really gained nothing by it, not even renown, for the whole of Europe condemned the act as wanton. Beside by an irony of fate that waits even on the destiny of nations, the War of 1812 was really over when Washington was captured by the British, just as much as it was at the time of the battle of New Orleans, four months later. Negotiations for peace had really been consummated, but in those days of slow transportation events traveled much faster than news. Every American of Revolutionary blood will blush with shame

<sup>\*</sup>The battle of Bladensburg is now regarded as a feint to attract attention from British troops moving into Louisiana.



when the battle of Bladensburg is a topic of discussion,\* but every eye glows with pride and every pulse thrills with admiration for the high character of that good dame—Dolly Madison, and the part she played on that eventful day. She showed no evidence of fear, no lack of patriotism, and proved by her forethought and discretion that patriotism is a passion common to men and to women.

EMILY L. SHERWOOD.

#### REFERENCE TO THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG.

From an unpublished autobiography of Reuben H. Walworth, who was Adjutant in a New York Regiment, and late Chancellor of the State of New York.

During the spring and summer of 1814 the enemy had kept a blockading squadron in the Chesapeake, whose commander was continually engaged in plundering the peaceful inhabitants on the shores of that bay, and the rivers and creeks that empty into it. About the middle of August this squadron was reinforced by a large number of ships and vessels of various sizes, many of which were filled with British troops. These vessels entered the Patuxent river, and landed their troops and marines at the head of frigate navigation at or near Benedict, in Charles county, Maryland, about forty miles southeast of the city of Washington. Others entered the Potomac and proceeded up that river toward the city of Alexandria.

The troops and marines who were disembarked in St. Charles county marched toward Washington. On the 24th of August the battle of Bladensburg—so disastrous to us, and so disgraceful to some of our troops who were there and should have been engaged therein—was fought, and before night the President and the members of his Cabinet had fled. The military defenders of the Federal city were gone, and the seat of government of the United States was occupied by British troops and

<sup>\*</sup> H. M. Brackinridge's History War of 1812: "It would be wrong to charge the blame, which was justly due, exclusively to the agents in the affair, a portion must be assumed by the nation and by our political institutions."



marines. They committed the President's house, the Capitol, and all the public buildings except the Post Office, to the flames—a disgraceful instance of modern vandalism. The Navy Yard, with all its shipping and stores, and the magazine at Greenleaf's Point had been previously destroyed by order of our officers.

Two or three days later Capt. Dyson, who was stationed at Fort Washington to prevent the vessels of the enemy from passing up the Potomac to Alexandria, disgraced himself by abandoning the fort and blowing it up without firing a gun upon the approach of the British fleet. This act of cowardice, for which he was subsequently tried and cashiered, enabled the enemy's vessels to reach Alexandria where Captain Gordon, the British naval commander, robbed the inhabitants of that city of a large amount of private property.

The captors of Washington remained there but one day, when they returned to the Patuxent and re-embarked and siled for the Patapsco with the avowed object of sacking the city of Baltimore.

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#### MRS. DOROTHY PAYNE MADISON.

Wife of James Madison, President of the United States-1809-1817.\*

Mrs. Madison's grandfather, John Payne, was an English gentleman of wealth and education. He settled on the James river in the county of Goochland, Virginia, and married Anna Fleming, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Fleming, second son of the Earl of Wigton, of Scotland, who also landed at Jamestown and established himself in Kent county, Virginia. His son, John Payne, the father of Mrs. Madison, left home at an early age and settled on a plantation, which was a gift from his father, near the James river. He then married Mary Coles, daughter of William Coles, a native of Enniscorthy, Ireland. Her mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, was an aunt of the celebrated Patrick Henry. Dolly Madison inherited from her mother and grandmother beauty and popularity. They were both noted beauties in Virginia and much loved for their genial and suave manners. Mary Coles, the mother of Mrs. Madison, was a great belle, and among her numerous suitors for marriage was Thomas Jefferson. Payne was born on the 20th of May, 1772, in North Carolina, where her parents were visiting, and was named Dorothy for her mother's aunt, Mrs. Patrick Henry. Her father was a strict member of the "Society of Friends." He was called a fanatic in Virginia, but he persisted in his views, selling his plantation and emancipating all of his slaves; many of his servants, devoted to him, positively refused to accept their free-These servants he took with him to dom and leave him. Philadelphia, where he moved his family in 1780, with the hope of better maintaining and enjoying his religion. He held a high place in the "meetings" and was called a Quaker preache; he was rich, kind and generous, and his home was constantly filled with guests. A large amount of his capital was in Rev-

<sup>\*</sup>Many facts and quotations in this sketch are from "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison, Edited by her Grand-neice," and valuable information was furnished by her relative, Eugenia Washington.





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DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.
[From a Photograph in the possession of Miss Eugenia Washington.]

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olutionary money, and as that gradually depreciated in value, he became very much reduced in circumstances. This misfortune depressed him physically and mentally. He retired to his room, which he did not leave until carried to his last resting place. During this time the charming Dolly was growing into womanhood—winning the love and admiration of all who knew her by the gracious and graceful manners for which she became noted in after years. At eighteen she was slight and tall, with oval face, well-formed and perfect features. complexion purely white—tinted with the rose; dark brown chestnut hair, dark blue eyes that look coyly upon you from beneath the Quaker bonnet with modest sweetness. married at an early age John Todd, a most promising young lawyer of Philadelphia, of high standing and wealth. three short years of happy married life he fell a victim to the dreadful scourge of yellow fever—which prevailed to a fearful extent in Philadelphia during the month of September, 1793.

Dolly, still young, only twenty-one, rich, beautiful and attractive, again had many admirers. In one of her strolls down Chestnut street James Madison, the statesman, saw her for the first time, and was so attracted by her handsome appearance that he left no stone unturned until an introduction was procured. A few days afterwards Aaron Burr called to ask permission of Mrs. Todd to introduce the already celebrated Madison to her. Tn this first visit she completely captivated and carried off triumphantly the heart of the recluse, a man who had been absorbed in books and the affairs of the country. He was twenty years her senior and much sought after by the girls at that time, and by them pronounced and denounced as an irreclaimable old bachelor because his heart was invulnerable to their charms. A rumor of the engagement of Mrs. Todd and Mr. Madison soon reached the Presidential mansion, and as General and Mrs. Washington were both deeply interested in Dolly, and especially so as a connection existed-her sister Lucy having married George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the General-Mrs. Washington instantly sent for Dolly so anxious was she to ascertain the truth of the rumor. When Dolly obeyed the command of Mrs. Washington, and with blushes acknowledged



the engagement, Mrs. Washington told her that she and the General highly approved of the match—that it gave them great satisfaction—which delighted the heart of the young widow, as she earnestly desired their sincere approval of her choice. "He will make thee a good husband Dolly, and the General and myself want thee to be happy; the great difference in thy age and his is all the better," said Mrs. Washington.

In September, 1794, Mrs. Todd left Philadelphia in her coach and four and drove to Harewood, the home of her sister. Mrs. George Steptoe Washington, in Virginia, where the wedding was to take place. She was accompanied by her sister and a lady friend-Mr. Madison and several gentlemen riding beside them. A charming description was written of this country wedding by some of the guests in letters to their friends. "All the neighbors, relations and friends were invited to make merry at the wedding of the lovely Dolly Todd and the great James Madison." "The couple standing under the portraits of Colonel Samuel Washington and Annie Steptoe, his wife, both attired in the richest dress of their time." "The girls had a very merry time, Harriott Washington (the sister of George Steptoe Washington), Frances Madison, the sister of the groom, Miss Armistead, Miss Winston, Miss Carter, Miss Van Swearingen and hosts of others; they cut in tiny pieces the lace from Mr. Madison's shirt ruffles, as mementoes of the occasion, and showered rice on the bright and merry bride and happy groom as they drove off to Montpelier, his estate in Orange County, Va." In December Mr. and Mrs. Madison returned to Philadelphia to the delight of Mrs. Washington, and assisted at her drawing rooms, where Mrs. Madison was warmly welcomed and congratulated.

In 1801. when Jefferson became President, Madison was his Secretary of State. Happy and handsome Mrs. Madison came to Washington prepared to do her best with the duties and responsibilities before her. The position was in perfect accord with her disposition. She was humble minded, tolerant and sincere, but with a desire to please and a willingness to be pleased which made her popular and a support to her husband.



"The power of adaptation was a life-giving principle in her nature, while an unusually retentive memory prevented her from forgetting either names, faces or the slightest incident connected with the personal history of any one."

Washington at that time was almost a wilderness. houses were few and far between while the streets, or rather the roads, were at times almost impassable from mud. There was, however, an agreeable resident society in the three cities of the District, Alexandria, Washington and Georgetown, and the visitors who came from other cities, whether connected with the Government or not, generally spent the winter, for the difficulties of the journey precluded the idea of short visits. The daughter of a Senator who wished to enjoy the gaveties of the Capital accompanied her father five hundred miles on horseback, and the wife of a member of Congress being equally ambitious rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, passing through several Indian encampments on the way, and was for many nights without a house to lodge in. Mrs. Madison herself had traveled from her Virginia home by easy stages, incumbered with household furniture, occupying what seems to us in these days an incredible length of time.

Mr. Jefferson's two daughters being married and living in Virginia, Mrs. Madison, aided by her sister Anna (who had grown up in Mrs. Madison's house like a daughter) usually presided at the White House and was much depended upon as a few of many little notes will show:—"May 27, 1801. Thomas Jefferson begs that either Mrs. Madison or Miss Payne will be so good as to dine with him to-day to take care of female friends expected."

"July 10, 1805. Thomas Jefferson presents his respectful thanks to Mrs. Madison for the trouble she has been so kind as to take on his behalf. Nothing more is wanting unless thaving forgotten little Virginia) a sash or something of that kind be picked up anywhere for her. The amount and the person from whom the ear-rings and pin were bought, Thomas Jefferson would also ask of Mrs. Madison. He presents his affectionate salutations."

"At this time Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, came to Washington, and it became the fashion to have a



'Stuart portrait.' Mr. and Mrs. Madison had portraits painted.''

The following rules of etiquette, formed and followed by President Jefferson and his Cabinet, may be of interest:

- 1. Foreign Ministers arriving at the seat of government pay the first visit to the Ministers of the nation, which is returned, and so likewise on subsequent occasions of reassembling after a recess.
- 2. The families of Foreign Ministers receive the first visit from those of the National Ministers, as from all residents and as all strangers, foreign or domestic, do from all residents of the place.
  - 3. After the first visit the character of stranger ceases.
- 4. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps the Executive Government in its own principles of personal and national equality, considers every minister as the representative of his nation, and equal to every other without distinction of grade.
- 5. No titles being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence.
- 6. Our Ministers to foreign nations are as private citizens while here.
- 7. At any public ceremony to which the Government invites the presence of Foreign Ministers and their families, no precedence or privilege will be given them other than the provision of a convenient seat or station with any other stranger invited, and with the families of the National Ministers.
- 8. At dinners, in public or private, and on all occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office.
- 9. To give force to the principle of equality, or pêle mêle, and prevent the growth of precedence, out of courtesy the members of the Executive at their own houses will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—gentlemen en masse giving place to ladies en masse.
- 10. The President of the United States receives visits, but does not return them.
- 11. The family of the President receives the first visit and returns it.



- 12. The President and his family take precedence everywhere—in public and in private.
  - 13. The President, when in any State, receives the first visit from the Governor and returns it.
  - 14. The Governor in his State receives the first visit from a Foreign Minister.

During the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration the home of the Secretary of State was the center of official society, and Mrs. Madison became pre-eminently the leader of society; she sometimes found her position embarrassing.

"At a state dinner at the White House to which the Diplomats were invited, when to her surprise, the President stepped forward and offered her his arm, as the wife of the Secretary of State, she demurred, and whispered, 'Take Mrs. Merry' (wife of the British Minister), but firmly refusing, she was obliged then and always, during his administration to take the head of the table. Mrs. Merry feeling deeply insulted, seized her husband's arm, and walked in behind them; afterwards they complained to their government of bad treatment, and were recalled."

In 1803, Captain Lewis and Captain Clark were sent by Mr. Jefferson to explore the western country, and discover the best route to the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Madison and the ladies of the Cabinet were warmly interested in this enterprise, and most sympathetic with the explorers, providing many things for the comfort of the travelers on their perilous journey.

By an easy transition, Mrs. Madison soon became officially, as she had so long been tacitly, the presiding lady of the White House.

Mr. Madison became President in 1809, and many sincere congratulations were showered on Mrs. Madison upon taking up her residence in the White House, where her presence was already so familiar. "Political feuds ran high and party spirit was virulent; yet she was loved by all parties, and embittered politicians who never met, save at her hospitable board, forgot their quarrels under the influence of her gracious tact."

"Thirty-seven years of age, still very young in appearance and feelings, she dressed handsomely and 'in the mode'—dis-



carding even her pretty little Quaker cap when she went into the White House." It was at this age and time that the charming miniature was painted, of which we give a copy. The following note accompanied the photograph kindly loaned to the American Monthly:

"The photograph I send you of Dolly Madison was taken from the original which she had painted while in the White House. She and Mr. Madison had their miniatures painted to be made into bracelets to be presented to her sister, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington—which bracelets my grandmother (Mrs. George Steptoe Washington) gave my oldest sister, Millissent Washington, now Mrs. Robert G. McPherson, of Frederick, Maryland, who still has them. When a young girl only fifteen years of age (she was educated at Miss English's boarding school in Georgetown, D. C.) she was under the care and supervision of Mrs. Madison, whom she loved very dearly, and whose memory she fondly cherishes, consequently the miniature is a great treasure. I give you a description of her appearance and costume as there represented. The dress is white, as is also the head drapery. The scarf over the shoulder, a deep pink; the beads around her neck are real pearls; the spray in her hair is scarlet coral, a bunch of berries with enameled green leaves; the hair brown, chestnut color; eyes a very dark blue; the little pin is coral, like the spray in her hair: the ear-rings are plain gold.

"Eugenia Washington."

With all of Mrs. Madison's lavish hospitality and easy generosity she was not extravagant. She was an early riser, and superintended all the domestic arrangements before breakfast and while her guests were still sleeping.

Mr. Madison, physically weak and harrassed with many cares, often sought the sitting room of his wife, where he said a bright story and a good laugh refreshed and cheered him. Her devotion to her husband was unbounded, and the confidence between them was beautiful, as indicated by the following letters:

Mrs. Madison had received an injury which affected her knee,





MRS. MADISON.

[From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Robert G. McPherson, Frederick, Maryland.]



and the President took her to Philadelphia, to be under the care of Dr. Physic, a celebrated physician, and left her there.

### [To Mr. Madison.]

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1805.

A few hours only have passed since you left me, my beloved, and I find nothing can relieve the oppression of my mind but speaking to you in this, the only way. Dr. Physic called before you had gone far, but I could only find voice to tell him my knee felt better. Betsey Pemberton and Amy (her maid) are sitting by me and seem to respect the grief they know I feel at even so short a separation from one who is all to me. Betsey puts on your hat to divert me, but I cannot look at her.

October, 24—What a sad day! The watchman announced a cloudy morning at one o'clock, and from that moment I found myself unable to sleep, from anxiety for thee, my dearest husband. Detention, cold, accident seem to menace thee. \* \*

October, 25—This clear, cold morning will favor your journey, and enliven the feelings of my darling. I have nothing new to tell you; the knee is mending. The doctor during his short visits talks of you; he regards you more than any man he knows. \* \* \* sentiments so congenial to my own, are in such cases, like dew-drops on the flowers, they exhilirate as they fall.

The Governor, I hear, has arrived and is elated with his good fortune. General Moreau is expected in town shortly, to partake of a grand dinner the citizens are about to give him.

Adieu, my beloved, our hearts understand each other. In fond affection thine.

DOLLY MADISON.

### [To Mrs. Madison.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1809.

My Dearest: We reached the end of our journey yesterday at one o'clock without interruption of any sort on the road. Mr. Coles had been here some time, and one if not two of the expected dispatch vessels of England had just arrived, and Mr. Gilston, after a short passage from France, entered Wash-



ington about the moment I did. You may guess, therefore, the volumes of papers before us. I am but just dipping into them, and have seen no one as yet, except Mrs. Smith for a few minutes last evening. \* \* \* Everything around and within reminds me that you are absent, and makes me anxious to quit this solitude. I hope in my next to be able to say when I may have this gratification, perhaps also to say something of the intelligence just brought us. I send the paper of this morning, which has something on the subject, and I hope the communication of Gilston will be found more favorable than is stated. Those from England can scarcely be favorable when such men hold the reins. Mr. and Mrs. Erskine are here. His successor had not sailed on the 20th of June.

God bless you, and be assured of my constant affection.

JAMES MADISON.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Barlow were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Madison. Mr. Barlow, a distinguished politician and also something of a poet and philosopher, was sent by Mr. Madison as Minister to France, to negotiate a treaty with Napoleon, which after many efforts failed. He was, however, invited to a personal conference with the Emporer in Poland, and hurrying there in stormy weather was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died before reaching the rendezvous. Mrs. Madison's correspondence with this family, as also her letters to her sister Anna, afford the most interesting views of social and political life at that time.

Mr. Edwards Coles, a cousin of Mrs. Madison, was private secretary to Mr. Madison. He resigned and went to Illinois where he afterwards became Governor of that State; the correspondence with him opens a view to what was then the far west.

The first years in the White House were not only peaceful and happy, but gay and brilliant; then came the rumors, the agitations and anxieties of war, followed by its dangers and tragedies. In the very height of these excitements, the second term of President Madison began. The greatest effort of Mrs. Madison during all this time was to conciliate the conflicting parties by whom she was surrounded, and counteract the bitter

feeling between Federalists and Republicans. But attention was soon diverted from internal dissensions by the near approach of the British to the Federal Capital. Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, had witnessed the landing of the British at Patuxent, and ordered the public papers removed to a place of safety. A large quantity of linen bags were made and filled with these papers and conveyed in wagons to Leesburg, thirty-five miles from Washington. An English officer in command of the advancing troops sent word to Mrs. Madison that unless she should leave the White House it would be burned over her head.

On the morning of August 23, 1814, the President and his Cabinet had gone out of the city to consult with General Winder, expecting to return and dine at the White House, and the usual elaborate preparations were made for a Cabinet dinner. The following letter is from one of the expected guests:

## [To Mrs. Madison.]

August 23, 1814.

My Dear Madam: In the present state of alarm and bustle of preparation for the worst that may happen, I imagine it will be more convenient to dispense with the enjoyment of your hospitality to-day, and therefore, pray you to admit this as an excuse for Mr. Jones, Lucy and myself. Mr. Jones is deeply engaged dispatching the Marines, and attending to other public duties. Lucy and I are packing with the possibility of having to leave, but know not where to go, nor have we any means yet prepared for the conveyance of our effects. \* \* \*

Yours very truly,

E. Jones.

Mrs. Madison, having received many alarming messages, still lingered at the White House looking for the President's return; she had secured the public papers and the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, and while waiting wrote to her sister.

## [To Anna.]

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

Dear Sister: My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously, if I had courage and

firmness to remain in the President's house until his return the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers. public and private. I have since received two dispatches written by him with pencil. The last is alarming, because he desired I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city: that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and might reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready: I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility toward him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. French John (a faithful servant) with his usual activity and resolution offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they try to enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantage in war may not be taken.

Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock—Since sun-rise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own firesides.

Three o'clock—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust come to bid me fly, but here I mean to wait for him. At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events

must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping; and now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be tomorrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY MADISON.\*

John Scoussa, the French porter, locked up the White House carefully on Mrs. Madison's departure and left the key with the Russian Minister. The enemy, whose desire was said to be "to capture the President and his wife and show them in England," were exasperated by their escape; they broke open the house and ransacked it from cellar to attic, finding no papers of value but a few notes from the President to his wife, written in the field, which she had inadvertently left. The torch was applied

<sup>\*</sup>In Sydney Howard Grey's life of James Madison, 1885 (Statesman Series) is given the following note, page 330, which is contradicted in several particulars by the above letter from Mrs. Madison. "Paul Jennings, who was a slave body-servant of Mrs. Madison's, says in his reminiscences: 'It is often stated in print that when Mrs. Madison escaped from the White House she cut out from the frame the large portrait of Washington (now in one of the parlors there) and carried it off. is totally false. She had no time for doing it. It would have required a ladder to get it down. All she carried off was the silver in her reticule, as the British were thought to be but a few squares off, and were expected every moment. John Suse (a Frenchman, then doorkeeper, and now, 1865, living), and Magraw, the President's gardener, took it down and sent it off in a wagon with some large silver urns and such other valuables as could hastily be got hold of. When the British did arrive they ate up the very dinner and drank the wines, etc., that I had prepared for the President's party. On a previous page he had related that 'Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at three, as usual. I set the table myself and brought up the ale, cider and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected.""



to everything in the house—furniture, wines, family stores and the library. The whole building was soon in flames, which burst forth in companionship, it would seem, with those that were leaping upward from the Capitol of the Nation. The fires were followed that night by the most severe hurricane the inhabitants of Washington had ever witnessed.

Mrs. Madison had taken refuge in the country for the night. and before daylight was on her way to the place appointed for her to meet the President. Late at night he arrived with his friends, and was persuaded by his wife to seek repose. morning a courier, almost breathless with fatigue and excitement, arrived to warn the President that the enemy had discovered his hiding-place and were now on their way to capture him. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends he sought safety in a hovel in the woods, which the British soldiers passed without suspicion." Mrs. Madison started at early dawn in a small wagon, attended by one soldier, to seek a more secure refuge, but had not proceeded far when she was informed of the evacuation of Washington by the British. She then turned her face homeward, and, having crossed the Potomac in a "frail little craft," soon reached her desolated home. Later the same day the President rejoined her in Washington. Thus Dolly Madison was the last of the official party to leave and the first to return to the capital in that perilous and disastrous episode of our national history.

She immediately resumed the domestic and social duties of her position in the Octagon House, owned by Colonel Tayloe, where the President took up his residence until the White House was repaired. In this house the Treaty of Peace was signed. Upon entering the White House again, Mrs. Madison opened the social functions of the time with a brilliant reception, which was long remembered and commented upon in Washington. The Justices of the Supreme Court were present in their gowns, at their head Chief Justice Marshall. The Peace Commissioners were in the company—Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, Russell; Mr. Adams was absent. Many of the heroes of the war of 1812 were there—Major-Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott, Ripley, with their aids, all in full uniform. The Federals and Democrats of both houses of Congress, rejoicing in the lately re-



stored peace, met here with mutual congratulations. The full diplomatic corps were in all the gorgeousness of court dress, and it was on this occasion that Sir Charles Bagot, of Great Britain, remarked that "Mrs. Madison looked every inch a queen."\*

From such scenes of gayety and admiration this remarkable woman, still preserving the simplicity and inherent nobility of her character, retired to the quiet repose of rural life without

Mrs. Lee has also related to the writer that Mrs. Madison, with her many social and domestic duties still found time to take part in the foundation and success of the Washington Orphan's Home, and was active in many other charities. At the close of the War of 1812 there were many fatherless children who were unprotected and destitute; Mrs. Madison gathered twelve of these orphans together in a house on Tenth street, opposite the present Gas Office, and with her friends, Mrs. Ap Catesby Jones, Mrs. Van Ness, Mrs. Mechlin, Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Lee, undertook to provide for them, and for others as they came. Mrs. Madison was made first Directress or President of this Asylum; and after securing a house she gave them a cow, groceries and other necessaries, and she frequently cut out the clothes for the children with her own hands; and as the numbers increased, she drove from door to door asking for provisions and clothing for the little ones. This Washington Orphan Asylum has been continued from that time, having had as presidents, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Van Ness, Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. Cox, and lastly its present president, Mrs. Admiral Lee; she has served on its board over forty years, and as a young woman was trained to its duties by Mrs. Madison.

<sup>\*</sup> Mrs. Admiral Lee, of Washington, D. C., has related to the writer the account of the rescue of the Washington picture from destruction by the British, as it was given to her by Mrs. Madison, and both the "method of procedure" and the instruments used are so like the ways of a woman that they impress one with the truth of the narrative. Mrs. Madison said: "Upon the appearance of the enemy we were taken very much by surprise, and my first thought was for my husband; it would be no great matter, I thought, if I were captured, but it would be dreadful to have the President of the United States made a prisoner. I secured all the valuable papers belonging to my husband, and took little or nothing else for ourselves. In passing through the Red Parlor I saw the painting of Washington, and stopped to have it taken from the wall, and was in the act of cutting it from the frame with a pair of scissors when a gentleman came to my assistance with a pocket-knife. The servant who was helping me broke the frame with the tongs and I put some of the pieces of the frame together and wrapped them up in the hearth-rug and then rolled the picture around that, and was assured it should leave the house-when I was hurried off."



an expression of regret. Nor did the succeeding years bring an hour of *ennui*. Ever hospitable, cheerful and sympathetic, her friends followed her with their letters and their visits, so that she was rarely alone until Mr. Madison's failing health led to a long seclusion. In these years her devotion to her husband was his great solace, and her unflagging spirit sustained him in the heavy task he had undertaken in the arrangement of his State papers for publication. Her tenderness to his aged mother is thus described in the "National Portrait Gallery":

"One wing of the house during her lifetime was exclusively appropriated to the venerable mother of Mr. Madison, to which was attached offices and gardens, forming a separate establishment, where this aged matron preserved the habits and the hours of her early life, attended by old family slaves and surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Under the same roof, divided only by a partition wall, was exhibited the customs of the beginning and end of a century, thus offering a strange but most interesting exhibition of the differences between the olden and the present age. By only opening a door the observer passed from the elegancies, refinements, and gayeties of modern life into all that was venerable, respectable, and dignified in by-gone days. From the airy apartments windows opening to the ground, hung with light silken drapery, French furniture, light fancy chairs, gay carpets, etc., to the solid and heavy carved and polished mahogony furniture, darkened by age, the thick rich curtains, and other more comfortable adjustments of our great-grandfathers' times. considered a great favor and distinction by the gay visitors who thronged Mr. Madison's hospitable mansion to be admitted to pay the homage of their respects to his revered mother. last time the writer of this article enjoyed that privilege she was in her ninety-seventh year. She still retained all her faculties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was sitting, or rather reclining, on a couch. Beside her was a small table filled with large dark and worn quartos and folios of most venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took up her knitting which laid beside her. Among other inquiries. I asked how she passed her time. 'I am never at a loss,' she replied; 'this and these,' touching her knitting and her books,



'keep me always busy; look at my fingers and you will perceive I have not been idle.' In truth, her delicate fingers were polished by her knitting needles. 'And my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe everything to her,' pointing to Mrs. Madison, who sat by us. 'She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants.'"

After Mr. Madison's death Mrs. Madison "did not dare give way to the grief she experienced in parting with him who had been her chief thought for forty years. She knew there was still something to do for him, as she was left sole executrix of his estate and had the responsibility of the unpublished manuscript upon which he had so long labored. This manuscript was purchased by Congress at two different times. In 1837 she removed to Washington, and here again society gathered around her in the house now identified with her memory at the corner of H street and Lafayette Square. In 1844 Mrs. Madison was on the ill-fated Princeton when the great cannon, the "Peacemaker," exploded and caused such destruction of life. General John J. Hardin, then a member of Congress. and his wife (parents of the writer of this sketch) were also on the Princeton. The ladies were sitting below after dinner when the crash came, followed by heart-rending shrieks, as one person after another was found to be injured. Mr. Gardiner, a member of the Cabinet, was among the killed. His daughter, a beautiful young girl, had accompanied him; she fainted with grief and was tenderly cared for by the President, Mr. Tyler, to whom she was afterwards married. She was one of the most famous and popular mistresses of the White House.

Mrs. Madison had but one child—Todd Payne—by her first husband. Mr. Madison had been the kindest father to this boy and his mother had lavished the fullness of her affectionate nature upon him. He was careless of money and caused her much anxiety, but seemed to have been constant in his affection for his mother. She would often say: "My poor boy! forgive his eccentricities, for his heart is all right;" and her dying words were: "My poor boy! Oh, for my Counselor!" thus embodying in death the passion of her life for child and husband

She had become a member of St. John's Episcopal Church in Washington, and died in that city July 12, 1849. Her remains were deposited at Montpelier beside those of her illustrious husband, James Madison.

Ellen Hardin Walworth

# DOLLY MADISON'S FLIGHT TO VIRGINIA, AUGUST 24, 1814.

As related by my grandmother, Mrs. Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones.

The mother of my grandmother was Mrs. Charles Carter, of Richmond Hill, Virginia. Her second husband was "Parson Maffitt," as he was familiarly called, who was a Presbyterian clergyman. He moved with his wife to Solona Hall, Fairfax County, Virginia, where he conducted a classical school for boys. The sons of Calhoun, Pinckney and the grandson of Richard Henry Lee were his pupils when Dolly Madison took refuge in the house. His daughter, my grandmother, received a collegiate education with "the boys," and even late in life her clear mind and accurate memory gave evidence of this early training. Her long life of eighty-two years embraced the War of 1812, the Mexican and some Indian wars, and the Civil War, 1861-'65, in which last disaster her beautiful home in Virginia, "Sharon," was laid waste. She often said to me "My dear child, when you have lived through more than three wars you will know what it is to suffer."

The Crow Hill road lead to Solona Hall. I have frequently driven over this road with my grandmother, when she pointed out the various places connected with Mrs. Madison's flight in 1814. She said: "I was only eleven years old on that awful night when the British burned the Capitol and Mrs. Madison arrived at Solona Hall; but I remember it distinctly. Mts Madison, as I afterwards heard, had driven from the While House to Georgetown as the British approached from the



other direction. She came from Georgetown by the Potomac "river road," passing Foxhall's Gun Foundry, which still stands and is converted into a flour mill. You know, my dear, how Mr. Foxhall built a Methodist meeting house, in Washington, as a thanksgiving offering: he was so rejoiced that the British did not destroy his foundry.

"She took this route around Robin Hood's barn to mislead the British (who were supposed to be in pursuit) and thus save the State papers, which she carried, as well as to avoid capture. Well. Mrs. Madison continued on this road to the Little Falls of the Potomac, where she crossed the 'Causeway Ferry' into Virginia; then traveled up Pomitt run to Nelson's old mill; then straight to Falls' Church, on the old Falls' Church road by Minner's Hill, and through Colonel Beard's place to Buzzardtown, near Langley, in Fairfax county, in a southerly direction, up the Crow Hill road to Solona Hall. When she arrived there she would not come into the house until the servants had first carried in a trunk she had in the carriage with her. It was full of papers which I afterwards learned were State papers, and the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the names of the signers. The trunk was placed under her bed. My mother had all the guns on the place loaded, and did all she could to prepare to resist the British; they all thought Mrs. Madison would be pursued. The house had been quiet for some time when they heard the tramp of many horses and were greatly alarmed. My mother crept up to the garret window to examine the approaching horsemen. She soon recognized "Old Whitey," her husband's (Parson Maffitt's) horse. (There is a tradition in the neighborhood still that when a dance is in or near the "Parson's" old house that his spirit is seen riding around it on a white horse.) Traveling close after my father, who had been over to watch the battle of Bladensburg; was President Madison with his Cabinet; Mr. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue; General Ringgold, Mr. Richard Rush and General Mason, of Analostan Island. They were attended by servants, and had crossed the river at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and, being on horseback, came the most direct way across the country to Solona Hall. My mother soon had supper prepared for them, and when they had caten it President Madison and



the rest of us, and some of the servants, went out on the hill back of the house to watch the columns of flame and smoke that arose from the fire kindled by the British in Washington. A burst of flame would flash up from many places, and we thought the whole city was on fire. I can never forget the terror of that night and the awe with which I looked on the President, crushed by the disaster of the battle. The light of the conflagration showed his countenance so pale and sorrowful as to impress a child, as I then was."

I said to my grandmother once at this point of the narrative: "Grandma, did President Madison blame the Virginia militia\* and other soldiers, or himself, for the loss of the battle?"

"'My child,' she replied, 'Mr. Madison was too just a man to blame others to save himself; that defeat was simply one of those reverses in war which often seem to be unaccountable."

I gathered from what my grandmother said at other times that President Madison was very sharply criticised for the part he took or did not take in the battle of Bladensburg, but some of the best men of that day did not lay the defeat at his door, for Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Colonel Duane wrote: "I have so much confidence in the wisdom and conscientious integrity of Mr. Madison as to be satisfied that he will fulfill his duty to the public, etc."

I have read carefully the various statements of Mrs. Madison's flight into Virginia, and find nothing that contradicts the account of it which I heard from the lips of my grandmother, Mrs. Ap Catesby Jones.

IDA P. BEALL.

<sup>\*</sup>Tradition says that one company of Virginia militia ran fifteen miles into Virginia before coming to a halt.



### FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,

The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights;

She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind, But fragments of her mighty voice Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field

To mingle with the human race

And part by part to men reveal'd

The fullness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic works,

From her isle-altar gazing down,

Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks

And king-like wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years

Is in them. May perpetual youth

Keep dry there light from tears,

That her fair form may stand and shine,

Make bright our days and light our dreams,

Turning to scorn with lips divine

The falsehood of extremes.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



# OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS FROM A RELIGIOUS STANDPOINT.

While we as a Nation have always strenuously and rightly opposed everything that tended towards the union of "Church and State," yet it is utterly impossible for us to separate the "Motif" of our National life from the religious idea, "that all men are brethren, created by the same Being who is also their Father." This is the cornerstone upon which our Nation has been built, and without which it must fall.

From the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from their native land to the present time, the animus that enthused them and all of their noble successors in their struggle for Liberty, was this principle, found only in the revealed word of God.

Columbus, whom all the world is honoring to-day, had not yet been freed from the idea that the realm of religion was temporal power, yet he prophesied better than he knew when he planted the cross in the New World, little thinking that it was really the emblem of Liberty, both spiritual and temporal. Still more prophetic was the landing of the Pilgrims when their noble pastor kneeled with the open Bible in his hands, thus presaging "freedom of thought," "freedom of conscience," "freedom of expression"—which is now evolved into "free-press."

To the devout student of history nothing can be plainer than the manifest destiny of this "Land of the Free." That it was brought into being when "the times" were ripe for its existence, and when there should be the last great struggle for Liberty, seems a trite expression to us who are enjoying the accomplished fact, and to whom the enjoyment of perfect freedom is so common as to be hardly appreciated.

That this land was to be the refuge and home of millions of the oppressed and enslaved of Earth's children seems to us now to have been "foreordained from the beginning." We can scarcely realize that to "our fathers" it was a consummation to be prayed for, fought for, died for! Yet Liberty is the rarest of century plants:—ages wait, and millions pray for its unfolding, as millions are suffering and praying now in other lands, and only here and now has the full blossom come forth which presages a fruitage of a thousandfold.

In the early days little events meant the life or death of great principles. "Three cents a pound on our tea" meant liberty or tyranny for you and me, when the struggle was "hand to hand," and "eye to eye," there was little thought of Holidays, but each proved a Holy day because spent by our fathers for the good of humanity. To-day we are keeping Holidays after a century of rest, and perhaps it will be well if we pause and try to realize what their import is. This is a jubilee year, when, whether working or making merry, we feel the elation of spirit that comes with great anniversaries. Already have passed the celebration of Columbian day, and the opening of the World's Fair. With the Fair in progress we feel the honest pride of loyal Americans in its success.

We are glad to show to the World what the New World has brought forth, and give to each Nation the right hand of fellowship to "make merry" with us; but how about the deeper meaning?

Are we not in danger of forgetting to say "what great things hath God wrought?" forgetting to feel that it is His Hand that has piloted our Ship of State?

Could there be better service for the society we represent than by the revival of historic memories to show to the world at large how strong the Hand that has led us on?

We have three great National Holidays that are of importance to the Daughters of the American Revolution and which they should magnify.

They are our Thanksgiving, the Fourth of July, and Washington's Birthday. We all know the history of each too well for repetition, but perhaps we do not all know that it was not



till after the Civil War, and our Nation was at last a united people, that Thanksgiving became a National Holiday. In New England it is historic, and now it should be universal.

Yet what does it mean? A day free from work, a gathering of friends, a feast with fun and frolic, dancing and mirth? Yea, all this; but much more! Through all the joy of rest or reunion, service or song, dining or dancing, should run the sweet chord of remembrance of the "day we celebrate," and its solemn import should be brought anew to our own minds and taught to our children. First of all, it is our National Holiday. It was born with great travail, it was preceded by days of fasting, and not until after the throes of a Naiton's suffering had ceased was this day brought forth—a day expressing gratitude and joy to the Heavenly Father who had brought us through all our trials.

How should we celebrate this day? First, by a display of "our flag." Certainly every Daughter of the American Revolution has a flag—if not, buy it or make it at once, and learn to love every stripe and every star in it! By this display we let our neighbors and "they that come from across the sea" know that the day is ours and that a flag that God has honored, we can reverence.

Let such religious service be arranged for children as shall suit their need. The usual service is beyond and above them. What better text could any pastor or father need for a Sabbath service for children than the sweet object lesson from year to year of God's dealings with us as a people. We should have this Sabbath service before every such holiday for our children.

We need have no fear for a Nation with children so taught; let a crisis come and they will be ready. Last of all be grateful yourself. If sorrow, poverty or death have done their worst, remember you have always this to be grateful for, that you were born in the Nineteenth Century in the free Christian land of America!

What shall be said for these other days—the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday? Always the display of "our colors" from every house-top, and with the same idea in view, that we cannot be wrong to recognize in our religious services



what God has so signally blessed; a church service, either upon these days or the Sabbath previous, and then let us have some of the old time oratory, speech-making and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, so that the religious truth in it may become a second nature to us. Let the lives of such men as Washington be brought again and again before us. Then let the bands play and the boys march, and the children, young and old, fire crackers and Roman candles. Thus the days will fulfill their mission, for by recognizing both God and man, we keep both Holiday and Holy-day.

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## MRS. H. V. BOYNTON.

Helen Mason Boynton was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November, 1841. Her ancestry on both sides is American for seven generations back. Her father was the youngest brother of Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston. She is a cousin of William Mason, the distinguished pianist. The Masons came to America in 1630 and were prominent in colonial history, civil and military. Her mother's father, Samuel Hall, was a minute-man in the Revolution and a member of a company complimented by Washington for bravery in action. Her ancestry before the colonial days is English on both sides of the house.

In the Autumn of 1855 she entered the Milwaukee College, established in that city by Miss Catherine Beecher, and there remained until she had completed the course of study, graduating in 1861 just after the firing on Fort Sumter. Her school training was supplemented by such lessons in love for America as the years of the Civil War could teach the generations, older and younger, that passed through those heroic times.

Not long after the war she married General H. V. Boynton, who is well known as soldier and journalist, and since then has resided in Washington, D. C., her husband's associations giving her excellent opportunities for studying the political movements of the day. Her interest in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution dates from her first knowledge of it in 1890, and her faith in its power for good in the country is absolute. With Northern birth, education and sympathies, she has learned through its influence not only to forgive the Southern sisters against whom her prejudice was strong in her youth, but to believe in and love them as American women who share with her the feeling of devotion to America.

She is very proud of her American blood, and says that the most highly prized compliment she ever received was from

a noted sculptor who said she had a "marked American face." Mrs. Boynton's energetic spirit and methodical habits enable her to perform most important service to the Daughters of the American Revolution in the important office she holds. She is unwearied and faithful in these efforts through which she has seen the Society spread, from its early beginning in two or three States to its present dimensions, over thirty-five States and into Canada. Her enthusiastic patriotism and earnestness in every work for the Society is a help to all who labor with her in this good cause.

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# THE FIRST PASSAGE AT ARMS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

A romantic and at the same time little known incident occurred before the American Revolutionary which had a great bearing upon subsequent events, and deserves to be more prominently noticed. An order had been passed by the King of England, George III, in council, prohibiting the exportation of gunpowder and other military stores to America, a copy of which was brought by express to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and secretly given to the town committee. This committee with all possible despatch collected a company from that and the neighboring towns, and before the Governor had any suspicion of their intentions proceeded to Fort William and Mary, on Newcastle Island, at the entrance of the harbor, and assaulted the British fort. The captain commanding and the whole garrison were seized and confined, and one hundred barrels of gunpowder were carried off. This was on the 13th of December, 1774, four months before the battle of Lexington, and six months before Bunker Hill. This was doubtless the first passage at arms during the Revolutionary War.

The next day another company seized and removed fifteen of the lightest cannon, and all of the small arms, with some other warlike stores, which they distributed in the several towns, under the care of the committees. Major John Sullivan and Captain John Langdon distinguished themselves as leaders in this affair. It was done with great expedition and alacrity, and at the most fortunate period of time, just before the arrival of the British frigate Scarborough and sloop Canseau, with several companies of British soldiers, who took possession of the fort and of the heavy cannon, which had not been removed. The names of many of these sturdy patriots have been handed down to us. They were John Sullivan, John Langdon, Alexander Scammell, Captain Winborn Adams, Lieutenant Joseph Brackett, Ebenezer Thompson, John Demeritt, Alpheus Chesley, John Spencer, Jonathan Chesley, Micah Davis, Isaac

Small, Ebenezer Sullivan, Benjamin Small, Thomas Pickering, Eleazer Bennett, John Griffin and James Underwood. They sailed down Portsmouth harbor in a large sloop-rigged boat taking up recruits as they went along the shore.

Captain Cochran, the British commmander of the fort, in his report says: "I told them (the patriots) not to enter at their peril. They replied that they would. I immediately ordered three four-pounders to be fired upon them, and then the small arms, and before we could be ready to fire again we were stormed on all quarters, and immediately they secured me and my men and kept us prisoners about an hour and a half, during which time they broke open the powder house and took all the powder away except one barrel."

The powder taken at this time played an important part at the battle of Bunker Hill. It was loaded aboard a boat which sailed back to Durham, about six miles from Portsmouth, on the flood tide, arriving early in the morning. The larger part of the powder was buried under the pulpit of the old church or meeting house in front of Major Sullivan's residence. At the battle of Bunker Hill there was a great scarcity of gunpowder on the American side, but at the most opportune time an ample supply was received from Durham, sixty miles distant, which was that which had been stored under the pulpit of the church, and was given to the two New Hampshire regiments, enabling them to leave the field with credit under the intrepid Stark.

Some of the participants in this attack became prominent in the war which followed. Sullivan himself became a Major-General in the American Army, gaining a fine reputation as a soldier. John Langdon served in the army and in Congress, rendering efficient aid. In 1812 the majority in Congress selected him for Vice-President, but he declined the honor, to which he would have been elected instead of the Hon. Eldridge Gerry, had he consented to be a candidate. Alexander Scammell became a colonel, and at the siege of Yorktown, being officer of the day on the 30th of September, 1781, while reconnoitering he was surprised by a party of British horse, and after being taken prisoner he was inhumanly wounded. Being conveyed to Williamsburg, he died of his wound October 6th, 1781.

Sufficient stress has never been accorded to this affair in dealing with the history of our country. In all of its details it reflects the highest credit upon those engaged, showing great energy and resolution, and a determination to maintain their rights at whatever cost.

It has long been customary to date the commencement of the active hostilities in the Revolutionary War from the fight at Lexington, but the incident here mentioned undoubtedly occurred several months prior, and should be so recognized. It was considered one of the brightest things in the life of John Langdon, that he assisted in the capture of gunpowder and military stores from Fort William and Mary, and he always looked upon the affair with much satisfaction.

In an address on the history of that part of New Hampshire, by the Rev. Dr. Quint, he said: "The daring character of the assault cannot be overestimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress where the King's flag was flying, and where the King's garrison met them with musket and artillery. It was four months before Lexington, and Lexington was resistance to an attack, while this was deliberate assault."

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Albert S. Brackett, U. S. A.

# AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

"Their Glory to Declare."

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That is a famous year, the year 1776. One event has made it famous. Other events cluster about it, hardly less interesting to the susceptible student of history.

It is with one of these our story has to deal.

The King of England and certain German potentates—the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel among them—having entered into a bargain whereby the sacred rights of many human beings were to be wantonly violated and sixty thousand men thrown into the scale against the liberties of the colonies. It was in the Spring of this memorable year that the iniquitous scheme was ready for execution.

Among those forced into service at the time was a young peasant named Goss Gottus. His father's house was surrounded by soldiery in the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, and despite a mother's pleadings and a father's prayers the young man was forcibly seized and forthwith shipped to America.

There we first make his acquaintance, four years later, on the morning of the tenth of April, 1780, one of a group of British regulars collected on deck of a royal sloop of war belonging to the hostile squadron anchored in Charleston harbor and bent upon the subjugation of that city. These soldiers were in fine form and high ardor, and indeed so hotly flushed with victory that they viewed their presence with scorn and derision. They had little respect for them. They were nothing more nor less than a lot of ignorant clod-hoppers, with some brave men among them to be sure, but what, withal, could American valor do, poorly fed, badly armed, destitute of shoes, stockings, blankets, and even breeches, against British gold and British bayonets? While contemplating fresh laurels for themselves they saw nothing but disaster in store for their opponents, that little band who had the temerity to defy King George and his hired legions.

In this strain they talked together.

One soldier only took no part in the conversation. He stood aloof. The breeze came soft and sweet, the sea was smooth. He gazed in utter silence upon the calm blue majesty of the waters; upon Sumter's frowning battlements and Moultrie's waving flag; upon the misty shore-line skirting low in the distance and the sunlit houses strung like pearls upon a fair neck—local characteristics which have made the old city a theme of song and story ever since that April day so many years ago.

This silent looker-on is himself worth looking at. Once a peasant he is now a soldier, and a true soldier is the type of high manhood. We may describe him as one describes a great army: he is a grand homogeneous whole, made up of trained parts; he is clad, organized, armed, disciplined, ready and capable to act a ready part on life's battle ground. See how well this one bears himself; note his figure, where strength and grace combine; his eye, serious yet not cold; his face not handsome, as we carelessly use the word, but with that vigor of outline and force of expression that go to make up the striking physiognomy of a Murillo or a Velasquez. A striking figure, and a striking face, howbeit not at this moment a happy one. Every lineament in that face reflects sombre thought and a brooding melancholy. One scene is ever before the silent thinker's mental vision: a rosebush in a little garden over the sea; the glimpse of a dear old face—two dear old faces—that had smiled upon him above his cradle, and ever since. Why had he been robbed of those smiles? Why had he been snatched from the people he loved, and the land of his nativity, to fight, against his will, the King of England's battles?

He stood quite still, thinking these thoughts, his eye fixed upon the scene, his heart full of bitterness.

They say—that is, the profound psychologists say—that the brain is divided into many thought tracts. This young Hessian's was not. There had been but one thought tract in his whole brain for four years: how to escape his fate, how to get out of this enforced thraldom; that was all he thought about.

There was a way, one way, but he scarcely dared to think of it much less put it into execution. With all his yearnings to be free he did not yearn to be strung up "like a crow in a cornfield." The game a deserter plays is generally one of hard luck. Nevertheless, every throb of his honest heart. every instinct of his manly nature, his admiration, his sympathy, his love, were with the colonists and against their oppressors. Long persuaded in his own mind as to what course he would eventually pursue, two serious obstacles had hitherto checked him-his ignorance of the English language and his unfamiliarity with the country. These difficulties he had now in a measure overcome; for after four years spent in America he not only knew something about the country but had acquired a considerable knowledge of the language, in the same manner that the sons of learned men in the days of Montaigne acquired Greek and Latin-by conversation.

So, now, he was ready for his hazardous undertaking. He only waited his opportunity.

It came.

It was on the 12th of April that Sir Henry Clinton opened his batteries, and for eight successive days shot and shell did their fearful work upon the devoted city. On the third day of the siege Goss was wounded. He was badly wounded. His comrades shook their heads ominously.

"He will die," they said.

"I will not die," said the wounded soldier. In his own heart, he said: "I will live to strike one blow, if only one, for liberty!" It was the spirit of his immortal countrymen: "If the way is covered with devils, yet will I go to Worms."

But after that one impassioned utterance Goss knew nothing more; the spark of liberty in his heart burned low.

Would it be forever extinguished?

We shall see.

### II.

Weeks went by. He languished still, and those about him continued to affirm: "He will die."

But one day Goss gathered himself together, and opened his eyes and knew that he still lived. He lay upon a bed in a

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strange room. It was small but comfortable and tidy; soft curtains dimmed the light; the sea murmured in his ears through the opened windows. Where was he? And how did he come to be there?

Beyond looking about, he made no effort—he was incapable of effort. But a feeling of restless curiosity took possession of his every faculty. Where could he be? How in the world did he get there?

His roving glance suddenly lighted upon a figure. Who was that? He had never seen this person before. He wondered more and more. It was the figure of a woman; she was young and wore a blue checked homespun gown, with a white 'kerchief pinned a la mode across her bosom. The man on the bed gazed intently; her head was bent, her fingers busy. What was she doing? He caught the faint tinkling sound of her knitting needles.

"Aha!" thought Goss, "I know you, and I know what you are doing. You are a Continental girl, and you are knitting stockings for the army!" It was an occupation that appealed deeply to his sensibilities. Did not his dear old mother knit stockings in that little home beyond the sea?

Howbeit, not with such white and slender fingers.

But it brought everything back upon him with a flash: that midnight scene in the Fatherland, his four years in America, the besieged city, the storming batteries, the dead, the dying, his own wound and the words of his comrades. He sighed aloud; he groaned in an agony of painful remembrance. The young girl lifted her head, put down her work, and approached his bedside. She spoke to him gently, even kindly, but with a certain innate coldness. He was at no loss to know why.

He was a Red-Coat, and this was her country.

He lay silent. But looking now full into her face an inrush of happiness seemed to overflow his whole being. Her cheeks were like the dawn, her hair as the sunset, and her voice speaking to him as sweet as the voice of his own kindred. Feelings so soft, so strange, so sweet in their delicious newness came over him that he would not for worlds have broken the spell of their enchantment. He lay still silent; nor moved; he only looked. And she, though keen and delicate of perception,



guessed not the cause of his silence and his agitation. He was desperately wounded, poor fellow, and there wasn't much chance for him. She felt a sudden pang of self-reproach and relented in her coldness. "You feel better, don't you?" she asked him most kindly—pitifully.

He answered only: "Yes." In his heart he thought "Better! I hope I shall never get better. To lie here always, and be nursed by you, how sweet that would be."

Not knowing what he thought, and hearing only that curt monosyllable, she judged him ungrateful. Her eyes flashed darkly, and her face grew warm with resentment. After all, he was nothing but a Red-Coat, and it was not her mission in life to nurse her country's enemies.

She turned her back upon him; she would go away and leave him. Then Goss aroused himself as if from a trance. He divined her purpose; she must not go. He made an appealing gesture with his hand, but if she saw she did not heed it. She had reached the door; in another moment she would be gone; in another moment he would have lost the charm of that presence, the sweetness of that sympathy, the voice that thrilled him; he grew desperate.

Still in a sort of dream, he called out huskily; "Come back, won't you?"

Would she come? His heart was beating—would she? She slowly turned. Something in the tone of his voice made her understand him better—better; but only partly even yet. Then he questioned her, and she answered: Yes; Charleston had fallen; the British were in possession; Clinton had gone back north; Lord Cornwallis was left in command of the royal forces. How did he himself, Goss Gottus, happen to be here? comrades had brought him and left him to be taken care of; (to die rather, but she did not say so). They, his comrades, were now raiding under Tarleton. Her mother had nursed him; oh no, not she; he must not thank her; she only sat in the room when her mother was busy. Was she a Continental? She was, every inch of her! and however much the Royalists might be elated with their present supremacy, it wouldn't last, they would never coerce the colonists! "I hope to God they never will!" exclaimed Coss devoutly. "What!" she cried. "You?—you wish that?"

Goss talked now. Never had he said so much in all his four years stay in America. They were no longer strangers.

After this Goss ceased to sigh for the Fatherland; he forgot the past and all its grievances; he lived entirely in the present; he felt as if he had never lived before.

God was good; he had found the New World; he had found a something more potent for happineas than all things else in the universe—a congenial spirit.

The curse of his life had turned out to be its greatest blessing. This is no new thing: but knowledge only comes to the many with experience.

When the young foreigner spoke to Judith of his love—that was her name, Judith Hallowell—with the rapture of love's expression still upon her ears, she answered him:

"Not with that coat on! He who loves me, if he would win, must fight for my country!"

It was the women of the Revolution, was it not? who vanquished the British. And Goss, as we have seen was not unwilling to do her bidding. His soul had panted, indeed, to strike one blow for the cause he knew in his own heart to be just and right in the sight of heaven.

"I will fight for your country," he rejoined, earnestly "fight to the last drop of my blood for you and your country."

Such men as he, take, wherever they go, their courage with them, and dare to fight for their love and the right in any land or country. So, when he had healed him of his wound, Judith, knowing with a woman's instinct,

> "The seasons when to take Occasion by the hand,"

bade him leave her.

"For," she said, in broken accents, "you are no longer safe beside me. Tarleton's men are on the way. You are suspected. Go, now; go forth to battle; not forgetting, dear, when the struggle is over and done, to come back to your Judith."

She tried to smile, and in the very act of smiling shuddered. Who could say, alas! whether his life would be spared to come back to her! And if it was not—if he did not come——

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She thrust back the fear, the doubt. God ruled in heaven; he must come! Just as surely, he must go! Alas!

"Farewell, then," said Goss. He loved her; he could obey as only a good soldier knows how to do, but he could not hide, as she did, the despair of his heart in view of this sudden separation.

"If I live." he began-

"You will live," she cried with a woman's sublime heroism. Doubting herself, she would not let him doubt. The man who does not believe in his own destiny never makes a great soldier.

"You are sure to live through it all, my love, and come back to me!"

In her presence, with the sweetness and the greatness of such love upon him, his doubts all fled. His faith in himself and the cause he had espoused was strong and pure and perfect. Without another word he kissed the soft lips which could utter such brave words, and left her. Judith watched him as he went; her eyes were blinded with tears. When he had gone far out of sight she lifted her glance heavenward: "Angels guard him," she softly murmured.

### III.

Brimful of all romance, dreamful of all beauty, is this sequestered spot, whereon the sun shone in full meridian glory on a midsummer's day a hundred years ago. Glittering waters laved the low-lying coast, save where girt about on the land side by oozy beds of marshes trending inward to richly studded plains and flowering slopes of verdure.

Fresh came the breath of the sea; the splash of the waves is unceasing; on the dreariest day of all the year there are green leaves here, and fair glimpses of skylight.

Some white tents are pitched in a sheltered nook with firearms stacked before them; some loose horses crop on low oderiferous shrubs and undulating grasses; some camp-fires crackle in the noonday sun with black kettles swinging from primitive turnspits; some men stand in picturesque groups here and there under shady tree-boughs, the whole forming a wild woodland scene of singular fascination.

A man is standing in front of one of the tents, evidently the commanding officer.

Mark him well.

He is not a distinguished looking man. He is small, spare, dark, of rather melancholy visage, and altogether unpretentious aspect. It would not occur to you, on first sight, that one of the most interesting and romantic figures in American history stood before you. Such is the case, however.

And do you not know him? Surely you have heard him shout to the charge, and lead on in the foray; and have you not ridden across country with him to harrass and intercept the enemy? With him you must also have crouched in the swamp, found a covert in the bushes, splashed through deep waters in the dark hours of the night and slept at ease afterwards, with the bare earth for a bed and the sky for a coverlid?

Now, indeed, you must know him. It is none other than he of whom General Green affirmed: "As a partisan officer the pages of history have never furnished his equal." His name was then on every lip; his fame is now the heritage of his countrymen.

Before you stands the famous "Swamp Fox" in his favorite lair, Snow's Island.

Something weighs heavily on Francis Marion's mind on this particular morning. No wonder! Liberty trembled in the balance. Two gallant armies had been cut to pieces, one in Savannah and one on the plains of Camden. The whole State was in possession of the enemy; tories swarmed; De Kalb had been slain and he and Sumter left unaided to stem the torrent of usurpation. What could they do? "We will show them!" exclaimed Marion with his teeth shut hard and an invincible determination stamped on his mobile features. Marion and Sumter did show them. While others asked: "What is the use of fighting more, when all is lost?" the darkest hour of the country's need found these stalwart spirits ever hopeful. "The victory is sure," was Marion's oftrepeated declaration. Gentle as a dove was he, but firm as a rock, and brave as Leonidas. Standing in front of his tent door on this Summer's morning wrapped in thought, anxious in mind, two of his men approached him. They bore another

man between them. The prisoner had a bandage about his eyes, and had been conducted into the Swamp Fox's presence by ways secret and obscure, known only to his followers.

Marion glanced quickly at the men and then addressed them:

"What is this? Whom have you there, Withers?"

"A Red-Coat, General."

The prisoner protested.

"I am not a Red-Coat," he affirmed; "I wear one."

"Ah!" said Marion. It was a simple point of argument, but it effected the prisoner's purpose. It had gained him, at the outset, the attention his case demanded. After that quick "Ah," Marion proceeded more thoughtfully: "It is so, there is a difference—a big difference! Set the prisoner free. Remove his bandage."

The order was obeyed.

The two looked at each other.

On the face of the one was depicted intense curiosity, on that of the other profound astonishment. The prisoner's ideas became all at once foreign powers to each other; he could not place them on a peace footing.

This General Marion! This little man, the great soldier! This swarthy-faced, undersized Frenchman, the tormentor of Tarleton, the terror of the royal army, the master spirit of predatory warfare!

The beholder was confused; he was oppressed with a sense of his own disappointment. The Marion of his imagination had been a so much grander looking man than this Marion of reality, and yet there was a something in the real Marion which held him as with the spell of a sorcerer.

Greatness is not size; it is the power to do great things. This power was expressed in some subtle way in the personality of Francis Marion. The stranger felt it.

As for the General, it was a forbidding enough object he contemplated. Ragged and gaunt, soiled and spent, this man's appearance exemplified clearly the unfavorable effects of a wandering life in a country ravaged by war and invaded by the enemy, wherein days of hunger passed in the swamps had been succeeded by nights of fasting on the highways.



Nevertheless, here also there was a deeper meaning than appeared on the surface. In spite of rags and dirt and features pinched with hunger and parched with thirst, it was a noble form and a noble face upon which the famous Swamp Fox riveted his gaze. Noble in dignity, noble in simplicity, in freedom from self-consciousness, in absence of shame. He knew how he looked, but he had done nothing to be ashamed of; he was a stranger and a captive, but none the less a true man; his brave Saxon eye that had never shirked a meeting with another human eye, did not now. The blue eye is said to be the eye of the highest civilization. It may be so; we know beyond a peradventure that an eye of this hue, unfathomably soft, lustrously deep, pensive as the night, clear as the day, has a wondrous power of expression.

Thus the eye of Goss. It was he. He stood unflinching under the incisive scrutiny of the other: he looked General Marion square in the face.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

And what did Marion think of this stranger and alien, so unabashed by his surroundings, so proud of bearing, so stout of heart? He was pleased, undoubtedly; his dark features lighted; he spoke to him without the slightest hint of condescension in voice or manner.

"You mean to say then—indeed you did say it—the coat is nothing, the heart is all? But why do you wear that coat? Are you a de——?"

He halted abruptly; his aspect changed.

Deserter! The very word is suggestive of distrust.

Who does not suspect a deserter?

The men, all through life, who put their shoulders to the wheel and run away when it turns hard; who take up a cause and without good reason put it down; who wear one color on the coat-of-arms and another color on the coats of the heart! Everybody has a contempt for men of this stamp. Goss himself had.

"But hear me," he entreated; "listen a moment, and I will tell you why I wear this coat, why I stand here before you a deserter."

Thereupon he told his tale, and Marion listened attentively, patiently. Goss spoke with a slight accent, and never perhaps is good strong English quite as musical as when delivered with a slight foreign accent. Moreover, the familiar words seemed clothed with a meaning more solemn and beautiful. It is the triumph of the unfamiliar, the unusual, the unaccustomed.

About the speaker gathered the General's followers, the famous brigade, which had not long before gone into battle with only four rounds of powder and ball, and old saw-blades for broadswords—coming out victorious, for all that! These were men, so bold in activity, so rarely matched in courage, so desperate of deed! Rude men, for the most part, with sun-browned faces, straggling beards, and only one shirt to their backs, but to the heart's core, men!—men whose pulses beat with the throb of freedom, whose hands shook not, holding the torch of the Revolution, whose watchword was: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" who, in their death-throes, could calmly say: "I die, but don't let the cause die with me!"

These were the men who listened to Goss as he told his tale on that Summer's day, 'mid the woodland glades of Snow's Island.

With eager faces, with bated breath, they heard him tell it.

"To the King of England I owe nothing," cried the young Hessian in impassioned eloquence. "Forced into fighting his battles against my will, must I continue to fight them or be called a traitor?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Marion; you are in a false position; you have been placed in that position through no fault of your own, and therefore I say you have every right to get out of it. That is my view of the case, and I believe every man here will sustain me in it. But what is your purpose now? Is it to join us?"

<sup>&</sup>quot; It is."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Do you know what you are doing?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;I think I do."

Saying this, Goss smiled a little. He had been through though, in all conscience, to know what he was doing.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I don't know whether you do, or not," said Marion interpreting that little smile. "Are you prepared for great hard-

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ships? Our lives are hard. We do not spend our days in idleness, nor our nights in sleep. We are ever in danger, generally in want. We dine on roots; we sup on the 'lucid stream.' Eating little, we eat under difficulties; fighting much, we fight at a disadvantage; for we are small and feeble, our enemy great and strong. As the Persians preponderated over the Athenians in the days of Marathon so do these British preponderate over us. Sons of War, are they; we, plain men, knowing little, fighting as we know. Do not be deceived; it is no child's play; think well before you cast the die.''

"The die is cast," said Goss briefly.

"Are you sure you have the nerve, the pluck, the endurance to live as we live, to fight as we fight."

"I am sure."

There was no bravado in the answer. It was simply that he knew himself, and was absorbed in that knowledge.

He spoke again the next moment, and in a low voice.

"Wherever you lead, General, I will follow."

"Suppose that be into the very jaws of death?"

"Into the very jaws of death, I follow."

He had no thought of Judith in that moment. His blood was up; he burned in heart and brain. Described with such trenchant charm and graphic vigor, this life of Marion's men did not seem hard to Goss—it seemed glorious! Into the very jaws of death, he would follow, Marion leading.

"My brave fellow!" cried the General. Touched, persuaded, he would put the alien to one more test. "But, what are you going to fight for?" he next inquired. "We have everything to fight for—our homes, our country, our rights, our kindred; while you—what would you fight for?"

The men gathered closer about Goss; their eager faces peered into his own; they jostled him in their anxiety. How would he answer the General!

"Human liberty," said Goss without hesitation; "and"—he did hesitate now, and spoke lower—"the love of a good woman."

When he had thus spoken, the man of heroic deeds stretched forth his hand and grasped that of the unknown foreigner, he who had been born a peasant.

"Human liberty," repeated Marion; "it is the voice of DeKalb, your noble countryman! He has died for human liberty; you can and will die for it, if need be! Hark, my brothers, here's a comrade! He is one of us! Give him a welcome!"

A welcome, then and there, they gave him amid the wildest enthusiasm and shouts of: "Off with the red-coat and on with the home-spun!"

The objectionable garment was literally torn from his back and committed to the flames, with great noise and the highest good humor. This ceremony complete and the hour of the midday meal being close at hand, they offered their new comrade food, of which he stood sorely in need. Goss was, in truth, almost faint from inanition.

Imagine his pleasure, then, in having set before him a most palatable repast of young corn roasted on the cob, smoking pods of beans, broiled venison, baked potatoes, and a stout slice of ashcake. This elaborate menu caused the fresh recruit to open wide his eyes. "I thought," he remarked to his lately made friends, "the General said I should dine on roots, and sup on the——"

"So you will," put in young Alston, one of Marion's aids, "and oftener than you like, but not here, nor down on the Waccamaw. Sometimes we feast royally, and when we least expect it, as we did, for instance, the other day, on the little Peedee, when we surprised a party of Tories just before supper, capturing six turkeys and three fat pigs ready roasted, not to mention bushels of cakes and sweetmeats!"

Thus was changed the whole tenor of a lifetime. Henceforth the young Hessian was in truth "one of them"—the companion of dashing Harry Lee, red-headed Scotch Macdonald, the redoubtable Snipes and his man Cudjo, Captain Billy, McCoy, Withers, Cantey, the dead-shot Gwynn and others, those daring spirits whose adventurous deeds remain a living page in the legends of our country.

Cool, yet venturesome, loving danger for danger's own sake, it was an existence of peculiar fascination for Goss Gottus. He became a good rider, a good marksman, a good woodsman, and finely mounted did heroic service as a scout and a spy.

Trusted by Marion, Marion was to Goss the darling object of love and veneration. He discovered very soon in their acquaintance that the brilliant qualities of this great leader were sullied by no dark stains, no acts of cruelty, no brutal contempt for the lives or even the feelings of others. Happily blended in him was the exquisite temper of a Marlborough, and the practical heroism of the Muscovite Czar laboring with his own hands as a common artisan.

It is not too much to say, that the genius of this great soldier rose to heights of moral grandeur, and that, apart from his success in arms, he was, like Montesquieu, "an honor to human nature."

#### IV.

With Marion's fortunes were associated the fortunes of our hero to the closing act in the bloody drama. He was one of that happy band who re-entered Charleston on the 14th of December, 1782. A motley crew, but how illustrious!

Mountaineers from the up-country; wild horsemen from the plains; rice-growers from the marshes; cotton-planters from the Santee, the Congaree, the great Peedee; cavaliers from princely domains on the Waccamaw, and poor "tackies" from nowhere and everywhere; but every one of them a patriot!

And there also were Marion's veterans, as we have said, some of them equipped, probably, in "sheep-skin saddles and grape-vine bridles." What matter? 'Tis the heart that makes the soldier, not the sword.

Among Marion's men, on that never-to-be-forgotten day in December, a hundred years ago, there were doubtless some rusty swords, but many a brave heart. And every heart among them was inspired by a common interest and a common joy, while they beheld steaming out of the harbor, with full sail and a flowing breeze, that kingly armament of three hundred ships of war, sent over by the mistress of the seas for their subjugation.

Subjugated, were they? Huzza! huzza! Let freedom's shout pierce clear to the walls of Heaven. The God of battle had crowned them with success; British supremacy in America was a thing of the past; they had changed the dazzling course of

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an empire's channel for all time. Three cheers! three cheers for independence!

Goss stood at the water's edge and watched those three hundred vessels as they spread their sails and put out to sea. He was thinking of the Fatherland—that beautiful land so grandly wooded in forests, so nobly watered in streams, so predominant in intellectuality, so potent in thought! He could see, oh, so plainly, the little home over there! No carved façade, no projecting galleries, no loopholed turrets, nor flying buttresses, nor machicolated battlements. No! no! only a peasant's cot in the heart of Germany, but big enough, in its littleness, to hold every hallowed influence that surrounds human life, and grand enough in its humbleness to mould the character of generations yet unborn.

He loved that modest dwelling surrounded by miles of forest and amid the great hills; and now that the war was virtually ended there was nothing to prevent his returning to it. What pleasure is there like it, the pleasure of going home? The best part of every journey is the going home; he who travels will tell you so. And he would not go as he came-alone. His soul fed itself on the delicious reflection: Judith would go with him. The ships were long since out of sight, but Goss lingered; he kept thinking, thinking. Peasant born, he was no less German born, and the average German mind however strongly saturated with the poetry of philosophy has a leaning to the practical. With that far-reaching intelligence and solidity of understanding characteristic of his race he could almost hear the hurrying footsteps of the mighty nation to be, the roar of its steam, the tick of its electricity, the hum of its spindles, the roll of its progress, the boom of its wealth.

Go back to the old world? Go back to what? To a home without a prospect, a life without a career; to the effete civilization of the older nations, limiting the extent of advancement, paralyzing enterprise, stereotyping the lines of human effort, exacting the sacrifice of individuality—back to being a peasant in Germany, and in America no man better than he!

"Not much!" cried Goss, allying true American patriotism with a typical American phrase. "This is my country!"

It was his through ties of interest as well as ties of the heart.

He never went back to Germany; Germany came to him. He was one of the founders of our German empire in these United States. We have one.

Counting not the Æacidæ among his ancestors, our young Hessian was blessed, nevertheless, with most worthy forefathers, from whom he inherited those most excellent characteristics, industry, honesty and economy, with that passive valor we term patience. In the exercise of these he made his future life a success. He went to work, he bought lands, he planted cotton, he made money.

But first of all, he made his way to Judith. She was expecting him; she had been expecting him every day since they parted.

It was a fresh winter's evening, and the sun had set. He walked very fast, seeking Judith; but the lights began to glimmer in the windows before he reached her door. She was inside the room; she was waiting for him, as she had already waited so many weary evenings and days and months, not knowing if he would ever come again.

Some one came up the steps; some one opened the door. She did not turn to see; she had borne so many disappointments she could not bear another; she stood quite still, but her breath came quickly, her bosom heaved. Suppose it was he! Suppose it was not!

"Judith!"

Then she turned abruptly, wistfully. Ah, God! it was he! His life had been spared; he had come back to her. And her country was saved!

"Yes," said Goss, interpreting her thoughts, "the British yoke is riven, the Americans are free!"

"God be thanked!" she murmured.

There was a tremor in her voice of which she was not conscious. All was quiet then; he stood at her side; they seemed to have nothing more to say to each other; they were together; that was enough. The greatest happiness the earth can hold, they held between them. This one supreme fact absorbed their entire consciousness and filled up what else might have been a great blank in the conversation. In such a reunion there are many beautiful things, but no small talk.

Goss looked into her face; it was paler than it used to be in the days before they parted. Dear heart!—she had feared for him, and that fear had paled the roses. How she loved him! And how he loved her! Until this moment he seemed never to have realized it. He came nearer.

The firelight shimmered on her lovely head; her cheeks were no longer pale; his glance had brought the hot blood into them; her eyes had the same sweet expression he so well remembered.

"Judith!" he called again, softly.

His arms were about her; he held her tightly.

"Your country is free, Judith;"—now he clasped her yet more closely; "but you, in these arms, you are a prisoner for life, Judith!"

After this manner it was that men wooed and women loved in the days of the Revolution.

MRS. CLARK WARING.



Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race, Patterns of every virtue, every grace.

-Cowper.

Alterations of surnames have obscured the truth of our pedigrees.

-Camden.

There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes a weak pride—but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

-Daniel Webster

### ANCESTRY OF IDA P. BEALL.

Charter Member Daughters of the American Revolution, and Member of Mary Washington Chapter, Washington, D. C.

The first of my family who came to this country was Captain Roger Jones. His family were cavaliers and he had borne a Captain's Commission in the armies of King Charles the Second. Captain Roger Jones came to Virginia with Lord Culpeper in 1680; a strong friendship existed between the two families. Jones in his will makes this statement: "I do declare that a silver tankard, in possession of my son, Frederick, is not mine, but belongs to my son Thomas, and was bought with monies given him by my Lady Culpeper." Thomas was in London in 1706 when he received this invitation from Lady Culpeper to visit her at Leids Castle:

"For Mr. Thomas Jones, at the virginia coffee house, at London,

Leids Castle, December the 19th, 1706."

"Sir: I received yrs of the 14 instant, and I am glad of your safe arrival in england. I hope that you are come upon a good account, that will turn to your good addvantage, I shall be very glad to see you here, if it is no preduiduce to your business, and you shall be very wellcome whenever you please to come here.

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"My daughter and her seven children are all very well. This is all from, Sir,

"yr affectionate friend and servent,

"MAR CULPEPER."

Lady Culpeper was a very old lady, and Thomas Jones was a very young man, and a zealous and powerful partisan of Charles the Second, and this fact increased the warmth of his welcome at Leids Castle. This Colonel Thomas, son of Captain Roger Jones, married, February 14th, 1724, Elizabeth Pratt (widow) daughter of Dr. William Cocke, who was Secretary of the Virginia Colony in the reign of Queen Anne and King George; he was also a member of the Council and a Judge. His wife, Elizabeth, was a sister of Mark Catesby the celebrated naturalist. His son, Colonel Thomas Jones, born December 25th, 1726, married Sallie, daughter of James Skelton and his wife, Jane, daughter of Francis Meriwether; the wife of Francis Meriwether was Mary, daughter of Lancelot, fifth son of Sir Edwin Bathurst, first Baronet. (The Bathurst arms used by the Virginia family were Sable, two Bars Erminied in three Crosses, patie'or, 2d Gules, a Chivron between three lances, Argent, the third as the second, the fourth as the first, and the quarterings are the same arms borne by the present House of Bathurst in England.) See "Burke's Extinct Barontage."

The second Colonel Thomas Jones was clerk of the North-umberland County Court Virginia, (an hereditary office), until 1781, when he moved to Spring Garden, near New Castle, Hanover County, Virginia. He is represented in cotemporary letters as living in great style at this beautiful house, and, prompted by kindness of heart, he bestowed a lavish hospitality alike on friend and foe. He was a liberal provider of all luxuries attainable at that time. All that money and love of the beautiful could do to make Spring Garden attractive was done. He watched with zealous interest the progress of the colony in its march to prosperity, and he was ever ready to respond to its needs.

Catesby, son of Colonel Thomas Jones and Sallie Skelton, his wife, was a Lieutenant in the Virginia Line in the Revolutionary War. He was with Spottswood \* at Long Bridge in the

<sup>\*</sup>Spottswood is spelled indifferently with one t or two.

vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia, when the Commander of the British forces (then in possession of Norfolk) dispatched Fordyce, with a considerable force, to drive off Spottswood, and lay waste to the adjoining counties. Spottswood, apprized of the movements of the British, had thrown up a slight breastwork at the head of the bridge, on the Gosport side of the river. Lieutenant Jones was posted in this breastwork, against which a solid column was marching, when a shot from the unerring aim of young Jones killed the British leader on the spot. Lieutenant Jones, seeing his victim "bite the dust" and his followers wavering, sprang over the breastwork, followed by a few of his emulous comrades, cleared the bridge of the enemy, and, in his own arms, unaided, brought in the body of Fordyce, whom he had just shot, and from whose dying grasp Lieutenant Jones had wrested the fusee which the Invader "was wont to direct" against "his rebel foe." It is truly said, "the good men do lives after them," but Catesby Jones lived to see the good and the glories of American Independence, and to put off the trappings of war and put on the armor of peace. At his death he left three boys, the warrior, s heritage to America and to Virginia.

I will tell you briefly how these boys handed down to posterity the glories of patriotic devotion. Roger, the eldest, entered the service of the United States in 1808, as a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps; when the War of 1812 began he left this corps and obtained a Captaincy in the artillery, joined his regiment and marched to the northern frontier; from that time to the Peace of 1815 he was constantly fighting, and was in the memorable battles of Chippewa, Erie, Lundy Lane, and many others. He received promotions and brevets for "gallant conduct in the face of the enemy," on recommendations of Generals Gaines and Brown. Thomas Ap Catesby, the second son, served faithfully in the United States Navy for nearly forty-five years without intermission, and he, too, "faced the enemy," bearing in his side a piece of British lead he received on December 14th, 1814, when opposing Lord Cochran's fleet and Sir E. Packenham's armies in their descent on New Orleans. Philip de Catesby, third son, was at the Academy, in Leesburg, Virginia, in the Spring of 1814, when President Madison called on Virginia for her quota of militia to

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assist in the defense of Norfolk, the same town near which his fither had given victorious battle to the British. The enemy were concentrating in the Chesapeake Bay a considerable fleet of men-of-war, and transports filled with troops were sent out to lav waste every town and hamlet, within a "day's march" of any navigable stream, within the Virginia Capes. was but seventeen years old and could not be drafted for militia service, but the spirit of fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers was alive in the son and he buckled on his knapsack, shouldered the old fire-lock of the Revolution. and to the old Continental tune of "Come, brave boys, let's go campaigning," marched away in the regiment of Colonel Charles F. Mercer, of Loudon, to Norfolk, Virginia, where he served as a private for six months without missing a day from duty. Virginia did not forget to honor the sons of this boy, Lieutenant Catesby Jones; her Legislature gave to them words of great commendation, and to Roger, a General in the United States Army, and to Thomas Ap Catesby, a Commander in the United States Navy, she presented a sword with a solid gold hilt and scabbard. On one side of the scabbard is engraved, "Honor to the Brave." What more can a sailor or soldier ask of his country, his State, than "Honor to the Brave." the guard of the sword is this inscription: "Presented by the State of Virginia to Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the United States Navy, in testimony of the high sense of regard entertained by his native State, of his gallantry and good conduct displayed in capturing the Pirates of the Barataria, and in defense of the gunboats under his command near New Orleans, when attacked by an overwhelming British force, September 16th, December 14th, 1814, and of his patriotic vivices, generally, during the war with Great Britain." the other side of the guard is the Coat of Arms of Virginia, and the motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns. Though but a little child at the time of his death. I remember my grandfather's body, wrapped in the flag he had honored, and for which he had fought and bled; beneath its folds of red, white and blue, was embedded hear the faithful heart, now silent, a ball of the British invader. Inspired by such memories, we, the Daughters of these heroes, are sensitive to any thrust at the honor of our country.

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## REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF MRS. MIRANDA TULLOCH,

Member of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mary Washington Chapter.

She is a daughter of Alvira Barney and Elizabeth Pillsbury, his wife; granddaughter of Samuel Pillsbury and Nancy Evans, his wife; and great-granddaughter of Edward Evans and Sally Flagg, his wife.

On recommendation of Captain Ebenezer Webster and the favor of General Sullivan, on July 18th, 1777, Edward Evans was commissioned as Adjutant of the Second Regiment within the said State of New Hampshire (Col. Stickney's Regiment). His commission is preserved by the Evans family, signed by Meshech Weare, President of the Council at Exeter, New Hampshire, and E. Thompson, Secretary. He was attached to General Sullivan's staff, and acted as his private secretary during the Revolutionary War.

The following is from Sanbornton, New Hampshire, town history: "Edward Evans, born 1736, was Adjutant of the Second Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, Revolutionary War, under commission from Governor Meshech Weare, July 18th, 1777, and died May 26th, 1818. He was buried in Franklin, New Hampshire, opposite Lot 1, Second Division. He was a graduate of Oxford College, England. His father belonged to the Nobility."

Two of his grandchildren are living, Mrs. Martin Draper, 292 North Avenue, North Cambridge, Massachusetts. and Mrs. L. W. Dow, Curtis street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The above-named are sisters of Ransom F. Evans who lives on South Russel street, Boston, and is a grandson of Lieutenant Evans.

We present a fac-simile (as nearly as possible) of the commission of Edward Evans, the Revolutionary ancestor of Mrs. Tulloch:

The Government and People of faid State.

TO Edward Evans, Gent", GREETING.

WE reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct. Do by these Presents constitute and appoint you the said Edward Evans, Adjutant of the Second Regiment of Militia within the said State of New Hampshire. You are therefore carefully, and diligently to discharge the Duty of an Adjutant in leading, ordering and exercifing faid Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Difcipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Adjulant and Yourfelf to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from Time to Time receive from the Council and House of Representatives of said State for the Time being, and in their Recefs from their Committee of Safety, or any Superior Officers for the Service of faid State, according to Military Rules and Difcipline, purfuant to the Trust reposed in you. In testimony whereof we have caused the Seal of faid State to be hereunto affixed: Witness Meshech Weare, Efq; President of our faid Council at Exeren, ye Eighteenth Day of July, Anno Domini 1777.

M. Weare.

E. Thompson, Secty.

### REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF MARY DESHA.

Vice-President General, Daughters of the American Revolution.

- (1) I, Mary Desha, was born in Lexington, Fayette County Kentucky, and am the fourth child of John Randolph Desha and Mary Bracken Curry.
- (2) John Randolph Desha, M. D., was born in Washington Mason County, Kentucky, July 25, 1804, and was the son o Joseph Desha and Peggy Bledsoe.

Mary Bracken Curry was born in 1819 in Cynthianna Kentucky, and was the daughter of Major James R. Curry and Matha Bracken.

(3) Joseph Desha was born in Pennsylvania but taken to Tennessee when he was three years old, and was the son of Robert Desha and Eleanor Wheeler. He served with "Mac Anthony" Wayne in the Northwestern Campaign, was a member of Congress from Kentucky for many years, a Major General in the War of 1812, commanding one wing of General Harrison's Army at the Battle of the Thames, and was Governor of Kentucky, 1824-28.

Peggy Bledsoe was the daughter of Isaac Bledsoe and Katharine Montgomery. She was born in Virginia, taken to Tennesse when a child, and went to Kentucky after her marriage to Joseph Desha.

Major James R. Curry was born in Fayette County, Kentucky. He was of Scotch descent and son of a Revolutionary soldier. He served in the War of 1812 with the rank of Major was in the Battle at River Raisin, and was for many years County Judge of Harrison County, Kentucky.

Matha Bracken was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1800, but was taken to Kentucky when a young girl, and was married there at the age of sixteen.

Robert Desha was a French Huguenot, whose family came to America after the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantz," and settled in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. He, with his

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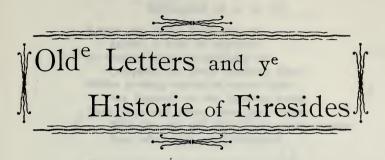
family, emigrated to Tennessee at an early day. Family tradition states that the name was "Dechesnes": of the Oaks. Eleanor Wheeler was the daughter of Joseph Wheeler and Maria Holmes.

(5) Joseph Wheeler lived in that part of Northumberland County which now constitutes Columbia and Montour. and his wife, Maria Holmes, came from Northampton County with a large family. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and had previously served as a Lieutenant under Washington in Braddock's Army. Family records say that Maria Holmes was the daughter of "a gentleman of Boston, Massachusetts." Capt. Isaac Salmon married Anna Wheeler, a daughter of Joseph Wheeler. He was also a soldier and officer in the Revolutionary Army, and was well known to his countrymen as a brave patriot and to the British and Indians as a Benjamin Wheeler, his brother-in-law, a formidable foe. soldier in the Revolution, was captured by the Indians, scalped and tortured. His nails were torn from his hands, sharpened pieces of pine knots were stuck in his flesh; he was then thrown into a pit and burned to death.

Isaac Bledsoe, son of Evan Bledsoe, was one of the heroic martyr-pioneers of Tennessee, a renowned "Indian fighter" and an officer in the Revolution. The Indians called him "Tullituskee," or the "waving corn blade," (perpetual motion), because they never caught him napping. He and his brother, Colonel Anthony Bledsoe, and his brother-in-law, Colonel John Montgomery, were killed by the Indians. Montgomery, his wife, "a dispatch bearer" during the Revolution, was the daughter of John Montgomery, Sr., and Marguerite Briarleigh, the daughter of a French Huguenot physi-She lived in Virginia, and upon one occasion, when important dispatches were to be carried to General Washington, she volunteered to take them. This she did successfully, riding alone through the wilds of Virginia. After the Revolution and the succeeding Indian Wars were over she returned to her home, having lost husband, son and brother, and was gricken with inflammatory rheumatism, brought on by the bardships she had suffered. For nearly twenty years she was

 confined to her bed, suffering all the tortures rheumatism can inflict. Her great-grandson writes of her: "She was highly intellectual and intelligent, and as daring as General Andrew Jackson himself; kind to her slaves and humble people even to prodigality, but severe to the haughty. In short, glorious was her life during the Revolution and the succeeding wars and beautiful afterwards, for amid all the misfortunes of war and the trials of years of sickness she never lost her dauntless courage nor her buoyant equanimity." It is in honor of women such as she, patriots themselves, and the mothers, daughters and sisters and wives of patriots, that the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized.





#### THE SCARLET CLOAK.

In Revolutionary times, after the divine service, special contributions were taken for the benefit of the Continental Army. In New England large quantities of valuable articles were thus collected. Not only money, but finger-rings, earrings, watches and other jewelry, all kinds of male attire, stockings, hats, coats, breeches, shoes, produce and groceries of all kinds were brought to the meeting house to give the soldiers. Even the leaden weights were taken out of the window sashes, made into bullets and brought to meeting.

On one occasion Madam Faith Trumbull rose up in Lebanon meeting house in Connecticut, when a collection was being made for the army, took from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been a present to her from Count Rochambeau, the commander-in-chief of the French allied army, and, advancing to the altar, gave it as her offering to the gallant men who were fighting not only the British army, but terrible want and suffering. The fine cloak was cut into narrow strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the soldiers. The romantic impressiveness of Madam Trumbull's patriotic act kindled warm enthusiasm in the congregation, and an enormous collection was taken, packed carefully, and sent to the army.

FRANCES S. HOUSE.

# The most blue

#### IN TURKEY-FOOT.\*

SEPTEMBER 22, A. D. 1773.

Lower and lower, dropt the sun
Adown a west of amethyst,
In wooded vales the twilight dun
Creeping, the lower branches kissed,
While slanting spears of sunset light
Yet lingered on the topmost leaves,
That, here and there, were gayly dight
With the red and gold that autumn weaves,
Year after year, in Turkey-foot.

The farm-house daily tasks were done,
The pewter plates in order set,
The stint of flax all deftly spun,
The bleaching linen duly wet;
And so within the doorway wide
The mother sat and, musing, told
To two small children, by her side,
Quaint tales of men, and times of old,
That autumn eve in Turkey-foot.

The gloaming deeper grew, and still,
Save the soft interblended sound
Of moving leaves, of bird and rill,
And faint the bay of distant hound.
"Once on a time, 'neath palace roofs,"—
So went the tale, and all gave heed,—
When, hark! a sound of horse's hoofs
Rang out,—a rider and his steed
Came swiftly on in Turkey-foot!

The dame arose with stately grace,—
"Good eve, sir, will you please alight?"
"Nay, dame," he said, with anxious face,
"The Indians are abroad to-night,
The country-side to warn, I ride,
No easy task my good steed hath,—
They come apace, make haste and hide!"
So saying, down the bridle-path
He rode away from Turkey-foot.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;The Turkey-foot," or Three Forks of the Youghiogeny," is mentioned in official papers as early as 1755. It is a section in what is now Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and was probably named by the Indians from the resemblance of the confluence of the three streams to the foot of a turkey. The early settlers suffered nuch from the depredations of the Indians, and were organized into bands or companies for protection.

A moment's space she stood aghast,
Then, praying, with her children small
She took her flight, and came at last
To where the corn grew thick and tall;
And crouching there, all night they stayed,—
All night, nor either moved nor slept;—
The owls a doleful screeching made;
The frightened children softly wept,
That long, long night in Turkey-foot.

Dawn came, but to her ear intent
Came, too, a rustling in the corn;
"They come," she cried, her courage spent,
"God help us, creatures so forlorn!"
She claspt her babes with shuddering fear,
She thought upon their absent sire,—
The steps came near, she saw appear
Gun-barrels tipt with sunrise fire,—
Oh, woful morn in Turkey-foot!

A horse near, in the clearing neighed,
A lark from meadows soaring, sang,
One called her softly, while she prayed,—
From out her arms the children sprang;
"Father has come! the scouts!" they cried.
Thankful she stood, in mute surprise,—
The lark's song rang out far and wide,
Her praise upon it seemed to rise,—
Thus rescue came in Turkey-foot.

Noon came, the fort was safely gained;
Night came, the children went to rest;
But to the mother, ere it waned,
God's gift had come,—a baby guest.
Time passed; she throve, this little maid,
This fort-born flower of '73;
Nurtured in times of war and raid,—
Mother of patriots yet to be,—
So runs the tale in Turkey-foot.

FELICIA ROSS JOHNSON.

## THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS\*— A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following anecdote of "the times that tried men's souls" was originally communicated to the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette several years ago. The writer says: "It is a bona fide fact taken, without emendation, from the life of a mother in Israel, Mrs. Eunice Locke Richards. It shows that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of 1776."

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one that was selected. not return till late at night, when we were all in bed. I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother, John, was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was in Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes he must suffer for winter garments. There were, at this time, no stores, and no articles to be had, except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantaloons.' 'Oh, if that is all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.' 'But,' said mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture.' I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt-dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied, 'Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half.' 'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I. 'But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time.' 'I am certain we can, mother.' 'How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom.'

"By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring the

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Book of the Locks," page 366, Appendix O.

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wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web. We then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece. The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge, by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized, and dried. A loom was found a few doors off, the web 'got in' and was wove, the cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

"The good old lady closed by saying: 'I felt no weariness; I wept not; I was serving my country; I was relieving my poor mother; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment was finished. I retired and wept until my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved. This brother was, perhaps, one of General Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?"

E. M. H. RICHARDS.

#### LETTERS OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The following letters were written by Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia and signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was the father of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, and great-grandfather of the present President of the United States. The writer of the letters was the son of Benjamin Harrison, of "Berkeley," and his wife, Ann Carter, who was the daughter of Robert Carter, known as "King Carter" in the Colonies. These letters came to me through one of his lineal descendants.

ROSA WRIGHT SMITH.

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#### [To Mr. Harrison Fitzhugh, of Stirlings.]

Brandon, February 1, 1792.

Dear Harrison:

I thank you for your solicitude respecting my health. Tho' not entirely freed from my old complaints, I have been for some time getting the better of them. \* \* \* Your plan for the payment of the estate's debts, is, I should judge, very proper, and I will give it all the aid in my power; but I shall do it with more conveniency if you can go up to Fauquier, where I have a considerable sum of money due. If, however, I should be disappointed there, still I have other resources which cannot fail, but my wish is not to touch them, unless I fail above. \* \* \* Your aunt and the girls desire their love to you—present it also to Mrs. May, Nancy and the children. As always,

Your affectionate friend,

BEN: HARRISON.

[To Mr. Harrison Fitzhugh, of Stirlings.]

Brandon, August 11, 1793.

My Dear Harrison:

I am greatly surprised that you have not received a letter from me long since in answer to yours respecting Stirlings. It was written immediately on the receipt of yours and carried to Cabin Point by your sister, Lucy. It is my intention to be in your neighborhood on Monday next, when it will give me great pleasure to be in anywise instrumental in aiding your purchase, but in truth I know not in what shape I can be useful.

Jacob returned without sturgeon, tho' there are hundreds constantly jumping. He has certainly taken some pains to procure one, tho' perhaps not quite enough. The ladies will have given an account of the family.

I shall therefore bid you farewell. My best regards are offered to your sisters and Mrs. May.

Your affectionate uncle and friend,

BEN: HARRISON.

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### THE TWO BALLS.\*

#### FIRST PART.

The last Colonial Ball at Annapolis-1776.

Governor Eden sat up late
Deeply pondering matters of State.
He was grieved in his soul, for he plainly saw
The colonists weary of English law.
All was perplexity; doubt and distrust
Had gathered around him, and fail he must.
His mind was tormented both night and day
Seeking to find some better way
To soothe and soften and keep them still,
Quiet and humble to England's will.

A banging door aroused him to hear Steps on the stairs and his name called clear; With hair unbound and cheek high flushed Lady Eden upon him impatiently rushed—"Sir Robert Eden, my dear, do you know The clock struck three near an hour ago? What good will it do you to lose your rest Over that ball and each hateful guest?"

The Governor slowly lifted his head And unto his wife he calmly said:
"Balls were truly filling my head,
But indeed, my dear, they were balls of lead;
For if this feeling continues to grow
The sword must decide the quarrel, I know."
"Crust the sedition," the lady replied:
"Banish and scatter them far and wide.
Why should they dare to clatter for right
The King can destroy them in half a fight.
Your words are silly, you seem to forget
They honor your grandfather's name even yet."
"I beg you will do your best in all,
To make a grand thing of our New-Year ball,"
"I'll show them they need not expect to find
That I, like you, to their treason am blind."

The night of the ball was clear and cold,
But did not discourage them, young or old;
For all invited resolved to go
Their truth and loyalty there to show.
The Governor rejoiced so many to see.
His lady appeared to be in high glee.
They talked and they danced, they flirted and bowed;
They told the last gossip and laughed at the crowd.
The Governor, gracious, had soft words for some,
And flattery for others and harsh looks for none.
He asked Mrs. Ogle a minuet to tread
Which, round with the others, so stately he led.
As soon as the ladies from supper had come,

Lady Eden who stood at the head of the room. Called aloud to the steward and of him inquired, Had the carriages come which the guests now required.

He bowed and he whispered, and hastily fled, The ladies around in astonishment said,

"My coach was for one:" and "Mine was for two,"
"As my girls came to dance mine much later is due."
And they all hastened off their husbands to find, While in whispers they said she was out of her mind.

Then she called to the servant, and asked him quite clear "Mrs. Edelin's great coach, is it waiting for her? Has the coach yet for Mrs. George Thomas been sent?

Has the carriage for Mrs. Charles Carroll come yet?"
Mrs. Carroll, of Carrollton, nervous and weak,
Was so frightened she hurried her husband to seek,

But he begged her be quiet and make no reproach To add to confusion, but wait for her coach. But when the third time they heard the loud call Of her name they both started to rush from the hall. Her wraps in the carriage, her feet on the snow Brought on a pneumonia which soon laid her low. Lady E. called the name of each lady beside, And asked if her carriage was waiting outside. Over and over their names she'd repeat,

And ask if their carriages stood in the street.

Mrs. Smallwood was bolder and proudly opined Her husband would seek her when he had the mind. And so Mrs. Plater was haughty as she Replying, her carriage was ordered for three. Madams Ogle and Tasker, Thomas and Stone, Contee and Johnson departed for home. Misses Truman and Smith, Madams Pinckney and Lee, With others stayed waiting the fun they might see. Madams Gallaway and Zenezer, Nelson and Bruce Thought rudeness like that was beyond an excuse. Both Mrs. Chases, Misses Lingan and Green Thought perhaps it was meant for a theatre scene. Madams Fitzhugh and Stoddert, Brooke and Duvall Thought it meant for an insult, and meant for them all. Mrs. Goldsborough and Maynadier thought it were best To hunt up their husbands and go with the rest.

This story is true we very well know,

For my grandmother told it to us long ago.

And we think that the men were less loyal inclined When that ball with its ending returned to their mind. -MRS. DEVEREAUX.





MEMBERS RESIDENT IN WASHINGTON of National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the beginning of the organization, necessarily composed the entire society; they held and exercised the power which now belongs to the society at large. After Chapters had been formed in many states these "Members Resident" felt a great pride in being the nucleus around which other members had gathered. the germ from which this important association had developed; their history during the first year of organization is the history of the society, which is without the scope of this article. Aside from the large amount of business transacted, these "Members Resident" had many delightful social and literary reunions: which were generally held upon invitation of Mrs. Cabell in her spacious and elegant parlors. Lectures, concerts and receptions inspired enthusiasm and produced harmony and good feeling. On one of these occasions Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, delivered an address, from which we give a few extracts:

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, Columbus, with a dream of a new way to the Indies floating through his mind, wandered from court to court seeking the material aid by which he might verify the truth of his dream. At last he caught the ear of a woman, and Isabella of Castile, declaring "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels for the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate," started the intrepid explorer with a little fleet westward across an untraveled ocean—and America was discovered. Thus it was in truth a woman's hand which opened to the civilized world the doors of an unknown continent. Two hundred and fifty years thereafter a young man stood on the banks of the Potomac, holding in his hands a commission as midshipman in the navy of England. Eagerly he looked out upon the life which then seemed opening before him; but at a mother's wish he returned the

## WILLIAM ST

commission, content to remain a country boy with her. Thus did a woman's touch save to this nation for its hour of peril the priceless services and the immortal name of Washington. Is it any wonder that on this continent and in this nation, more than anywhere else, the pressure of a woman's presence is a supreme influence?"

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"We boast, and rightfully, of our Revolutionary heroes, and of their fortitude and heroism in the times that tried men's souls. But shall we forget the equal fortitude and heroism of those who alone and unnoticed kept the home and the little ones, while father and husband were at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge? Nay, more, is it not an historic truth that many a man was a hero only because his wife was a heroine? boys, are your enemies—the red coats and Tories; you must beat them or my wife sleeps a widow to-night," was the cry of the Yankee commander to his troops. He would not face his wife alive unless victorious; and a like spirit filled the hearts of those who fought with him. Shall we not say, then, that the Mollie Starks of New Hampshire and Vermont won the Battle of Bennington? In the glories as well as the trials of that Revolutionary period, each sex participated; and as the sons of the Revolution organize and rejoice to-day, so may the daughters of the Revolution. But I do not understand that the object of either the sons or the daughters of the Revolution is self-congratulation or boasting. All living things look forward.

Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

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In a recent article in the *North American*, Admiral Luce asserts that wars have been a potent means of preserving the energies and life of a nation. It cannot be that the mere carnage of battle, the destruction of life and property, and the sorrowing homes, are of themselves helpful things to a nation's life. It is not the wasting of forces that builds up, but rather that by the perils of war the strong feelings of our natures are aroused, and the love of country, which was dormant, springs into life, and thus the heart goes in work for the nation. Those of us who have passed the middle of life appreciate the solemn significance of this as we look back to the morning of the recent great struggle for national life and unity. All thoughts of business and its interests—all mere schemes of



material development, were swallowed up in an absorbing question and love of country. And if out of that struggle there has grown a higher and nobler national thought and existence it is not because of the loss of life, or the desolation which followed the tramp of the soldier, but because out of the awful presence of danger and the tremendous sacrifices there sprang an intense feeling, and the heart woke to a stronger love of country. But can it be that our humanity has nothing better to offer as a guaranty of enduring patriotism than the repeated horrors of war? Is it an idle dream and a foolish faith which looks forward to a better day—

"When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?"

And if such a day shall dawn, will, with it, come the dyingout of patriotism, and love of country be only a memory? No, indeed! As woman steps out from the solitude of her home into the wider arena of active life, the heart will become a potent force. Her affections, now too often bounded by the narrow limits of home, will reach to all the greater interests of the nation. What she loves, he will love; and thus we shall all be patriots. We shall not alone look through his eye upon our country as a place where wealth may be accumulated, business transacted and political power and position won, but with her tender and softening vision we shall always see that "it

is my own, my native land."

More than that, her touch means purity. Nothing tainted with corruption can endure. Corruption and death are indissolubly yoked together. True in the individual, true in the nation. What was the character of that public life in England which brought Cromwell and a royal death? What do you read as to the causes of the French Revolution? What says Gibbon in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?" Walk the streets of exhumed Pompeii and see upon the walls of her houses the unconcealed invitations, and then ask yourselves why perished imperial Rome. On the canvas of history, in the light of all the centuries, is seen the marble halls of the splendid palace of great Babylon. Within sits the king with his thousand lords and their wives and concubines. There is eating and drinking, music and dancing, and all the gorgeous glitter of luxur. vice. But "over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall," evermore a mystic hand is writing, "Mene, mene tekel, upharsin." Will history repeat itself here? Are we building the walls of this great republic only that to-morrow they shall crumble and fall? Do our splendid material development and the vast accumulation of

wealth mean only the beginning of luxurious vice, with its consequent decay and death? If only the same forces are at work as in past civilizations, it is reasonable to expect that only the same results will follow; but it is one of the glories of this century, that into the forces which make for advancing humanity there has entered one new and nobler—the presence and influence of educated women in all public activities. That force is the last possible protest of humanity against the necessity of national decay. It is the everlasting enemy of corruption. It pours along all the channels of our social being the warm and life-giving blood of a pure heart, and thus gives to the splendor of the future the glories that shall never die.

Yes, indeed, Daughters of the Revolution, for the national life, for its continued well-being and advancing glories, there is work for you to do; and to that work, all good men and all

good influences bid you welcome.

At the close of the first year of the Society, October 11, 1891, a meeting was held for the election of delegates to the first Continental Congress, to be held in Washington on the 22nd of February, 1892. Having a membership of two hundred in the District, the "Members Resident" were entitled under the constitution to a representation of four delegates. The result of the meeting was the election of Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Admiral Lee, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith and Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey.

The newly elected delegates, desiring to show their appreciation of the confidence reposed in them, met to discuss some plan whereby the whole Society, resident in Washington, would be brought together in one bond of sisterhood. With the sanction of the National Board of Management they organized themselves into a committee, with Mrs. Alexander for Chairman; Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Devereux, and other ladies rendered great assistance to the delegates in carrying into effect the plan proposed, which was to have a series of entertainments, both social and literary, including lectures and papers on American history by prominent men and women. The first of the contemplated series drew together a large number of guests on the evening of November 11th, in the upper parlor of the Riggs House.

Mrs. Cabell opened the programme with a brief speech, and introduced Mrs. Admiral Lee as chairman. Fine selections of

instrumental and vocal music occupied the first half of the evening, followed by the reading of historical papers. The distinguished lecturer of the occasion, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, was presented to the audience by General Shields, in a few appropriate words. Dr. Gallaudet then dwelt on the causes which led to the rapid development of independence in New England.

Miss Richards, a member of the Society, read a carefully prepared and interesting paper on the Marquis de Lafayette. It was a glowing tribute to the gallant young Frenchman, dwelling particularly upon his youth when he came to the aid of the colonies, being less than twenty when he received his commission, and the encouragement his youthful enthusiasm and generous purse lent in time of disaster to the Commander-in-Chief himself—particularly during the period of the infamous Conway cabal. The evening closed with the singing of "America," in which the audience joined.

The second lecture of the course was delivered in December, when the well known literateur, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, told anew to the Daughters of the American Revolution the story of the "Declaration of Independence." This was followed by an original paper on "Robert R. Livingston, and New York in the Revolution," by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth.

The evening of the 13th of January, when the third lecture was to be delivered before the Society, found the red parlor of the Riggs House again filled with a large and fashionable audience to listen to what Senator Hawley had to say to the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Connecticut's share in promoting constitutional liberty and Revolutionary success.

At the close of the Senator's address the guests were charmed for a brief time by instrumental and vocal music. Some interesting relics were loaned for exhibition by Miss Agnes Robinson, a member of the Society, and a lineal descendant of General David Robinson, who was in the battle of Bennington. Among the relics was "the sword taken from the British Colonel Baum, when he fell mortally wounded by Lieutenant Jewett, of Captain Dewey's company of militia, and he sold it on the spot to David Robinson, afterwards commissioned General." The red coat, on exhibition at the same time, was a British uniform,

preserved by General Robinson. "The cannon balls were dug up by the late George Robinson on the battlefield, and were found to fit the brass cannon taken from the British and preserved at the State House in Montpelier, Vermont." The Continental hat was worn by General David Robinson.

These relics were illustrated by Mrs. Walworth, who in doing this read from her book, "The Battles of Saratoga and the Northern Campaign," that portion which relates to the battle of Bennington. She also described graphically the Bennington monument and the exercises at its dedication, which took place in the summer of 1891, she having been present as a guest of the State of Vermont.

The fourth lecture of the series was delivered in December, when Hon. Leo Knott, of Maryland, told of the part taken by his state in the early struggle for American Independence. This distinguished speaker was followed by Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, who read an admirable paper on the famous "Maryland Line."

The closing lecture of the season was by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Massachusetts, on the "Home and private life of General Washington." In the course of his address Mr. Hale referred to the object which the Daughters of the American Revolution had in view; that of inculcating in the rising generation a patriotic spirit and love of country. He said the usefulness of the order was very apparent to those who had traveled through the Northwest, where the population is largely of a foreign element, which needs education in American principles.

When Mr. Hale finished his interesting and instructive talk, Mrs. Admiral Lee, the presiding officer, introduced Miss Hetzel, who read an original and instructive paper.

MARY WASHINGTON CHAPTER.—On Monday evening, February 29th, 1892, the members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington, in response to a call of the Recording Secretary of the Nationa Board of Management, met in the parlors of the Riggs House

for the purpose of forming a local Chapter, there being at that time no chapter organization in the District.

About sixty members of the resident Society responded to the call, and temporary organization was effected with Mrs. Diana Kearny Powell in the chair, and Miss Janet E. H. Richards, Secretary pro tempore.

The business of electing officers to serve until October 11th occupied the remainder of the evening, and was completed at an adjourned meeting held in the same place March 4th, the following officers being the choice of the Chapter:

Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee; Vice-Regent, Miss Sarah A. Lipscomb; Recording Secretary, Miss Janet E. H. Richards; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey; Treasurer, Miss Virginia Miller; Registrar, Mrs. Violet Blair Janin.

A committee of three, consisting of the Regent, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, a few days later drew up a set of seventeen by-laws for the direction of the Chapter, which were separately considered and finally accepted as a whole at a regular Chapter meeting held on Tuesday evening, April 5th.

Article I of the By-Laws provided that the Chapter should be called the "Mary Washington Chapter of the District of Columbia," so named in honor of the Mother of Washington.

In accordance with Article XIV, section 1, which provided for a Local Board of Management, to consist of the six officers and five additional members from the Chapter, the following ladies were, on April 11th, elected to the Board:

Miss Nannie Randall Ball, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Lamb, Miss Noble Jones, Miss Elizabeth Lee Washington, and Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foot.

From the date of its organization to October 11th, inclusive, the Chapter has held eleven meetings, all well attended and marked by active interest and growing enthusiasm.

The roll of its membership now numbers over two hundred and fifty, which constitutes it the largest, and from its many illustrious names, perhaps the most eminent Chapter in the sountry. The descendants of the Washingtons, the Balls, the Livingstons, the Greenes, the Hardins, the Feltons, the Bledses, the Lees, the Middletons, the Franklins, the Putnams, and many of the "Signers," as well as such illustrious for-

eigners as General de Lafayette and the Marquis de Mirabeau are included in the list of its members; while Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, our late lamented President-General, honored the Chapter with her membership.

The Chapter has been particularly fortunate in its Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee, daughter of Francis Preston Blair, who, in addition to an honored and illustrious ancestry, combines within herself a gentle dignity and gracious firmness of character which command the love and respect of all who know her, and which, together with an ardent interest in the prosperity of the Chapter, eminently qualifies her to direct the helm of so large and active a Chapter.\*

The first official work of the Mary Washington Chapter was a lecture, given under its auspices on May 11th, in aid of the Mary Washington Monument Association, it seeming eminently fitting that the first financial effort of the Chapter should be to honor the memory of her whose name it bears.

From this entertainment the sum of \$85 was realized and turned over by the Regent of the Chapter as its contribution to the Mary Washington Monument Fund.

The Chapter has also been the recipient of several courteous attentions from the Sons of the American Revolution resident in Washington, having been invited by them to participate in their annual outing given on May 31st at Annapolis (an original poem having been contributed to the occasion by Mrs. Marian Longfellow Morris, a member of the Chapter, and read during the patriotic exercises in the State House); and later to the National Celebration held on Independence Day under the shadow of the Washington Monument, to each of which invitations a large Chapter representation responded.

On June 17th, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. a special meeting of the Chapter was held in honor of the anniversary.

At the annual election held October 11th, 1892, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

<sup>\*</sup>Mrs. Lee is doubly eligible to membership through her maternal grandfather, General Nathaniel Gist, who was in turn descended from the great Puritan leader, Oliver Cromwell; and also through Colone. Archibald Cary, of Hunsdon, a personal friend of Washington, and a member of the Continental Congress.

For Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee; Vice-Regent, Miss Virginia Miller; Recording Secretary, Miss Janet E. H. Richards; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Marguerite Dickins; Treasurer, Mrs. Lamb; Registrar, Mrs. Violet Blair Janin.

In pursuance of the idea expressed in Article II of the By-Laws, stating the objects of the Chapter, it is the intention to take active measures during the coming season for the further promotion of intelligent patriotism by means of historic reunions and such other forms of entertainment as may be deemed advisable by the Chapter.

JANET ELIZABETH HOSMER RICHARDS, Rec. Sec'y Mary Washington Chapter.

October 28, 1892.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER, Washington, D. C.—A number of members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington, deeming it advisable to form another chapter in that city, where the membership is large, and having obtained authorization from the National Board of Management for this purpose, held a meeting on the evening of May 12, 1892, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Morris Hallowell, to take the matter into consideration. The requisite number of ladies being present, it was decided, after a general interchange of views, to proceed at once to the formation of a chapter, and the following officers were appointed to serve until the date of the annual election, on October 11th, 1892:

Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Regent pro tem.; Miss Antoinette Van Hook, Recording Secretary; Miss Gwendolen Overton, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, Registrar; Miss Harriet Hallowell, Treasurer. At a subsequent meeting, it was proposed that the charter membership should be limited to seventeen, of which number the Regent, when elected, should be one. The names of exteen of the charter members are as follows: Miss Lugenia Washington, Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, Miss Gwendolen Overton, Mrs. A. Howard Clark, Mrs. Mary Morris Hallowell, Miss Harriet Hallowell,

Miss Elizabeth Washington, Mrs. Fannie Virginia Washington, Mrs. Mary Morris Husband, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Bullock, Miss Agatha Lewis Towles, Miss Margaret C. Towles, Miss Eugenia Washington Moncure, Mrs. Albert G. Brackett and Miss Sarah B. Maclay.

The adoption of a name for the chapter having been discussed, it was decided unanimously that it should be called the Dolly Madison Chapter of the District of Columbia. It was further agreed to begin at the next meeting a course of reading on appropriate subjects, which purpose was carried into effect much to the edification and entertainment of the members assembled; it is hoped a further acquaintance with our Revolutionary History will serve "to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence." At the annual election of officers, October 11th, 1892, the following were elected:

Regent, Mrs. Mary Morris Hollawell; Registrar, Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson; Recording Secretary, Miss Antoinette Van Hook; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sarah B. Maclay; Treasurer, Miss Harriet Hallowell.

After the organization of Chapters in Washington, Mrs. B. W. Kennon was appointed Regent of the District of Columbia

MARY MORRIS HALLOWELL.

LIBERTY BELL CHAPTER, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.—Descendants of Revolutionary officers, soldiers and patriots, assembled in Zion's Reformed Chapel on September 23, for the purpose of forming a Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Zion's Reformed Chapel was selected as the place to form the organization of the Chapter of Lehigh County on account of the historic associations connected with Revolutionary times. It was in this sacred edifice that the State-House bell and bells of Christ Church, Philadelphia, were concealed during 1777 and 1778. The church, then a small stone structure, was also used as a hospital at that time. Rev. Abraham Blumer was then pastor of the church and assisted in the concealment of the

bells and guarded the secret of their hiding-place. The Revolutionary ancestors of the ladies who organized the Chapter were Colonel Stephen Balliet, David Deshler, John Jacob Mickley, John Martin Mickley and Rev. Joshua Yeager.

The exercises consisted of historical reminiscences of the bell and church. The commemorative windows of the bell were admired and the leaden box of the old corner-stone and articles it had contained were examined with keen interest. After singing the national hymn, several interesting letters were read from officers of the National Society and one from the late poet, John G. Whittier, written less than a month before his death to one of the ladies present, expressing his interest in the bell incident.

After a business meeting an application to the State Regent for the purpose of forming the Chapter of Lehigh County was signed by the following ladies present: Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Mrs. D. Yoder, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Mrs. E. M. Young, Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. William H. Weinsheimer, the Misses Martin, Richards, Longnecker, Kohler, Anewalt and Mickley.

The organization of the Liberty Bell Chapter of the National Society of the Daughtersof the American Revolution took place on Tuesday, October 11, at the Mickley homestead, Mickleys, the residence of the Regent.

The Columbus anniversary was observed in the decorations of the library, where the guests were received. Mrs. Rorer, wife of Lieutenant Rorer, United States Navy, a member of a Vermont chapter, was invited to assist in the organization of the new chapter. The national colors were used in the decorations; also, plants and flowers. Portraits of Columbus, Washington and Mrs. Harrison were *en evidence*. A large American eagle, whose standard was draped with a silk flag from the inauguration of President Harrison, had grouped around its base the different Colonial relics in possession of the registrar of the chapter.

The meeting was opened by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," after which one of the members exhibited a piece of the original flag which hung over Fort McHenry when Francis Key composed the celebrated song. A description of the cir-

cumstances was given, and it was related how the piece of the flag came into her possession.

The following officers were appointed by the Regent, Miss Minnie F. Mickley: Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Kohler, Allentown; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Allentown; Registrar, Miss Annie D. Mickley, Mickley's; Treasurer, Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Allentown; Historian, Miss Mary Richards, Allentown.

After the business meeting the members inspected the various Colonial documents and other interesting relics in possession of the regent and the registrar. Tea was served, and Columbus Day, 1892, will always be regarded as a red-letter day in the annals of this Chapter.

The following members and guests were present: Mrs. Carl Rorer, Bethlehem; Mrs. Dr. D. Yoder, Catasauqua; Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Mrs. Robert Iredell, Jr., Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. W. H. Weinsheimer, Miss Irene Martin, Miss Fannie Kohler, Miss Florence Iredell, Miss Grace Wright, Miss Mary Richards, of Allentown, and the Misses Minnie and Annie Mickley, of Mickley's. The other members are Mrs. E. M. Young, Miss Mame Anewalt, Miss Bessie Longnecker and Miss Emma Anewalt, of Allentown.

## THE BELL OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

"The Statehouse bell now in use in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is composed of a mixture 78 per cent. Lake Superior copper, 22 per cent. tin. With these was fused the metal of two cannon used in the war for independence, one of the American and one of the British at the battle of Saratoga, and of two cannon used in the war of '61, one used by the Federal troops, the other by the Confederates at Gettysburg. The bell was cast by Meneely & Kimberly, Troy, New York. At the time it was recast, at the suggestion of the Quakers of Philadelphia, the following text was cast in the bell: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.' This was in addition to the text copied from the original Liberty bell, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.' It is an additional fact of great interest that the first subscriber to the fund that purchased it was

Abraham Lincoln; that the work was started by private subscription; that the bulk of the cost was defrayed by Mr. Henry Seybert, a friend of liberty and peace, who expressed his devotion to this cause by leaving in his will \$1,000 to the Pennsylvania branch of the Universal Peace Union."

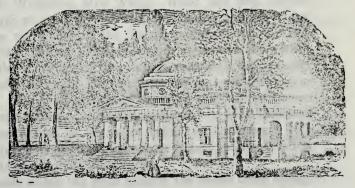
WILLIAM O. McDowell.

ALBEMARLE CHAPTER, Charlottesville, Virginia.—A beautiful Colonial Ball, in the historic mansion of President Jefferson, Monticello, was given by this Chapter, the proceeds of which have been presented to the Board of Management as an addition to the permanent fund now invested for the establishment of a "House of the Daughters" at Washington, D. C.

The Mecca of many a pilgrimage of the patriotic American citizen is Mount Vernon, the home of the Father of our country, while Monticello, the stately residence of the author of the Declaration of Independence, is less widely known, and not as often visited, though far more beautiful in structure and surrounding scenery. In the year 1770, Shadnell, the old family home of the Jeffersons, on the Rivanna River, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Jefferson had in the mean time begun to build on a low mountain top, just across the river, a very beautiful house, with a commanding view of the Piedmont Valley below and the Blue Ridge in the distant horizon, while the little village of Charlottesville stretched out in the plain below some two miles away. The mansion was modelled after a French chateau de chasse, having a large hall and salon extending through the center of the building, which is one hundred feet in width and two stories high, with one story wings on either The entrances to the hall and salon have two projecting porticoes with massive Corinthian pillars, and face east and The southern terrace was finished with a conservatory, while the northern one was enclosed in glass, as a sun parlor, and commands a sublime view of the beautiful country stretching out for miles, with the Blue Ridge as a back ground. It was in this room Mr. Jefferson spent many hours of his old age, and looked down upon the dome of the University of Virginia, the founding of which was the last great effort of his life.

Monticello during the life of Thomas Jefferson was the scene of many social entertainments, the great in letters and in politics of this and other lands being constantly attracted to this charming place. Shortly after the great statesman's death the famous home passed out of the hands of the family; and though it may have been used at times subsequently for social purposes it has for many years been practically closed to the public.

It was rumored in the quiet town of Charlottesville, in the early days of last September, that the password had been found that would again open the doors of Monticello to the social world both far and near. Surprise showed on the faces of many stately dames who had looked askance at the new and strange society formed in their midst when it was reported that the one who could speak the "open, sesame," was the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to whom Mr. Levy, the present owner of Monticello, had courteously offered the house for a Colonial Ball. Soon the State and local papers announced the coming event, and later the following invitation, printed in antique form, was issued;



Ye Albemarle Chapter of ye DAUGHTERS OF YE AMERICAN REVOLUTION herebye requeste ye Honour of your Presence and Participation in a Colonial Ball—or Partie for Dancing—to be entertayned at ye habytacion of Monticello, ye earthlie home of Thomas Jefferson—sometyme deceased—on eveninge of WEDNESDAY, ye twelfthe daye of ye monthe of October, in ye year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninetye-two, ye four hundredth anniversary of ye landing of Columbus in America.



To commence at ninthe hour of ye clocke in ye nighte. Given at Citye of Queene Charlotte in Old Virginia.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and Mrs. Augustus Drewry, Honorary State Regents; Mrs. Wm. Wirt Henry, State Regent; Mrs. F. Berger Moran, Regent; Mrs. Paul Barringer, Mrs. R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Mrs. M. W. Humphreys, Miss Virginia Long, Mrs. Frank A. Massie, Mrs. Henry Michie, Mrs. Bayard Randolph, Mrs. Jno. R. Sampson, Mrs. William Thornton, Mrs. William Towles, Mrs. Albert H. Tuttle and Mrs. Micajah Woods.

Host and Hostess.—Mr. Jefferson M. Levy and Mrs. J. P. Levy.

Patronesses.—Mrs. Frank Brown, Mrs. J. R. Bryan, Mrs. Noah Davis, Mrs. Frank Gilmer, Mrs. Mason Gordon, Mrs. Lizzie Gunther, Mrs. William Harris, Mrs. Horace Jones, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. J. W. Mallet, Mrs. Robert Mason, Mrs. Fontaine Maury, Mrs. Jesse Maury, Mrs. Price Maury, Mrs. Hugh Nelson, Mrs. Carter Page, Mrs. Frederick Page, Mrs. Howard Perkinson, Mrs. Green Peyton, Mrs. George Rives, Mrs. William J. Robertson, Mrs. Thos. L. Rosser, Mrs. H. R. Whitmore, Mrs. Warner Wood and Mrs. Burthe.

There was no need of the moon in the early hours of that memorable night; for on the distant mountain top the brilliantly lighted chateau stood clearly out against the sky; while all along the winding road beacon fires, constantly fed by dusky figures, shone out upon the carriages rolling toward the scene of gaiety. As one passed out of the forest skirting the plateau on which the residence is built, a veritable fairy land presented itself to ones gaze; for the entire lawn was illuminated with countless Japanese lanterns, while from dome to porticoes below sparkled hundreds of brilliant lights.

One stands within the great portico, the major domo swings open the great hall door, with its massive brass knocker, one enters the grand hall, filled once more with youth and beauty, and the sound of happy voices falls on the ear as the guests are ushered to their dressing rooms. To the ladies is given the honor of using the suite of rooms once occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson; while the gentlemen are ushered into that which

was known as the Madison room, because it was reserved by Mr. Jefferson for the frequent visits of his neighbor and intimate friend.

As the guests pass into the beautiful salon, so perfectly restored by the happy host of the evening, the members of the Albemarle Chapter are readily recognized by their blue and white badges, and by the cordial welcome which they give to all comers. A hush falls upon the merry company when the first strains of America are heard from the musicians seated in the gallery above, which half encircles the immense hall, two stories in height. All eyes are turned towards the left entrance, through the doorway of which passes a Puritan maiden in russet brown, bearing a banner on which is inscribed the name of Massachusetts; she is followed by the representatives of the other colonies, in the order of their declaration of independence, each bearing the banner of her colony and wearing a costume typical of its people; the thirteen colonies form the escort of America, who enters next, clad in a classical costume of white bordered with blue bands, wearing on her head the Phrygian cap, and bearing on her left arm a shield of blue whose silver-white blazon is the western hemisphere. colonies form a circle around America. Columbus, in a Spanish court costume, enters the hall, discovers America, and takes his place beside her.

The music ceases, and the grandson of Light Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, reads the Declaration of Independence. The silence following is broken by the music of the minuet, and down the long corridor come eight graceful couples, keeping perfect time as they make their stately bows before America and her court. The eight young ladies wear Empire gowns, while their escorts are in full Colonial dress with powdered hair, and as the couples dance the various figures of the minuet every one is struck with the beauty of the scene.

Through the large salon the graceful dancers lead the grand march, in which America and Columbus with the attendant colonies join; and after making a slight detour they return to the hall, where the ball is opened with a waltz. Throughout the evening supper is served in the large dining room and quaint tea room, partially separated from the former by a glass

 partition. Time flies all too swiftly in this fascinating home, filled with so many associations of the past; the early morning hours have come, the adieus are made, and the long line of carriages winds its way down the mountain side, now flooded with the light of the newly risen moon. The morning papers and the guests of the evening announce over the breakfast table, "success has crowned the efforts of the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the Colonial Ball at Monticello."

KATE AUSTIN TUTTLE.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER, Lonisville, Kentucky.-This Chapter held its election on October 11th. The Regent, Mrs. Henry L. Pope; the Secretary, Mrs. T. A. MacGregor, and the Registrar, Mrs. Ewing Eaches, were unanimously reelected. Mrs. Norborne Gray was elected Treasurer, in place of Mrs. W. H. McKnight, who declined re-election. Mrs. B. H. Ridgeley was elected a delegate to represent the Chapter at the Continental Congress. Mrs. Pope gave a charming reception in September to the Vice-President General Presiding, Mrs. William D. Cabell, of Washington, who was visiting her. Among those present beside the Daughters of the American Revolution and their husbands, were Dr. and Mrs. John Broadus, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary; Mrs. Cabell's daughter, Miss Nina Cabell, of Washington, and Mrs. Pope's daughter, Mrs. William J. Hardy, of New York, a member of the New York City Chapter.

A MEMBER.

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER, Minneapolis, Minnesota.— This Chapter was organized under the auspices of the State Regent, Mrs. Newport, who appointed Miss Cruikshank, Chapter Regent. The organization has prospered, and at the annual election in October Miss Cruikshank was elected Regent, Mrs. A. B. Jackson, Secretary, and Mrs. George Christian, Registrar. The Advisory Board elected were Mrs. Mark Lewis, Mrs. Frank Nichles and Mrs. Richardson.

DONEGAL CHAPTER, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.— From the time my father became a member of the Sons of the Revolution I wished for a similar organization for women, and the moment I saw in a daily paper that such a society had been formed, with Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison as President-General, I applied to that lady for membership. A prompt response was received. Application papers were sent, and I was the forty-first member elected to the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was suggested to me to accept the Regency of Lancaster County, that I might organize a Chapter. At that time this seemed to me as visionary as any castle in the air. My only desire had been to give expression to feelings of veneration for my Revolutionary ancestors. There was so little interest in the movement that I despaired of success, for previous to the meeting of the first Continental Congress I had secured but three members: Miss Margaret J. Wiley Bainbridge, Miss Susan P. Walker and Miss Sarah W. Walker, of the "Gap." To my joyful surprise, soon after my return from Washington, a wave of enthusiasm seemed to pass over the county, which resulted in the organization of Donegal Chapter with thirteen members on April 21st, 1892, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Carpenter, Lancaster City. The last charter members to come in being Mrs. Hugh M. North, Miss Serena North, Columbia; Mrs. Henry Carpenter, Miss Susan R. Slaymaker, Miss Edith I. Slaymaker, Miss Sarah Herr, Miss Sarah Long, Miss Susan C. Frazer and Miss Henrietta Brinton, Lancaster. After much thoughtful preparation we succeeded in making arrangements for the celebration of the organization of the Chapter on June oth, in the historic Donegal Church, erected in 1722.

Ex-Governor Beaver, of the Sons of the Revolution, in a most cordial letter, accepted the invitation to deliver an address. The Session of the Church promptly granted permission for its use on the occasion. Senator Cameron, in a most courteous letter, extended to us the privileges of his mansion, on the adjoining ground. The sacred walls of the venerable edifice, in which had been fostered love of country as well as of religious freedom, were beautifully adorned with flags, under the direction of Miss Watson and her nieces. The old

communion service, table and chair in use in the "times that tried men's souls," were festooned with bunting. The "Daughters" were distinguished by blue silk badges with "D. A. R., Donegal, 1892," stamped upon them. Mrs. H. V. Roynton, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke and Mrs. O. H. Tittman, of the National Board of Management, kindly accepted invitations to be present. Letters of regret were received from our late beloved President-General, Mrs. Harrison, and from Mrs. M. G. Devereux, Mrs. Hugh Hagan, Mrs. John R. Putnam, Mrs. T. H. Alexander and Mrs. George H. Shields, of the National Board, and from the following Chapter Regents: Mrs. Adelaide Calkins, Springfield, Mass.: Mrs. Chauncey Black, York. Pa.: Mrs. E. D. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Weidman. Berks County, Pa., and Miss Mary T. Elder, Lewistown. Regrets were sent by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. William O. McDowell, Mr. William D. Cabell, General Marcus Wright, Mr. William Winlock, General H. V. Boynton, Dr. G. Browne Goode and General George H. Shields, of the Advisory Board. General Beaver's address was calculated to arouse every latent spark of patriotism in his hearers. He was introduced by the pastor of the church, Mr. Conway, who gave a brief but interesting history of the Scotch-Irish, and the etymology and significance or the name of Donegal, than which none could be more appropriate for our Chapter.

After giving a learned epitome of the earliest history of the Scotch-Irish to the year 1600, Mr. Conway said that about this time the English tried to exterminate or expel the inhabitants of Ulster, the northern province of Ireland, but they did not meet with more than half success. They filled the places of those whom they slew or banished with Scotch or English settlers, and about half the present population descends from these. And as lands were more easily obtained in Ireland and of a better quality, and religion was freer for a time, many came. The English settlers were either Puritans or Episcopalians; the Scotch were Presbyterians.

These lived and labored, married and worshiped for a century or more, and then, oppressed by their landlords and persecuted by the bishops of the Established Church, they emigrated to America in great numbers.

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They loved liberty and loved land, and they found both free here. The great historian of England (Macaulay) declares that nowhere in the world could men be found who understood liberty better or could maintain it more staunchly.

Ireland was the great alembic into which the choice spirits of the Celtic and Germanic races were thrown to be tried and purified, and the double distilled product is the Scotch-Irish race.

To this race belonged the men who settled and named Donegal. They brought their Irish names with them, and we find them scattered all through Lancaster county. Coleraine, Drumore, Rapho, Mount Joy, are all names of places in Ireland. The name of any of these would furnish material for an essay.

Take Donegal. It is composed of two words. Don or dun, or doon or down, means a fortified house and hence a fortress. The English word town is a cousin german. Gall (pronounced Gaul) is the Irish word for stranger or foreigner. I suppose the ancient Gauls of France were the first foreigners the ancient Irish met with, so they called all foreigners Galls, whether Danes, Spaniards or English. When St. Malachy wanted to build a stone oratory in Bangor in the twelfth century, the people said: "We are Scoti not Galii;" that is, "We are Scots, not foreigners," and therefore the house should be of hewn oak, according to the Irish style.

This shows that while using their own names among themselves, when they compared themselves with foreigners they were Scoti (Scots).

Donegal is the northwestern county in Ireland. It received its name in this way. The father of Donnell, from whom O'Donnell and MacDonnell are descended, finding it hard to dislodge three Danish chiefs, who had settled on his lands, gave them his three daughters in marriage. They built a strong fortress which was called Donegal, the fortress of the strangers or foreigners.

Coming from that country the early settlers of this neighborhood gave to this place the name of the old home which they loved so well.

And its name was most fitting. It proved a fortress for the strangers who came from over sea, and no Indian or other enemy could assail them there with success.

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And when an English king essayed to tyrannize over the colonists the men of Donegal were found in the forefront of the battle, always fighting for land and liberty.

It is fitting, then, that in the Presbyterian Church of Donegal the pastor should bid a cordial welcome to the descendants of those who organized this church or settled in this locality.

The exercises were concluded by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" beneath the branches of the old "Witness Tree," a historic oak which stands near the door, which on this occasion was entwined with the Stars and Stripes. We then repaired to Senator Cameron's house, where we had luncheon served by a caterer. One of the interesting features of the day was the marking, with flags, the graves of nineteen Revolutionary heroes who are buried in the old churchyard.

Since our organization the following ladies have been added to the Chapter: Mrs. Du Bois Rohrer, Mrs. Rosa Burwell Ilyus, Mrs. Helen Reynolds, Miss Louise Reynolds, Miss Lydia Diller, Miss Elizabeth Atlee, Mrs. Mary Boardman, Miss Fanny Jacobs, Miss Mary L. Kepler, Mrs. W. D. Stauffer, and Miss Cecilia Slaymaker, Lancaster; Mrs. J. K. Lineaweaver, Miss Jeannette Lineaweaver, Miss Martha Mifflin, Columbia; Miss Buyers, Buyerstown; Mrs Sophia McIlvaine, Himes Gap; Miss Emily Caldwell, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Miss Anna Johnston, Baltimore, Maryland.

On October 11th the following officers were elected: Regent, Miss Lilian S. Evans; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Henry Carpenter; Recording Secretary, Miss Susan R. Slaymaker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith J. Slaymaker; Treasurer, Miss Margaret J. Wiley; Registrar, Mrs. Hugh M. North; Board of Management, Miss Susan P. Walker, Miss Serena North, Miss Louise Reynolds, Miss Lydia Diller, Miss Sarah Herr, Miss Henrietta Brinton, Miss Sarah Walker, Miss Mary L. Kepler, and Miss Sarah Long.

LILIAN SLAYMAKER EVANS.

At the interesting celebration of the Donegal Chapter just described, a historical paper was prepared by Miss Evans describing the positions of the American and British armies in the spring of 1777 when "Howe and Cornwallis were in New Jersey, with the intention of advancing on Philadelphia, or to make a feint, and draw Washington away from the Delaware and crush his little army at one blow."

She says further: "As Generals Howe and Cornwallis advanced into New Jersey, General Washington sent Major Thomas Mifflin, a staff officer, to Philadelphia to notify Pṛesident Wharton, Jr., of the dangerous movement of the British.

"President Wharton on June 19, 1777, promptly ordered out the first and second class of militia, and sent an express to Lancaster borough to notify Colonel Galbraith to call them out.

"On Sunday Morning Colonel Galbraith sent an express to Colonel Lowrey, of Donegal, whose battalion was composed of Donegalians. The express arrived at the meeting house during the service, which was brought to an abrupt termination. The congregation adjourned to the grove, and the men formed a circle by joining hands around the 'Witness Tree' and pledged their faith anew to stand by each other and the cause of the patriots.

"Colin McFarquahr, the Scotch minister of the congregation, had not been long enough in this country to divest himself of all sympathy for the English, his wife and family being then in Scotland where they remained until after the war. Our Scotch-Irish friends compelled him to go inside of the living circle around this tree, and take off his hat and hurrah for the continental cause. The congregation was then and for many years afterwards attached to this accomplished scholar and minister.

"His daughter Agnes afterward married Hugh Wilson, who was born on the farm adjoining the church on the northeast, some of whose descendants became distinguished officers in the army. His daughter Mary married David Cook, who laid out the lower half of the town of Marietta. Colonel Lowrey marched with his battalion to Bristol on the Delaware. In August the battalions of Colonel James Watson and Colonel Greenawalt were called out. Colonel Lowrey marched over the old Philadelphia and Lancaster road. When the militia came to a tavern that had a sign with a portrait or emblem which reminded them of British tyranny, they amused themselves by firing at the sign. On the 18th day of August Colonel Lowrey reported with his troops at Chester, where they remained some weeks.

"The British fleet having disappeared from the capes of the Delaware, it was supposed that Howe had given up his design of attacking Philadelphia, and the militia were again ordered to return. Before they had time to prepare to march the British fleet made its appearance in the Chesapeake Bay.

"General Armstrong, who had command of the militia of the State, marched to Newport, a few miles north of Wilmington. They were mustered at that place on September 6th, and were in the battle of Brandywine September 11th, and at Germantown a few weekslater. There were three battalions of malitia from Lancaster county, in the battles just named, namely: Colonel Alexander Lowrey, of the Third (Donegal); Colonel James Watson, of Colerain, Second; Colonel H. Greenawalt, of the First (Lebanon). There were two companies from Donegal in the "Flying Camp," who were at the battle of Long Island. I regret that I cannot furnish a list of the rank and file who sleep among the honored dead at Donegal.

"I have named those officers only who are known to be buried here and have their graves marked with tombstones. There are many more who moved elsewhere at the close of the war, some of them officers of distinction in the regular line of troops. It was fitting and quite appropriate for the Daughters of the American Revolution to name their 'Chapter' in Lancaster county 'Donegal,' and to hold their first celebration at this historic spot."

CHICAGO CHAPTER, Chicago, Illinois.—The annual meeting for the election of officers was held October 11th at the Palmer House. The following officers were elected for one year: Regent, Mrs. Henry M. Shepard; vice-regent, Mrs. Leander Stone; registrar, Mrs. F. A. Smith; secretary, Miss Melle D. Everhart; treasurer, Mrs. D. A. Fessenden; directors, Mrs. H. L. Waite, Mrs. Charlotte Everett, and Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot. The Chapter is desirous to fit up a colonial cottage at the fair next year and efforts are being made in that direction, but as yet nothing definite has been reported. Anni-

versary exercises in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill will be held June 17, 1893, and a paper on "Women of the Revolution" will be read at that time.

ROME CHAPTER, Rome, Georgia—Held a meeting to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. They met at the home of the regent, Mrs. M. A. Nevin. The parlors were prettily decorated with flags and flowers, and illuminated with wax tapers. Almost every member of the chapter was present, together with a number of invited guests.

After the regular opening ceremonies, a quartette of excellent voices, including Mrs. Charles D. Wood, Miss Battey Shropshire, Mr. Charles Cothran and Mr. Richard Cothran, sang the national anthem. Captain C. Rowell delivered a fine address.

The following ladies were elected delegates to the National Congress that meets in Washington next February: Mrs. J. A. Rounsville, and Miss Mabel Hillyer, alternate. Mrs. Nevin, the regent, is a delegate by appointment.

The Daughters took part in the Columbus celebration on the 21st, and each member floated the stars and stripes from her home.

ATLANTA CHAPTER, Atlanta, Georgia—Held a very interesting meeting on Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Peel.

The regent, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, being absent, Mrs. Albert H. Cox, vice-regent, called the meeting to order and presided with distinguished grace and dignity. The officers for the ensuing year are the same as last year, with the exception of recording secretary, Mrs. Thomas Cobb Jackson having resigned that office. Miss Lillie Orme was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The delegates to the Continental Congress which meets in Washington were elected. Miss Julia McKinley and Mrs. Albert H. Cox, with Mrs. D. H. Hopkins and Miss Lillie Orme as alternates, will represent the Atlanta chapter at

the gathering of distinguished American women. Among the correspondence read was a letter from President Benjamin Harrison, thanking the society for their solicitude and resolutions passed at last meeting in regard to Mrs. Harrison's illness.

Mrs. Henry Jackson, state regent, after an extended absence was present, also Miss Cabell, of Washington City, who is the daughter of Mrs. William Cabell, vice-president presiding, of the national society. A quaint invitation from the Charlottes-ville, Virginia, society was received.

A handsome badge of gold, enameled in blue, was presented to Miss Julia McKinley by the members of the society. Miss McKinley has been of inestimable service in her office of recording secretary to the society, and to her exertions and enthusiastic earnestness much of the success and advancement of the Atlanta Chapter has been due. The badge is the same in design as those worn by the members of the association, only it is handsomely jeweled and exquisitely wrought.

The members of this Chapter were invited to seats on the stand with the Governor and other prominent State officials on the occasion of the Columbian celebration in Atlanta. No members were allowed on the stand, however, except those wearing badges.

PITTSBURGH CHAPTER, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.— An application has been filed for a charter for the Daughters of the American Revolution for the purpose of maintaining private parks in which to preserve the Block House, once the headquarters of Colonel Boquet, now in the First ward, Pittsburgh, and other archæological remains in Allegheny County, and to promote historical research.

The petition was signed by about 150 members, composed of some of the oldest families in the county. The number of directors is fixed at nine. They are Julia K. Hogg, Ann McD. P. Childs, Amelia N. Oliver, Margaret I. Hays, Mary L. Painter, Emily B. Moorhead, Anna W. J. Scott, Carrie T. Holland and Matilda Denny. The petition will be heard on November 12th.

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SEQUOIA CHAPTER, San Francisco, California.—The first annual meeting of the Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held October 11th in the chapel of Trinity Church. The Regent, Mrs. William Alvord, presided.

Officers were elected as follows: Regent, Mrs. William Alvord; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Georgiana C. Ord Holloday; Recording Secretary, Miss Alma Priscilla Alden; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. E. A. Horsburgh; Registrar, Mrs. Mary Lynde Hoffman; Treasurer, Mrs. Mattie Stotts Blakeman; Registrar, Mrs. S. Isabelle Hubbard. A Board of Management was also elected, consisting of Mrs. Helen Colton Thornton, Mrs. J. M. Chretien, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Helen Satterlee French and Mrs. Leontine Spotts Keeny.

Mrs. Cabell Maddox was elected Delegate to the National Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be held in Washington, D. C., on February 22d next.

Under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution elaborate exercises were held at Trinity Episcopal Church on October 21st. A special service had been prepared by Bishop Nichols, which began with a processional hymn by the united surpliced choirs of the city parishes. Then the President's Columbus day proclamation was read by Rev. Thomas Lyman Randolph, who, besides being a great-grandson of the Benjamin Harrison who signed the Declaration of Independence, is of the Randolphs of Roanoke, and through them a descendant of the Indian Princess Pocahontas. After the reading of the proclamation a form of prayer and thanksgiving was recited, the officiants being Rev. H. D. Lathrop, D. D., Rev. E. B. Church and Rev. F. J. Mynard, who, with Rev. Hobart Chetwood, who preached the sermon, are of revolutionary descent. The sermon dealt first with the Icelandic discovery of America, but the preacher honored Columbus for the first effective exploration of the unknown West. "By means of this," said Mr. Chetwood, "man entered into conscious possession of his earthly inheritance, and legendary geography became a thing of the past. Columbus may have been a man of questionable grace, as one of his 600 biographers has said, but in estimating

his character we must remember the age in which he lived. Perhaps he was no unsullied soldier of the cross, but he was a believer in God, and we hail him as an instrument of Providence to achieve great results for Christian civilization. Under God he found the new world for the old."

The preacher then pointed out the right of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution to take a leading part in Columbus day ceremonies, and paid an eloquent tribute to the colonial forefathers and to George Washington. The need of patriotism now to stem the tide of corruption at the polls and reëstablish the civic purities of the past was the theme of the rest of the sermon.

The church was tastefully decorated, and seats were reserved for State officers, pioneers and the Revolutionary societies. The national colors appeared on the organ loft and on the walls and fecturn, while behind the altar was a cluster of American and Spanish flags. There was a profusion of flowers in the chancel.

During the services prayers were offered for the recovery of Mrs. Harrison.

The national hymn was sung with much ferver under the inspiration of the following gift:

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., Sept. 23, 1892.

MRS. S. ISABELLE HUBBARD,

State Regent for California of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

DEAR MADAM: Will you accept from me the autograph copy of the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," to be used in your approaching celebration of October 21st? I feel a deep interest in the celebration of the great event, and take pleasure in aiding you in any way in my power. The day will be a great day, not only in history, but in its influence on the patriotism of the country. We do well to regard the occasion, especially the children to whom in due course of time and events we shall soon commit the interests and control of our beloved country.

The Governor of Massachusetts in his official proclamation recommends that at a given hour the children of all schools

throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts sing in a mighty chorus the hymn, "America," at the same time. An editor suggests that this plan will probably extend beyond the limits of the State.

The hymn was written sixty years since. I have heard it sung in the four quarters of the globe, but never, it seems to me, has it been so honored as it will be on the 21st of October, which, by a happy coincidence, happens to be my eighty-fourth birthday. With great respect, I am, cordially yours,

S. F. SMITH.

This poem was written for the occasion by the distinguished author, Mr. John Vance Cheney:

## COLUMBUS.

A song for him that rode the sea,
For him that onward bore,
Rode on, to set the conqueror's foot
Upon the New World shore.

Whatever terror might oppose, Right onward would he go; The hero swore it, and he sailed Four hundred years ago.

Though darkness hung upon his day,
The eye of faith could see,
And humble trust throw open wide
The gates of victory.

From fonts that fed the seers of old
The daring sailor drew;
He heard his God, he sailed, and bound
The Old World to the New.

AUGUSTA CHAPTER, Augusta, Georgia.—The Augusta Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in February, 1892.

Officers—Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, Chapter Regent; Mrs. Theodore D. Caswell, Vice Regent; Mrs. H. G. Jeffries, Registrar; Mrs. William K.. Miller, Treasurer; Miss Annie W. Rowland, Secretary.

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Board of Managers—Mrs. William T. Gary, Mrs. Charles H. Phinizy, Mrs. Stuart Phinizy, Mrs. Eugene Verdery, Mrs. William A. Garrett, Mrs. Virginia d'A. Allen, Mrs. C. A. Withers.

Our Chapter Regent, Mrs. Morgan, has been a most efficient and invaluable officer, showing great interest and enthusiasm in the work. She resigned her office this fall, but the members, feeling that the Chapter without Mrs. Morgan would be "the play without Hamlet," refused to accept her resignation, and she was unanimously re-elected.

The membership numbers twenty-five, and deep interest is manifested in the progress of the Chapter. There is a committee who arrange for the social entertainments of the Chapter.

At the monthly meetings there are two essays read on subjects relating either to United States history or to the Society at large.

Rev. Dr. Lansing Burroughs, of this city, delivered a lecture before the Chapter on "Woman's Part in the Revolution," which was both interesting and complimentary to our Revolutionary Mothers. This is the first of a series of lectures that are to be delivered before the Chapter.

Annie W. Rowland, Secretary Augusta Chapter, Augusta, Georgia.





## OFFICIAL.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

Since the Continental Congress on February 24th, 1892.

## OCTOBER 6, 1892.

The Board met; 16 members present; Mrs. Cabell presiding. One hundred and seventy-three new members were admitted. The regular order was suspended, and Mrs. MacDonald offered the following resolution:

"We, the Board of Management of the Daughters of the American Revolution, deeply deplore the continued illness of our beloved President-General, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and desire to express for ourselves and those we represent in the United States, our profund sorrow and the sincere hope that she may soon recover and assume the responsible duty of presiding officer in our Society, in which capacity she has won the love and admiration of all her sister members."

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization reported the following ladies as having accepted the positions of Regents as stated: Miss Minnie F. Mickley, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania: Mrs. Cornelia C. Burdett, Chapter Regent of Arlington, Vermont (Green Mountain Chapter No. 2); Mrs. B. W. Hamner. Chapter Regent of Lynchburg, Virginia.

On motion, the State Regent of Pennsylvania be authorized to write to Miss Alexander in regard to her transfer to the Pittsburgh Chapter.



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On motion, it was resolved that in all cases where Chapters desire honorary life members, the Chapters are to pay the dues of such members.

On motion, Miss Hartley Graham was confirmed as an honary life member.

On motion, it was resolved that Mrs Wm. D. Cabell, be appointed to represent the Daughters of the American Revolution upon the honorary committee of the World's Congress of Representative Women, to meet in the City of Chicago during the Columbian Exhibition.

The State Regent of Pennsylvania gave notice that at the meeting in November, 1892, she would offer the following amendments:

Whereas the word ancestor in its generic sense means man or woman from whom descended; and

Whereas the eligibility clause, Article III, section 1, in the Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution, by its phraseology, rejects all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots; therefore

Resolved, That Section 1, Article III, of the Constitution be changed as follows:

SECTION I. Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years and who is descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier or sailor, or a civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States or of the United Colonies or States; provided, That the applicant be acceptable to the Society.

And whereas the word application in Section 2, Article III, might produce confusion, inasmuch as the application may be unobjectionable, while the applicant may not be satisfactory; therefore

Resolved, That Section 2, Article III, of the Constitution D. A. R. be changed to read as follows:

SEC. 2. Every applicant for membership must be endorsed by at least one member of the National Society, and her application shall then be submitted to the Registrar-General who

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shall report on the question of eligibility to the General Board of Management, when the question of admission shall be voted upon by the Board by ballot, and if a majority of said Board approve such application, the applicant, after payment of the initiation fee, shall be enrolled as a member of the National Society.

On motion, it was resolved that the certificates of Mrs. Mc-Allister Laughton, and Miss Emily Harper (D. A. R.), be framed aud sent to Mount Vernon, as both ladies were prominent in that association.

Official action upon the letter of the Historian-General was postponed on account of the lateness of the hour.

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ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,

Acting Secretary.

### **ELIGIBILITY.\***

### A Statement.

A reference to the official report of the proceedings of the Board of Management will show that an amendment to the constitution has been offered which will receive further consideration at a later meeting of the Board. The main purpose of the amendment relates to the clause "Mother of a Patriot."

In the preliminary organization of the Society August 9, 1890, the constitution as then revised and accepted did not include this clause; nor was it included in the constitution as accepted and adopted, subject to revision, at the meeting of October 11, 1890. But it was either at that meeting or immediately after it that the words "Mother of a Patriot" were suggested, and favorably received by those who heard the suggestion.

At the first meeting of the executive committee the constitution came from the "Committee on Constitution" with this clause inserted, and it was, after some deliberation, accepted by the executive committee, and referred by them to the Skiety, which voted for it, and all other amendments and changes recommended. This clause was thus incorporated in the constitution. At a meeting of the Board of Management in December, 1891, a resolution was offered to discard the clause "Mother of a Patriot," but it was voted down unanimously. Having been received with so much favor, in the final revision of the constitution May 26, 1891, the question was not brought up for consideration.

The understanding of the framers of the constitution in the eligibility section was:

First. That the word ancestor in the clause, "descended from an ancestor, etc.," clearly meant either man or woman.

Second. That the word patriot, in the clause "recognized fatriot," clearly meant either man or woman.

<sup>\*</sup>The pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY for January, 1893, will be ren to suitable papers on this subject.—Ed.

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Third. That through the introduction of these two expressions, both men and women of the Revolution would be equally honored.

Fourth. That women having been overlooked or ignored in the commemoration of Revolutionary heroism it was well to go a step farther in recognizing the work of women in the cause of independence, by giving them special honor as mothers. This method of recognizing the heroism of woman was believed to be in harmony with the spirit of the eighteenth century when the whole force of woman's intellectual power was given over to the duties of motherhood; the women who were childless esteeming it their highest privilege to aid the sister, aunt or cousin in their motherly duties.

This method of recognizing the "Mother of a Patriot" it was believed would throw the new society into the progressive spirit of the nineteenth, the woman's century, by giving tangible form to the part women had taken in the cause of independence, by granting her the special privilege of giving to the society the descendants of childless heroes. Whatever the status of woman may be now, or in the future, it cannot be forgotten that in the last century her honors came through husbands and sons.

Fifth. The framers of the constitution did not adopt this clause in regard to women on the claim that it was a logical position, for they purposely excluded all collaterals except such as came by the "mother of a patriot." The intention was to emphasize the magnitude of the results which developed through the endurance, the labors and the enthusiasm of the women of the Revolution. They believed this object worth the sacrifice of the admitted value of a line of lineal descent—upon which so many other societies are founded.

Whether this broadening of the line of descent in one direction has accomplished or promises to accomplish the desired result is a question which may, perhaps, be solved by reference to the records of the National Society; if the wording of the section is so vague as to cause a misunderstanding of its meaning it may be made more clear; for the constitution, like that

of the United States, is not inflexible, but provides for amendments under suitable restrictions. The following is a copy of Article IX:

### ARTICLE IX.—Amendments.

Amendments to this constitution may be offered at any meeting of the Board of Management, but shall not be acted upon until the next meeting thereof. If approved by a majority of the Board, a copy thereof shall be sent to the Regent and Secretary of every Chapter, and to each State Regent, at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the Continental Congress of the Society at which it is proposed to be acted upon, and if adopted by a majority of the Congress, such amendments shall be in full force thereafter.

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## ELIGIBILITY.

## Its Various Aspects.

From the report of the discussion on the eligibility clause in the constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution it appears that there is not perfect unanimity of view among the members either as to what this article means or what it should mean. It reads thus:

"Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and who is descended from an ancestor who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as a soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or States, or of the united Colonies or States, or from the mother of such patriot; provided that the application shall be acceptable to the Society."

One member objected to receiving the descendants of those who fought against the forefathers whom the order wishes to honor. By this she evidently meant that if membership of all the descendants of a mother who had one patriot son were indiscriminately admitted, then the descendants of her Tory sons and daughters would be eligible.

It was objected by another member to this argument that were it not for the word "Mother" a great many patriots and soldiers would have no representation. This is obviously true where the direct line of the ancestor who performed the service has died out. In this case the descendants of others nearest his mother or father might supply a link between him and a representative in the order. The same speaker would have the clause altered to provide for descent from either a man or woman who worked for the cause of independence; and herein, as it seems to the writer, she touched upon the real inconsistency to be remedied.

It was added that the great Washington himself would have no representation in the order should the word "Mother" be omitted from the clause.

It is a question which admits of great divergence of view whether a line however illustrious should be declared extinct when it only can be established by tracing it through the persons of hostile contemporaries of the Revolutionists. A rule forbidding such inheritance, while not illogical, would prove a hardship to those who, though descendants of the illustrious founder, and themselves patriotic, would be excluded from fellowship on account of the views of one or more of the ancestors who formed intermediate links. It would seem broader and more equitable to allow the claim of blood to be paramount and one Patriot founder to outweigh a dozen Tory links in the chain.

But it is probable that the meaning of the first speaker, who would alter the present application of the word "Mother" in the clause, was not clearly appreciated. This speaker disclaimed any intention of restricting inheritance to male lines, but thought that the word "Mother" as used in the paragraph might be made the means of conferring distinction upon those who ought to be ineligible.

And, indeed, the use of "Mother" for the purpose of authorizing collateral descent seems invidious. Why not "mother or father," or still better, "the nearest kin"? It will hardly be claimed by a society of women which has made descent from a male patriot a necessary requirement, that collateral descent may not be derived from a kinsman of this founder.

Nothing need be said of the view expressed by another member in the Congress, that so long as the descendants were loyal it mattered not whether the ancestors were for or against American independence. This principle might lead to the establishment of a very worthy society of patriots, but not of Daughters of the American Revolution.

There are three points in the eligibility clause before referred to which in the writer's opinion are entitled to additional consideration.

The first is in the use of the word "application" when the context seems to show clearly that "applicant" is meant. A very undesirable applicant might make the most unapproachably perfect application, and yet be inadmissible.

The second relates to the use of the word "Mother" which at present does not in any way assist in the recognition of an ancestress as original founder, while it materially restricts the number who might otherwise with justice claim the rights of collateral inheritance through the father of the founder.

The third is the principal point, and one to which the undersigned alluded in his address before the first Continental Congress, D. A. R., in Washington last February: it is that in a society of women, all of whom recognize the inestimable service rendered by women to the cause of liberty, descent must be proved from some patriotic man. Of course it is apparent that this is the case even with the words "or the mother of such patriot" in the clause, for without the male patriot the mother will not avail. This curious anomaly exists, the writer believes, in the constitutions of all similar women's societies. such as the Colonial Dames, etc. It seems strangely inconsistent in the constitution of an order whose Chaplain-General has said so eloquently that "the success of our forefathers depended quite as much upon the sacrifice, devotion and enthusiasm of the foremothers as upon any other cause," and in which another gifted member in a burst of eloquence, supplementing the report of the historian, says: "In their lonely cabins along the frontier there were women as fearless, with souls as faithful, as ever dared death in the battle-field, and it is due to them as well as to the soldier-men that the United States became a free independent nation."

PERSIFOR FRAZER.

August, 1892.

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### ELIGIBILITY.

Lineal Descent — The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

In regular meeting assembled on this 3d day of September, 1892, the 109th anniversary of the treaty of Paris—whereby King George III acknowledged the United States of America to be free, sovereign and independent States.

Ex-President A. S. Hubbard presented the following preamble and resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution in defining the requisite qualifications for membership, provides that any woman 'who is descended from an ancestor, who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or States, or of the united colonies or States, or from the mother of such a patriot, is eligible to said Society;' and

"Whereas, the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution consider the qualifications for membership the basis as well as the bulwark of the organization, and believing that the objects of the Society would be better enhanced by a strict observance to the letter of lineal descent, as first intended and formulated by the founders of the Order of the Sons of the American Revolution, and viewing with more than ordinary dismay the slackening of the lines of eligibility and departure from the first principles of the Order, as promulgated by its originators, by admitting to membership others than those of 'lineal descent;' therefore be it

"Resolved, That we most earnestly request the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their next Continental Congress. to eliminate from their constitution the words: 'or from the

mother of such a patriot.' Be it further

"Resolved, That the President and Secretary of this Society shall cause a copy of this resolution to be brought to the attention of the officers and members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution with the request that immediate action be taken thereon. Also, that a copy be furnished to the AMERICAN MONTHLY for publication."

Roscoe S. Gray, Secretary.

JNO. W. MOORE, Chief Engineer, U. S. N. President.

### ELIGIBILITY.

## Mother of a Patriot.

Before our Society had been in existence many months we found there was some difference of opinion regarding the collateral membership provided by the Constitution. However, up to the time of the first Congress in February, 1892, it took no practical shape. Then it appeared in the form of an appeal from one of the Chapters, to have the Constitution amended so as to admit only those of lineal descent. This was voted upon and defeated—a majority of the Regents and Delegates desiring to retain it as it now stands.

Those, however, who favor the change have worked energetically during the year to bring the proposed amendment before the States and Chapters, and finally, before the Congress of 1893, for general discussion and if possible adoption at that time. Two Chapters only have sent to Washington formal resolutions on the subject, but even two are entitled to a respectful hearing.

On the other hand quite a number of Regents and members have written that they would be glad to have both sides presented, in order that they may thoroughly understand what is proposed. Let us give as briefly as possible the reasons offered for the change, and those against it.

In favor of it: 1. The precedent set by other similar societies.
2. The danger that Tory blood may be admitted through collateral lines. 3. The inappropriateness of calling ourselves "daughters" unless we are literally such. 4. The Constitution as it now is, rejects all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots.

Against it: 1. Of similar societies adhering strictly to lineal descent, only one, the "Cincinnati," is old enough to be a fair example of the working of such principle, and it is dying out for lack of material. If this is doubted one can test it by taking from the Revolutionary Records some prominent name, and following down his different descendants, watching

the lineal line becoming thin and dying out, while the collateral preads and grows, and becomes the final channel for carrying on the blood to the coming generations.

- 2. There are Tories in the lineal lines as well as the collateral, families being divided then as they were during our Civil War. To prove this, we find lineal desendants of soldiers or officers, who having patriot grandfathers, had Tory great-grandfathers, or patriot great-grandfathers, had Tory grandfathers.
- 3. Those who are loyal to any cause, and serve it, are properly called Daughters, or Sons of such cause. "Precedent" the world over proves this. Or, if we insist on a literal interpretation of the word "Daughters," shall we not be consistent and insist on a literal interpretation of the word "National," and how can we call ourselves a National Society if we shut out the collateral, nine-tenths, and retain only the lineal, one-tenth, of loyal Revolutionary blood?
- 4. "As the word ancestor in its generic sense means man and woman," therefore the present constitution does not shut out all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots, and the practical proof of this is, that we have members who have entered the Society through these women who were active patriots.

In addition to these statements the following are submitted as bearing upon the case.

- I. In this Society, formed for honoring the women of the Revolution, the new amendment would ignore all women unless they rendered active service (so called). Their moulding power in the home is counted a cipher, for a Tory grandmother would have no power to shut out an applicant, if she had a patriot grandfather, nor would a loyal grandmother have power to admit as a member one who had a Tory grandfather. In both these cases the woman would not count, and this in face of the truth everywhere acknowledged, that the mother's influence forms the character and gives color to the life.
- 2. The sure trend of the new amendmentment is toward exclusiveness, and a National Society cannot be exclusive. The terms contradict each other. If we wish to be exclusive we must give up national power.

3. What is the chief object of our Society, and its work for the future? To hold a record of Revolutionary descent, or to preserve the liberties and rights for which our heroes fought? To have a congenial organization, or to save the American race and American principles from being wiped out?

The twentieth century is knocking at our doors, and it will be preëminently the century of the people. Let us have a care lest in making our Society "strictly lineal" we blot out its very place and name.

Lastly. One of the State Societies of Sons of the American Revolution has sent a circular, earnestly requesting us to eliminate our clause admitting collaterals, and advising "immediate action." Does this not come with singular inappropriateness from a society which voted at one of its grand national reunions not to admit women to membership? Had it not been for such action we would probably be members with them to-day. This new-born zeal comes too late to weigh in our decision—whatever it may be.

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Mrs. H. V. BOYNTON.

## EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

It is with pleasure we announce that at a meeting of the Board of Management of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held at 1505 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., on November 16th, 1892, that the following motion, made by Mrs. Walworth, was passed:

Resolved, that to facilitate the collection of a fund of \$1500. for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States and the first President-General of this Society: the said Portrait to be placed in the White House, the Board of Management of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution authorize the action of a National Committee to be composed of all officers of the National Society, State Regents and Chapter Regents, and Honorary Officers, all of whom will be ex-Officio members of the Committee: and that the Vice-President-General Presiding shall be authorized to appoint a Chairman, and also a Treasurer to receive, report upon, and receipt for contributions; and that any surplus moneys collected over and above the amount required for the Portrait, shall be appropriated to the permanent fund for the House of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be erected in Washington, D. C., a project in which Mrs. Harrison had taken an earnest and active interest.

The names of the officers who comprise the National Committee are given in this number of The American Monthly, and it is expected that they will act without further notification and send contributions to the Treasurer named by the Vice-President Presiding.

## SATURD THE PROPERTY.



Carolini Scott Harrison

LATE PRESIDENT-GENERAL, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



## Died

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH, 1892,

# Caroline Scott Harrison,

WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND

FIRST PRESIDENT GENERAL

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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## In Memoriam.

C. S. H., OBIIT OCTOBER 25, 1892.

THE LONG, SWEET BREATH OF AUTUMN DAY
HANGS O'ER THE MELLOW LAND,
WHILE, BOWED IN GRIEF A NATION'S HEART
WAITS ON DEATH'S GRIM COMMAND.

SLOWLY THE HOURS' PULSE HATH TOLD

THE PASSING OF OUR HOPE;

SLOWLY THE SUN'S DECLINING RAYS

HAS MEASURED OUT ITS SCOPE.

GRIMLY THE VISITOR NOW STANDS,

NOR WILL HE PASS AWAY

'TILL HE SHALL BEAR UPON HIS SHIELD

ALL BUT THE SILENT CLAY

AND THE SWEET MEMORY OF DEEDS

WHOSE WEALTH WAS DEARLY BOUGHT!

O BURDENED HEARTS! THE LESSON HEED

THE ANGEL'S STEP HATH TAUGHT.

SET NOT YOUR CLINGING HEARTS ON EARTH,

LEST YE SHOULD LOVE TOO WELL;

NOT EARTH'S FRAIL WALLS CAN STEADFAST STAND
'NEATH TIME'S SUBDUING SPELL!

Take her, O land which gave her birth;

Pillow her on thy breast!

We gave her love and tender thought,

God gives her endless rest!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW MORRIS.

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# OFFICIAL.

## OCTOBER 25, 1892.

The Board of Management met for the purpose of expressing the feelings inspired by the sad dispensation which had deprived the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of its honored President, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

The following members were present: Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Kennon, Mrs. Field, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Cockrell, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Greely, Mrs. Devereux, Miss Desha, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith.

Mrs. Cockrell presided while Mrs. Cabell offered the following resolutions, which were accepted:

Ladies of the Board of Management: At a time when the people of every section and every creed in this broad land are called upon to mourn with the Chief Executive and his family, it becomes us as a body of Christian women bereft of our President, who herself was so worthy of our love and respect, to express as far as words can perform the task our admiration for the deceased, our tenderest sympathy with the bereaved; therefore,

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from the place she filled so worthily and well, our President and the wife of the President of the United States: Be it

Resolved, That Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison has so faithfully represented the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and so amply discharged every duty devolving upon her in the organization of this national society, that she has won the boundless love and admiration of all associated with her in the great work.

Resolved, That we recognize in the fullest degree the extent of our obligations to the unpretending tact and sound judg-

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ment of the true American lady whose simplicity of character and practical good sense sustained her in every trial and largely contributed to the rapid and permanent organization of the society now called upon to mourn her loss.

Resolved, That as Daughters of the American Revolution we propose to emulate her high example and continue faithfully to build the noble edifice of which she has been the corner-stone.

Resolved, That as the National Board of Management we recommend to the society at large the generous aims and disinterested earnestness of Mrs. Harrison.

Resolved, That as the immediate colaborers and friends of our late president, we tender to her husband and family the expression of our personal regard and deep personal sympathy. As representatives of the great society which honored Mrs. Harrison as its head, we bow with reverence before the decrees of Providence, and pray that the chastening hand of the Almighty Father, who hath sent this dispensation upon the President of the United States and upon us, may soothe the wounds His wisdom hath inflicted.

On motion of Mrs. Boynton it was resolved that the resolutions be engrossed and a copy be sent to President Harrison and family. Also, to be given to the Associated Press for publication.

On motion of Mrs. Walworth it was resolved that the Board of Management attend the meeting of the resident members of the society, called together for the purpose of expressing their sympathy for the bereaved family of the President, not as members of the board, but as Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington.

On motion, a committee of three, composed of Mrs. Alexander, Miss Desha, and Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, was appointed to select a suitable floral offering, to be sent to the White House, in the name of the "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

On motion the meeting adjourned.

The Committee selected, for the Floral Tribute of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

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a broken column, four feet high, made of the rarest roses and a few other choice flowers, the column rising out of a bed of apparently growing flowers. It stood near the head of the honored dead during the funeral services, and accompanied the remains to their final resting place. Upon the return of the President and his family to Washington, after the funeral services, the following acknowledgment was received:

## EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

The President and his family beg to express to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, their appreciation of the beautiful tribute of flowers, and of the tender expression of sympathy with them in their bereavement.

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Provided the second second

MRS. WM. D. CABELL,

Vice-President-General Presiding.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The nation has been silent, and has wept with the President and his family around the bier of his wife, the foremost woman of America. But the great pulse of national life must resume its even beat, the tide of practical affairs sweeps onward and waits not the slow movement of the sorrow stricken. Yet we, Daughters of the American Revolution, have no need to hasten on-let us rather linger around the grave of "our beloved," and dwell on the loveliness of her character, the purity of her life, and the elevation of her aims. versal tribute to these higher qualities of Mrs. Harrison's nature has been so marked that we can but repeat some of the words already spoken when we call attention to the characteristics that made her the model American woman, whose example we should all emulate. It has been said that "no higher eulogy of Mrs. Harrison could be spoken than that she has graced an American home and has won the esteem and respect of all who ever came in contact with her.

"In truth, the home which Mrs. Harrison made was of the kind which real men and real women delight to point to as an example of what all homes should be. America is the nation of happy homes—happy where love rules and where fleeting vanity is not the household idol. America was settled by men in search of just such homes—where liberty and freedom could be enjoyed, where the wife could be the equal of the husband. Married early in life and of the same age, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have gone through life together untouched by the tongue of slander, unscathed by criticism other than that of partisan politics. They knew what it was to struggle for a livelihood. They worked for each other, cheerful under the most adverse circumstances, superior to all trials, and ready to bear the burden that each day might impose. When such a man as President Harrison and such a woman as Mrs. Harrison has shown herself to be in a long and most useful life are elevated to positions of honor, the people honor themselves in their

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choice. It is a tribute to true American citizenship, to the true American home. These homes are the strength of the people. They make of the nation a law-abiding and peaceloving people."

Mrs. Harrison did not limit the exercise of her virtues to the circle of domestic and social duties. She was prominent, during her whole life, in many good works, and in Washington was a leading spirit in various charities, and made special efforts in behalf of the Garfield Hospital; it was her greatest pleasure to relieve the distressed and comfort those who were in affliction. She was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years taught in the Sunday school of the church in Indianapolis. In her religious life she displayed that beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice and earnestness which inspired her every act. The evenness of her temper, and the cheerful and ever joyous light that so constantly illumined her mobile countenance was but the outward manifestation of this inner purity of soul.

Mrs. Harrison's habits of industry and accurate attention to detail kept her physical and intellectual powers constantly on the alert, and contributed to that freedom from worry, which left her more time than is usually at the disposal of persons in high station for the pursuits that pleased her taste. Thus, even in the White House, where demands on time and attention are so imperative, she continued to read the best books of the day and to devote many hours to painting in the higher order of decorative art. In this art the delicacy of her taste and the subtle aroma of her tender sentiment was evinced by her devotion to nature and her choice of subjects and their treatment.

The long cultivation of her artistic powers, combined with her intimate knowledge of all the requirements of a comfortable and luxurious home, fitted her peculiarly for the work which seemed to come into her hands in the preparation of a plan for the enlargement of the White House. This historic mansion is dear to the national heart, which throbs with a sort of pride in its simplicity of appearance, even while the national practical sense admits the inadequacy of the venerable house to the needs of the present time. Mrs.

Harrison, keenly sympathetic as she was to the trend of the national instincts, knew that the old mansion must be preserved. not simply as a relic or a public office, but as a home: and sympathetic also as she was with the progressive spirit of her country, she conceived the happy project of preservation and expansion that appears in her plan for the enlargement of the White House to meet the urgent requirements of an exacting age. The Daughters of the American Revolution may hope with equal earnestness that this plan for the White House will be carried out, and that the other plan for a "House of the Daughters," in which Mrs. Harrison manifested so warm an interest, may also soon reach its consummation. No more fitting monuments could be erected to the memory of Mrs. Harrison, the model American daughter, wife and mother, than the completion of these two "Homes" in the capital of the nation, according to the plans conceived in her fertile mind, prompted by her enthusiastic patriotism.

Caroline Scott Harrison was born in Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, the daughter of John Witherspoon Scott and Mary Scott, granddaughter of George McElroy Scott, great-granddaughter of John Scott and Jane M. Scott, and great-great-granddaughter of Robert Scott, who was a member of the Scottish Parliament before the union of the crown. Her great-grandfather, John Scott, was commissary general of the Pennsylvania line, and rendered efficient service in the Revolutionary struggle for independence. Her father, Dr. John Witherspoon Scott, was a pioneer minister of the Presbyterian Church, and educator at Oxford, Ohio. He was the president of a well-known young ladies' academy at that place, where his daughters were educated. It was here that Benjamin Harrison, then a student in Miami University, met his future wife.

"Mrs. Harrison was a very pretty girl, and her beauty never left her. In earlier years she was slender, but these lines gave way to the fulness that comes with years and maternity. Her hair was black and her complexion clear. She had a mouth that gave sweetness and character to her face. Her eye was dark and full of repose, but when she smiled it was the smile of mirth and unaffected good nature.

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"Mrs. Harrison's life during her husband's struggle for success as a lawyer, legislator, soldier and statesman was that quiet home life which is so characteristic of American homes. the influence of which is clearly manifest in the character of our American citizens in their thrift, energy and progress. During all these years she showed herself the self-sacrificing, selfdenying wife and mother. In every position she filled, whether the wife of the poor lawyer, the daring soldier, the Senator, or the President of the United States, she displayed rare adaptability. The wife of the President of the United States is by virtue of her position 'the first lady of the land.' In this position the opportunities of showing true womanhood are of daily occur-No one, unless acquainted with official life in Washington, can fully realize the difficulties of her position. Questions of rank, precedent, and official etiquette; questions arising from envy, jealously, and the ambition of those who seek preferment; appeals for charity and assistance for those who have real as well as fancied wrongs; the public duties of social life, and the demands of her own family occupy the time and attention of the wife of the President. To meet all of these is a crucial test of a woman's character, bringing forthall her qualities and ambitions. Mrs. Harrision met these demands with wonderful success, and she endeared herself to all who knew her by her unostentatious, natural womanliness."

What words can we, Daughters of the American Revolution, use to express our appreciation of Mrs. Harrison's responsibility and efforts as head of this important society, national, historical and patriotic; founded on a genealogical basis to honor the women of the Revolution, and the influence and results of home labor, manual, intellectual and moral, performed by Revolutionary women; a society as far-reaching in its influence, as active in its work, as pronounced in its results as any moral force which has been launched in this woman's century; a society whose roots are laid deep in the soil of religious truth and the conservatism of family life, and whose branches are pread to the brilliant sunshine of the advanced spirit of our age; a society whose title deeds of proven descent live in stately volumes of well-attested records on its own shelves, and whose members represent much of the noblest activity of American civilization and American principles.



The broad mind and strong patriotic instincts of Mrs. Harrison grasped at once the meaning and the possibilities which lay in the germ of this great organization when fluttering in the first throes of its existence. Her tender mother's heart and strong womanly hand were reached out to cherish the infancy of this "young American," which promised vigor in the future. Is it strange then that when on her dying bed the message went to her in her feebleness—borne with such saintly patience—that this society had grown strong enough to try and express its gratitude to her by pledging itself that a portrait of her loved countenance should dwell perpetually in the historic home of the nation, the White House—that the message was met by a smile of affectionate response which proved it was welcome.

Daughters of the American Revolution! we may have other Presidents who will honor the position equally with her whom we have lost; but as the mother yearns over her first-born so, O sisters, must we lament the dispensation that has taken our first head from us; yet do we not grieve as those without hope, for, if so, the cheerfulness and repose of her life, and the story of her activities would be a reproach to us. Still in the words of our lately departed national poet we breathe our regret:

### A LAMENT.

The parted spirit,
Knoweth it not our sorrow?
Answereth not
It's blessing to our tears?

The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken— One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken— One heart from among us no longer shall thrill With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumbering now The light of her glances, the pride of her brow, Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

O, who can forget the mild light of her smile, Over lips moved with music and feeling the while— The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear, In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear

And the charm of her features, while over the whole Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul, And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems Murmured low in our ear by the angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold— The love and the kindness and pity which gave Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to charity's claim— Unmoved from its purpose by censure or blame, While vainly alike on her eye and her ear Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jester and jeer.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The announcements of Regents, resolutions of Chapters, etc., are given here as far as they have been received. There has doubtless been similar action in many Chapters whose record has not yet reached THE AMERICAN MONTHLY.

RHODE ISLAND.—At a meeting of the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the Burnside Memorial Building Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. J. Russell Bullock, Chapter Regent, presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and a copy of the same ordered to be forwarded to the President of the United States, and that they be published in the Bristol *Phænix*:

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our beloved and respected President-General, Daughters of the American Revolution, Caroline Scott Harrison; therefore

Resolved, That the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, hereby tenders its profound sympathy to the husband and children of our late President-General in this their great bereavement.

Resolved, That in the various relations of daughter, wife and mother, Caroline Scott Harrison exhibited at all times the highest type of American womanhood. And that alike at her

home at Indianapolis, where her young married life began, and up to the day of her death, as the wife of the President of the United States, and ranking as the "first lady in the land," her life was marked by unusual modesty, gentleness, refinement, charity, high intelligence and a nobility of character that in her social relations knew no partisan feelings, no rank resting on wealth only, and no merit save that which springs from an unselfish devotion to country and to God.

## Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth.

DEAR MADAM:—Will you please extend the sincere sympathy of the Pawtucket Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, our beloved President-General. Cordially yours,

Anna H. Park, Registrar.

Pawtucket, R. I., October 14, 1892.

NEW YORK.—At a regular monthly meeting of Wiltwyck Chapter of the City of Kingston, County of Ulster, and State of New York, held in Kingston, New York, at the home of the Chapter Regent, Miss M. I. Forsyth, November the 3d, 1892, the usual order of business was temporarily suspended, while the following preamble and resolutions in memory of our loved and honored President, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, were offered by Mrs. Charles Burhaus, and unanimously adopted by the Chapter:

Whereas for many months our anxieties and hopes have clustered about the bedside of Mrs. Harrison, President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and wife of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States; and

Whereas the painful word has come to us that one so honored and beloved has been taken from the circle of home and kindred and country;

Resolved, That we, the Wiltwyck Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Kingston, New York, bear loving testimony to the many graces which adorned the char-

acter of Mrs. Harrison. That in all the various positions she was called to fill, whether as the loving wife, the tender mother, or as the presiding lady of the White House, with the ready tact which wins all hearts, she ever evinced a character so symmetrical, so beautified, through experience so enlarged, through its sympathies, that while we mourn with our country, we mourn our loss in her as sister and friend;

Resolved, Especially we bear in loving remembrance Mrs. Harrison's warm-hearted interest in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and that among the last social acts of her life was the reception given at the White House to the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the evening of February the twenty-fourth, 1892;

Resolved, We extend to President Harrison and his family the sympathy one can feel but cannot express, and commend them to Him whose guiding care has been the watchword of their lives;

Resolved, The Wiltwyck Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution shall wear a black ribbon in addition to other society insignia until March the first, 1893;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Regent and Secretaries of the Chapter, be sent to President Harrison.

MRS. CHARLES BURHAUS,

Historian of the Wiltwyck Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, October 25, 1892.—To the Members of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution: With feelings of the deepest and tenderest regret, the Regent announces the death of Caroline Scott Harrison, President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the President of the United States, which occurred at the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., this morning, just as the early rays of dawn were brightening the eastern horizon, as if to lighten her spirit to that realm to which we all, "one by one," are hastening.

Caroline Scott Harrison was born at Oxford, Butler County, Ohio. She was the daughter of Rev. John Witherspoon Scott, a pioneer educator and Presbyterian minister, granddaughter of George McElroy Scott, and great-grandaughter of John Scott, who was the son of Robert Scott, a member of the Scottish Parliament.

Her Revolutionary ancestor, Colonel John Scott, was Commissary-General of the Pennsylvania Line, an account of whose service in the struggle for American Independence is to be found in the historic pages of the annals of that State.

She married Benjamin Harrison October 20, 1853.

When the National Society was organized October 11, 1890, she was unanimously elected President-General, and was reëlected at the Continental Congress of 1892.

She was 'ever faithful to the duties and obligations of her office.

Her work on earth is ended.

While we sit under the shadow of a great sorrow, and deplore the inevitable decree which has removed her from her place of usefulness and honor, let us, reverently "kissing the rod that smites us," put our trust in an all Infinite Father, "who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men."

Members will drape their badges in mourning.

By order of

MARY E. ALVORD,

Regent.

G. C. ORD HOLLADAY, Vice-Regent.

ALMA PRISCILLA ALDEN,

Recording Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Members Resident and Chapters.—At a meeting held on the evening of October 25th, 1892, the following resolution was passed:

Whereas Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison was from the date of its organization the honored President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; and

Whereas the success and prosperity of the organization are largely due to her active interest and cordial coöperation; therefore

Resolved, That in her death the Society sustains an irreparable loss, and that we hereby tender the heartfelt sympathy of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington to the President of the United States and his family in this our common sorrow, which by the inscrutable dispensation of Providence we now sustain.

MRS. B. W. KENNON, Regent of the District of Columbia.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Pennsylvania has sent out a notice to the ladies representing the Society in the Counties of Allegheny, Philadelphia, Dauphin, Berks, Lehigh, Washington, Northumberland, Lancaster, Venango, Luzerne, York and Perry, suggesting that the members of each Chapter wear a black ribbon rosette with pin for thirty days as an emblem of mourning for the President-General of the National Society, Mrs. Harrison. A handsome floral tribute was sent to the White House in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

NEW BERNE, N. C., November 7, 1892.

Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell.

DEAR MADAM:—I desire to express through you to the Board of Management of Daughters of the American Revolution my participation in their feelings of regret at the death of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the honored president of the society. It was impossible for me to be present at the called meeting on October 25, as I was just returning to North Carolina at that time, but I read with interest and pleasure of the beautiful floral tribute sent by the "Daughters" on the occasion of the funeral, expressive of their tender sympathy.

Very respectfully,

MARY McK. NASH, State Regent for North Carolina.

[Telegram.]

Augusta, Ga., October 26, 1892.

To Mrs. WM. D. CABELL,

No. 1407 Massachusetts avenue:

The Augusta Chapter desires to express to the Board of Management its sense of loss in the death of the President General.

MRS. THOS. S. MORGAN,

Regent.

To Mrs. M. V. E. CABELL,

Vice-President General Presiding, and the National Board of Management:

As Regent for Virginia of the Daughters of the American Revolution I desire to express for them, and for myself, our sincere regret at the death of our honored President General, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, and to the members of the National Board, who were so nearly associated with her in the noble work of the society, I offer my heartfelt sympathy in their irreparable loss.

LUCY GRAY HENRY,

Regent for Virginia.

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October 25, 1892.

VIRGINIA.—The Old Dominion Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution held a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association Building October 25. A committee was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions of regret at the death of Mrs. Harrison, who was President-General of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution. The ladies decided to work during the coming winter to raise funds for furnishing the "Lee House" for the Virginia Historical Society. A great many new members were received.

Whereas the Old Dominion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have shared in the distress which has been so universally felt in the death of our President General.

Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, and desire to record their sense of the great loss which the society has sustained; therefore be it—

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the untimely affliction which has robbed us, in our infancy, of our chief executive. Her lovely character has shed a lustre upon the office she so efficiently and gracefully filled, and her memory will ever remain a precious legacy.

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to enter these resolutions upon the records of our chapter, and that a copy be sent to the Vice-President General of the National Board of Management, and also to the President of the United States.

MARY MANN PAGE NEWTON,

Acting for Secretary of the Old Dominion Chapter D. A. R.

Richmond, Virginia, November 5, 1892.

WARREN AND PRESCOTT CHAPTER, Boston, November 22.—Whereas the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has met with an irreparable loss in the death of its honored President-General, Caroline Scott Harrison; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Warren and Prescott Chapter, of Boston, fully realizing the ardent patriotism and disinterestedness of her who has been their active head, extends to the National Society its sincere sympathy. The members of this Chapter wish to express their appreciation of the dignity, kindliness and simplicity of the departed, of her enthusiastic interest in this Society and of her confidence in the success and extensive influence of the new organization.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States and to the Vice-President General of the National Society.

> MISS REBECCA WARREN BROWN, Honorary Regent of Massachusetts.

NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.—A Special Meeting of New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, convened, pursuant to Regent's call, at Sherry's October 25th, 1892, to take appropriate action upon the death of its honored and beloved President, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

Regent in the chair; quorum present; meeting called to order. After feeling remarks the Regent asked to be empowered to have transmitted to President Harrison and his family suitable Resolutions (properly engrossed) upon the death of Mrs. Harrison, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A Resolution to that effect was offered and unanimously carried.

The Regent appointed the Secretary of this Chapter a committee of one to draft official Resolutions. They read as follows:

Whereas it has seemed good to God, in whom she devoutly trusted, to take into life eternal, where light perpetual may shine upon her, Caroline Scott Harrison, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the President of the United States; be it

Resolved, That, as President of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Harrison has, for her abilities, commanded the highest respect of that organization; for her gracious presence, its loyal admiration; for the dignified loveliness of her character, keen appreciation from her fellow-women, who have regarded her as an epitome of true womanliness.

Resolved, That as words of eulogy seem faint when applied to our President, so the verbal expression of the poignant grief at her loss felt by the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, seems weak; but the sensibilities of the Chapter are stirred to their depths with the knowledge that a head whose like may not be seen again has been taken from that body of which it is a living part; and with the tender emotion evoked by the thought that, as the earliest Chapter formed in connection with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the New York City Chapter is, as it were, the first born of Mrs. Harrison's official children, growing to maturity under her fostering care—now mourning, therefore, with peculiar intensity the severing of such a tie.



Resolved, That this Chapter sorrows in twofold manner, as an official body and in individual heart-throbs, as to many members of this New York organization Mrs. Harrison was a personal acquaintance, a beloved friend.

Resolved, That to her husband and to her family be conveyed an expression of the earnest and abiding sympathy of the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in this their day of desolation, and that a copy of the foregoing resolutions be properly engrossed and forwarded to the President of the United States.

[Signed]

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus,

Regent.

MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, Secretary.

The Regent reported the sending to Mrs. Harrison ere her death exquisite flowers, that pleasure might be given our President during her life, as well as respect shown after death. She instructed the Secretary to read a touching letter from Mrs. Harrison's niece, acknowledging the flowers and telling of Mrs. Harrison's gratification—they being the last token reaching her from the outside world ere unconsciousness supervened. The Regent also desired to be empowered to send a floral tribute worthy of this Chapter as immediately as possible to the White House.

The resolution was offered and unanimously carried.

Having previously asked Mrs. Pryor to take the chair, the Regent read from the floor, as follows:

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Harrison was short, extending over the past two years, since my connection with this Society. But the affection I felt for her was as strong as if I had known her for many years. I may say it was love at first sight, and I am happy in the belief that my sentiment was reciprocated. Indeed, her sweet, gentle, though strong, nature attracted every one to her.

"It was a privilege to come under the influence of her smile, and I shall consider it one of the bright spots in my life when I had the pleasure of meeting her, and I am grateful to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the opportunity it afforded me to add the words affectionate friend to my honored and beloved President."



Supplementing the written words with the tenderest tribute to Mrs. Harrison as a woman, admiration for her abilities in her public station, the Regent's sense that the Daughters of the American Revolution had met with grievous loss in her removal from the presidency.

The Regent having resumed the chair, Mrs. Pryor voiced in eloquent words her judgment of Mrs. Harrison's strength and charm of character and the sorrow of the Chapter at her death, deploring, too, the fact that now is forever silenced that wise advice which Mrs. Harrison had intimated her intention of bestowing upon New York City Chapter in reference to a point probably to be discussed at the next Continental Congress.

Mrs. John Sherwood added her timely and felicitous tribute to Mrs. Harrison's personality and her expression of the widespread distress felt at her being taken from that earthly life to which she gave dignity and benison.

Mrs. Sherwood moved that a resolution of thanks be tendered Mrs. Doremus for thoughtfulness in sending flowers before her death. Carried.

After the offering and carrying of a resolution that, as is customary in an official body at such a time, an emblem of mourning (a crêpe knot attached to left shoulder by pin of the Society) be worn for thirty days, the meeting adjourned.

[Signed]

MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, October 21, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Doremus:

May I ask you to convey to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution the most sincere thanks from the members of Mrs. Harrison's family for the exquisite floral gift received last night for Mrs. Harrison, and which was shown to her this morning, and, my dear Mrs. Doremus, your beautiful note accompanying it was appreciated as much as the flowers themselves, and to each and every one came as a tender word from the loyal Daughters of the American Revolution.

M. T. DIMMICK.

## EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President and his family beg to present to Mrs. Doremus, and through her to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, their appreciation of the beautiful tribute of flowers and of the tender expression of sympathy with them in their bereavement.



Ladies; we were called together for the first time this year, after our separation for the summer vacation, to perform the sad duty of passing resolutions of sympathy on the death of our beloved and lamented President, Mary Scott Harrison, wife of the President of the United States. It was also resolved at that time that a floral tribute should be sent to the Executive Mansion worthy of the distinguished dead, and worthy of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Thorley put forth his best efforts to make the most beautiful piece in flowers ever sent from his renowned establishment. His success was complete. I only regret that it was not possible for all of you to view his work before it was sent to Washington.

The crown, you decided upon as the most fitting emblem, was composed of white carnations as a ground work, which when made resembled frosted marble; over this was festooned Lilies of the Valley and Madame Hoost roses; the edges of the arms were outlined with Nephetoes roses, while surmounting the whole was a Star of Parma violets. This beautiful emblem which was set on a veritable bed of Parma violets, which surmounted the foundation of English ivy, was four feet high and three feet eight inches wide. Attached on one side of the base was a broad white satin ribbon, bearing on one end the insignia of the society, and on the other "From the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution," the lettering in Colonial blue, the official color of the Chapter. In the knot of the sash was held a magnificent bunch of the most perfect white chrysanthemums, one of the favorite flowers of Mrs. Harrison.

A few days before she died I ventured to send a basket of flowers to Mrs. Harrison that she might know that we thought of her, feeling sure it would be the unanimous wish of our Chapter to give her that pleasure. The letter of thanks which came from the White House shows how much the President and his family appreciated this attention.

Resolutions beautifully worded and written by our secretary, Mrs. Donald McLean, were engrossed by Tiffany under the upervision of Mr. Whitehouse (who takes so much interest in the affairs of our society). The parchment was sent to Presi-



dent Harrison incased in a black-leather box lined with violetwatered silk. His acknowledgment of your gift I will read.

I must congratulate you ladies on having expressed your sympathy with the Chief Official of our country in the time of his greatest sorrow in such a liberal manner. The place of honor assigned to your gift shows how much the attention was appreciated. In honoring this noble woman we have honored ourselves.

#### HERMITAGE ASSOCIATION.

Mayor Sullivan received the following letter from the Ladies' Hermitage Association. In answer to their request he caused the wreath to be sent to the First Presbyterian Church, where it was placed in charge of the Committee of Arrangements.

LADIES' HERMITAGE ASSOCIATION, NASHVILLE, TENN., October 26, 1892.

To His Honor, the Mayor of Indianapolis:

Dear Sir—On behalf of the Ladies' Hermitage Association' I take the liberty of sending to your care a wreath of roses, which we wish you to cause to be placed upon the bier of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. In sending this token the Ladies' Hermitage Association is impelled by the thought of the womanly worth of Mrs. Harrison and the interest she ever took in woman's work.

We tender this wreath from the precincts of the immortal Jackson, who was similarly bereaved of his beloved companion while his star of earthly honor was in the ascendant. Hoping that a measure of balm may be meted out to the President and his household, that the "consolation of God" may be ever with him. Very respectfutly,

Mrs. Mary L. Baxter, Regent. Mrs. D. R. Doris,

Secretary Ladies' Hermitage Association, Nashville, Tenn.

LOUISE GRUNDY,

Historian Ladies' Hermitage Association.

#### NATIONAL COMMITTEE

To collect a fund for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States and first President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be placed in the White House.

MRS. JOHN RISLEY PUTNAM, Vice-President General, Putnam Place, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Chairman.

MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, Vice-President General, 19 Union Square, New York, Treasurer.

MRS. WM. D. CABELL, Vice-President General Presiding, Washington, D. C.

MRS. H. V. BOYNTON, Vice-President General in Charge of the Organization of Chapters, Washington, D. C.

#### Honorary Vice-Presidents General.

MRS. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, MRS. MARGARET HETZEL,

Indiana. Washington, D. C.

MRS. DAVID D. PORTER, Washington, D. C.

#### Vice-Presidents General.

MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER, MRS. STEPHEN J. FIELD,

Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. W. Greeley, Mrs. John W. Foster, Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.

MISS MARY DESHA, MRS. G. BROWN GOODE, Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Hugh Hagan, Mrs. F. O. St. Clair,

Atlanta, Ga. Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Marshall MacDonald, Mrs. Henry Blount,
Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. G. Devereaux, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Washington, D. C. New York.

MRS. O. H. TITTMANN, Treasurer-General, Washington, D. C.

#### Secretaries General.

MRS. GEORGE H. SHIELDS, Recording, Washington, D. C. MRS. ROSA WRIGHT SMITH, Corresponding, Washington, D. C.

#### Registrars General.

MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON, Washington, D. C.

MRS. A. HOWARD CLARKE, Washington, D. C.

MISS CLARA BARTON, Surgeon-General, Washington, D. C.

MRS. M. S. LOCKWOOD, Historian-General, Washington, D. C. MRS. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, Chaplain-General, Washington, D.C.

ARKANSAS.—Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge, State Regent, Pine Bluff; Miss Frances I. Bocage, Chapter Regent, Pine Bluff.

CONNECTICUT.—Mrs. DeB. R. Keim, State Regent; Mrs. Elizabeth R. Smith, Honorary Regent, 39 Collins Street, Hartford; Mrs. David W. Northrup, Chapter Regent, Middletown; Mrs. E. J. Hill, Chapter Regent, Norwalk; Mrs. Alfred N. Wildman, Chapter Regent, Danbury; Mrs. W. S. Chappell, Chapter Regent, 11 Channing Street, New London; Mrs. Katharine S. H. Brooks, Chapter Regent, Stamford.

CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, State Regent, 1912 Pierce Street, San Francisco; Mrs. Henry McL. Martin, Honorary Regent, corner California and Taylor Streets, San Francisco; Mrs. Leland Stanford, Honorary Regent, San Francisco; Mrs. Wm. Alvord, Chapter Regent, 2200 Broadway, San Francisco.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Mrs. B. W. Kennon, Regent of the District, Tudor Place, Georgetown; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Lee, Chapter Regent Mary Washington Chapter, 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue; Mrs. M. M. Hallowell, Chapter Regent Dolly Madison Chapter, 1409 Corcoran Street.

FLORIDA.—Mrs. J. N. C. Stockton, Chapter Regent, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA.—Mrs. Henry Jackson, State Regent, 111 Capitol Square, Atlanta; Mrs. W. W. Gordon, Honorary Regent, 124 South Broad Street, Savannah; Mrs. Mary A. Washington. Chapter Regent, 524 College Street, Macon; Mrs. W. M. Dickson, Chapter Regent, 494 Peach Tree Street, Atlanta: Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, Chapter Regent, Augusta; Mrs. M. A. Nevin, Chapter Regent, Rome; Miss Anna C. Benning. Chapter Regent, Columbus; Mrs. Georgia Wilder, Chapter Regent, 93 Charlton Street, Savannah; Mrs. E. A. Hill. Chapter Regent, Griffin; Mrs. E. A. Crawford, Chapter Regent, Athens.

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ILLINOIS.—Mrs. Frank Stewart Osborn, State Regent, Chicago; Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Chapter Regent, 4445 Grand Boulevard, Chicago; Miss Lillie B. Rice, Chapter Regent, Peoria.

INDIANA.—Mrs. Ellen W. Colfax, Honorary Regent, South Bend; Mrs. Helen D. Ames, Chapter Regent, 405 Upper Second Street, Evansville; Mrs. Harriet M. Foster, Chapter Regent, 762 North Penn Street, Indianapolis.

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## American Monthly Magazine

Vol. I. Washington, D. C., December, 1892.

No. 6.

### CHRISTMAS, 1776.

#### THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

Few readers of history, resting securely in their pleasant homes this peaceful Christmas time, in the year of Our Lord 1892, will pause to think in the enjoyment of their holiday cheer of another Christmas more than one hundred years ago—a Christmas which stands out in bold relief on the page of American history like a white silhouette against a background of gloom;—a Christmas, memorable alike for its hardships and its heroism, which may be known in history as the turning point of the American Revolution, to the outcome of which we of to-day owe the peace, security and national independence which we so unthinkingly enjoy.

As the darkest hour is just before dawn, so on that Christmas night of the year 1776 the torn and disheartened patriots of the American armies saw the first gleam of hope after a long and weary night of disaster and defeat, when, like another Star of Bethlehem, arose from the gathering gloom the Day Star of

Hope.

With the year 1776 we are apt to associate but one great event—the signing of the Declaration of Independence. That document we are apt to regard as our sole causa lætitiæ, a sort of automatic and invincible production,—self-operative, irresistible! It is perhaps not too much to say, however, that but for the happy issue of the coup de main of the 25th of the following December, planned by Washington in time of darkest disaster and carried out as a desperate last resort, the ringing utterances of that noble document might have remained inoperative, a mournful monument to a lost and lamented cause.

Let us briefly review the chain of events which led up to and found its climax in that memorable night.

The war for American Independence was then but twenty months old. While the struggle of the first twelvemonth had met with reasonable success, crowned with the Declaration of July 4, the history of the last half year had been one succession of defeats.

The disastrous battle of Long Island, succeeded by Washington's evacuation of New York; the battle of White Plains, followed by that dual catastrophe, the capture of forts Washington and Lee by the British; the enforced retreat of Washington and his depleted troops into New Jersey; the distress and frequent desertions of his disheartened men, and finally the disobedience of his orders by General Lee, whereby in time of direst need he forfeited the support of more men than he had yet lost by actual battle, all conspired to cast a general gloom over the colonies and seemed to point infallibly to ultimate failure and defeat.

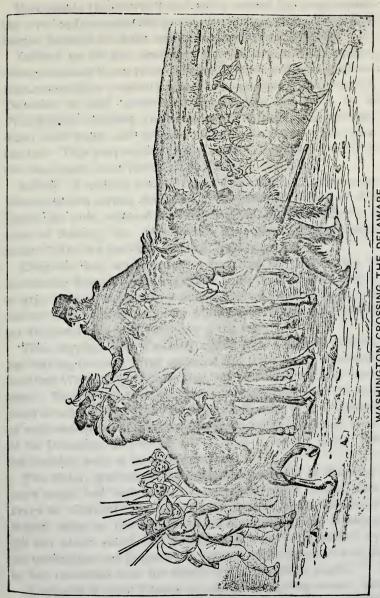
Congress, too, at this critical moment (December 12) becoming alarmed at the approach of the British, following close upon Washington's rear in his retreat through the Jerseys towards Pennsylvania, suddenly took flight and retired to Baltimore.

Profiting by this general state of depression, Lord Howe, hoping to win over the faint-hearted and finally extinguish the flickering flame of patriotism, offered flattering terms of pardon to all who within sixty days would take the oath of allegiance to the crown. In less than a fortnight nearly three thousand people, many of them wealthy and influential, had deserted the cause of the colonies and sworn fealty to the King.

In this dark and depressing hour Washington alone stood firm. Believing implicitly in the righteousness of the cause he had espoused he still had the courage to do, the patriotism to dare! Rallying the pitiable remnant of his army, which now numbered but 3,000 men, and offering on his personal responsibility a bounty of ten dollars to all whose terms of service expired at this time, he concentrated his forces for one last mighty effort.

Christmas eve found him on the west shore of the Delaware, opposite Trenton, whither he had been driven early in the month by Cornwallis and Howe.





WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

From Hale's "Washington." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



Fortunately the ice which had safely carried his troops across the river on December 8th quickly thawed, putting a temporary barrier between his army and the more numerous British.

Inflated by his late successes, and believing Washington's strength almost if not quite exhausted, Howe—instead of allowing Cornwallis to construct boats, as he proposed, and cross the Delaware at once, overwhelm the patriots, and push on to Philadelphia—ordered him to await the re-freezing of the river, when both troops and artillery could cross without risk upon the ice. This temporizing policy was of incalculable benefit to the Americans, who failed not to profit by the delay.

Indeed, it seemed one of those Providential interferences without which certain defeat must have ensued. Instead of a freeze, the river, released from its icy grasp, rushed madly on, a mass of floating ice. Within ten days fresh reinforcements under Gates and Sullivan reached Washington.

Congress, too, was not idle. Realizing the importance of substantial financial encouragement to the impoverished troops, a large loan in hard money was authorized, and a bounty of twenty dollars offered to every soldier who re-enlisted, besides an allotment of land at the close of the war.

This, together with a stirring appeal from Congress, revived the sinking courage of the colonists and fresh recruits enlisted, swelling Washington's little army on December 24th to 6,000 men. Then it was that his great soul conceived and his firm hand directed a bold stroke for liberty. Perceiving the elements of weakness in the disposition of Howe's forces on the east bank of the Delaware, he planned a Christmas "surprise party" for his lordship such as he little expected.

The latter, ignorant of the improved condition of Washington's army, had sent back a considerable force under Lord Percy to Newport to establish a convenient naval station for British ships on the Sound. Lord Cornwallis, too, thinking the war about ended, had returned to New York, packed up his belongings and prepared to embark for England as soon as he had recovered from the effects of his Christmas punch.

A brigade of three Hessian regiments, numbering about 1,500 men, under Colonel Rahl (those foreign hirelings, whose brutality and rapine had made them the horror of the Jerseys),

was stationed by Howe at Trenton, almost opposite Washington's headquarters on the west of the Delaware. Four thousand additional foreign troops were loosely strung across the country in cantonments from Trenton to Princeton, while at New Brunswick on the Raritan was a valuable deposit of British ammunition and stores.

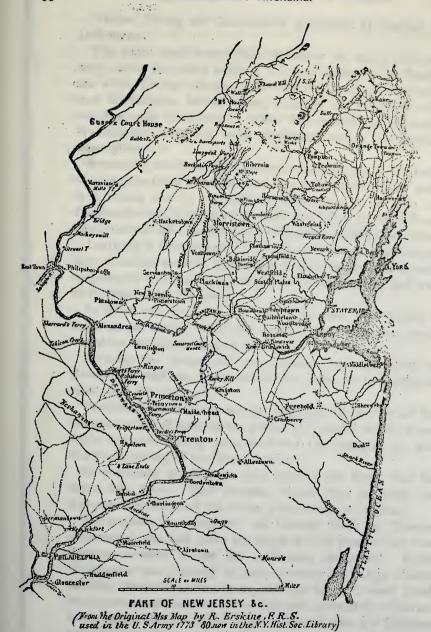
Such was the situation of the British on the memorable Christmas eve of the year 1776. An intercepted letter received by Washington revealed to him Lord Howe's design to reassemble his forces at Trenton the moment the river was frozen, cross on the ice, crush the remnant of the Continental Army and push on triumphantly to Philadelphia.

Whatever was to be done, Washington saw must be done quickly! A river blocked with floating ice must be no obstacle now to his bold design. To thwart Howe's designs he must take the initiative, brave the dangers of the Delaware, cross in the night and descend unexpectedly upon the foe. Knowing the convivial habits of the Germans and not doubting they would pass Christmas Day in sports and drinking, Washington resolved to profit by their condition and fall suddenly upon them before day of the morning after Christmas, ere they had had time to recover from their revels. His plan was to cross the Delaware in three divisions: First, the southernmost or right wing, under Cadwallader, who had replaced Gates (the latter preferring to intrigue in Congress than assist Washington) was to cross several miles south of Trenton and cut off the lower outposts of Hessians under Count Donop.

Second, General Ewing, with a body of Pennsylvania militia, was to cross at a ferry about a mile below Trenton, march to the east of the town and cut off any attempted retreat of the enemy towards Princeton.

Third, while Washington himself with a force of 2,500 men was to cross at McConkey's Ferry (now Taylorsville), about eight miles north of Trenton, march down upon Rahl and his 1,500 Hessians and surprise them in garrison. (A crushing blow at these hated foreigners Washington knew would be hailed with joy throughout the Jerseys.)

A carefully considered and well arranged plan, but alas! seldom is a concerted action completely carried out.



From Hale's "Washington."
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



Neither Ewing nor Cadwallader succeeded in crossing the Delaware.

The latter made every effort to breast the angry river and carry across his heavy artillery, but was baffled by the floating ice, while Ewing—discouraged from the outset and believing that Washington himself must abandon the enterprise—did not even make the attempt. What they regarded as impossible Washington, with his more desperate resolve, successfully accomplished.

Personally directing the perilous undertaking, in the midst of biting sleet and blinding snow, the passage was safely made in flat-boats, and by 4 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, the Commander-in-Chief found himself and his 2,500 half-frozen men, ready to take up the march to Trenton, nine miles distant.

Learning at this moment of the failure of Ewing and Cadwallader to cooperate with him, great as was the disappointment, he promptly resolved to make the attack as planned and trust to Providence for the issue.

So bitter was the cold that two of his men were frozen to death on the march, while the route of the troops was easily traced by the blood-tracks on the snow.

Forming the troops into two columns, led respectively by Greene and Sullivan, they entered the town by two different roads soon after sunrise.

The biting storm which had so distressed the troops had the one good effect of keeping the people of Trenton within doors, while the softly falling snow deadened the tramp of the men and the rumbling of the heavy artillery.

By 8 o'clock Washington had entered the town, and the alarm was given. The Hessian drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, and the whole place was in an uproar.

The surprise was complete, and Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander, who had spent the night in card playing and wine drinking, seemed to lose his head from the outset. While Washington was planting his guns to sweep the village streets, Sullivan closed in on the west, and the brave Colonel Stark sharply attacked the lower end of the town, spreading consternation among a troop of British light horse and some 500 Hessians and chasseurs quartered there, who took headlong flight into the adjacent country.

Meanwhile Rahl, spurning the idea of flying before the "rebels," rashly resolved to meet the attack, and while vainly striving to rally his men to the charge, fell from his horse fatally wounded by a musket ball. Panic stricken by the fall of their leader, the Hessians, in great disorder, fled for the road leading to Princeton. Perceiving their design, Washington quickly closed about them on all sides, making escape impossible. Seeing that further resistance was vain, the Hessians grounded their arms and surrendered. One thousand prisoners, thirty-two of whom were officers, thus fell into the hands of Washington, who now found himself in possession of Trenton.

But, brilliant as was the stroke by which he captured it, he dared not remain there. The exhausted condition of his troops, the added burden of 1,000 prisoners, and the proximity of the Hessian colonel, Count Donop, with a superior force, rendered his position extremely perilous. He therefore wisely recrossed the Delaware to Pennsylvania, where he quartered his prisoners, and having refreshed his men, on December 29 he again crossed the river and occupied Trenton.

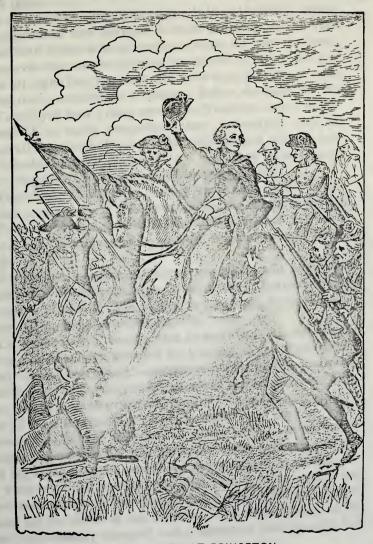
The news of the disaster to the Hessians flew like wildfire to New York. Cornwallis, instead of sailing for England, suddenly found he had more pressing engagements in America Quickly gathering the combined British forces, he marched down upon Trenton with 8,000 men, thinking to drive Washington back to the now impassable Delaware, crush him at a single blow, and triumphantly end the war.

"At last we have run down the old fox," said he on the eve of the expected battle, "and we shall bag him in the morning."

But the "old fox" was not so easily "bagged." Perceiving perfectly the trap set for him by Cornwallis, and realizing his unfitness to accept battle against such unequal odds, Washington warily resolved to give his antagonist the slip and defer battle till some more auspicious day.

The two armies lay opposite each other on either shore of the Assunpink, a small river that flows south of the town.

Under cover of the night Washington decided to withdraw his army and retreat to Princeton, and if, as he suspected, Cornwallis had with him his whole force, he even hoped to



WASHINGTON AT PRINCETON.

From Hale's "Washington."
G. P. Putnam's Sona, New York.



press on to New Brunswick and capture the British stores collected there.

To deceive the enemy he devised a bold and brilliant scheme. Detachments of men were set to work throwing up entrenchments, with orders to keep noisily at work till near daybreak; others went the rounds relieving the guards at bridge and ford, while all night long the camp-fires were kept brightly burning.

The ruse succeeded to a charm. Before daylight the men thus employed beat a hasty retreat to Princeton, and at sunrise, instead of an easily vanquished army, a deserted camp met Cornwallis' astonished gaze! His surprise and chagrin knew no bounds—surprise, that the "old fox" had again escaped him; chagrin, to be thus completely outgeneraled!

Meanwhile Washington, having met and routed several British detachments at Princeton (advancing to join Cornwallis at Trenton), pressed onward to Morristown, finding it prudent to abandon the attempt to capture the British stores at Brunswick.

No stronger position for winter quarters could have been chosen by Washington than Morristown. Surrounded by thickly-wooded hills and approached by snow-blocked roads, there was no hope of dislodging him.

Let no one fancy, however, that he was idle in his stronghold. From Princeton, now occupied by Putnam, to the Highlands of the Hudson under Heath, a succession of cantonments was established, from which rangers and squads of militia were constantly sent out to scour the country, waylay British foraging parties. cut off their supplies and generally harrass the enemy. The demoralized British, thus held in check, had no choice but to suspend operations till the coming of warm weather, and not till the following June were they able to reopen hostilities.

Thus in a brief and brilliant campaign of three weeks—the first note of which was sounded that bitter Christmas night amid the ice blocks of the Delaware—the whole aspect of the war was suddenly changed, and a disastrous year brought to a triumphant close.

The tide of popular feeling now completely turned. Washington, from being considered the unsuccessful leader of a forlorn hope, was now universally regarded as an able general.



His fame even traveled to European courts. The contempt of the enemy was turned to fear and respect, and men began to call him the "American Fabius." Better still, the martial spirit and waning hopes of his countrymen were revived. Fresh recruits flocked to his victorious standard, and in response to a proclamation which he issued on January 25th, declaring that "all who had accepted Lord Howe's offers of protection must either retire within the British lines or come forward and take the oath of allegience to the United States," many hundreds of wavering Americans openly espoused the patriot cause.

Although more than four years of cruel warfare were yet to follow ere the final victory at Yorktown, it is clearly demonstrated that the turning-point of the conflict—the hour of destiny fatal to the fortunes of the King—dates from that Christmas night when Washington gave his unwelcome "surprise party" to the Hessians.

That Cornwallis himself so regarded the affair of Trenton is evident from his remark to Washington after his surrender at Yorktown. Having expressed his generous admiration for the skill with which Washington had checkmated his forces on the James, he added: "But, after all, your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."

We also learn that Lord George Germaine, in talking with King George himself, exclaimed: "It was that unhappy affair of Trenton that blasted our hopes."

To the patriots of '76, therefore, is our tribute due; to that handful of brave men who, in exchange for Christmas cheer, exposed themselves to the rigors of cold and the pinch of hunger—their portion a river of ice, their hearth-light the fire of the enemy! Let us not in our ease and security fail to recognize the fruits of that victory; let us not forget that to the issue of that Christmas night we owe to-day the peaceful enjoyment of those "inalienable rights"—liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Janet G. Hosmer Richards



## UNCLE ENOCH'S STORY.

From a Narrative of the Life of Admiral John Markham, M. P. twenty-three years, Lord of the Admirally 1801-4 and 1806-7.

BY CLEMENTS MARKHAM,
Secretary Royal Geographical Society, London.

The course of events on shore during the autumn and winter of 1776 cannot be described better than in the words of such an eye-witness as Colonel Enoch Markham. He was an old gentleman with very decided opinions, and said what he thought without much circumlocution.

"I am much out in my judgment if Washington eats his Christmas dinner at the head of his army on New York Island. On the 11th of October General Howe marched, at ten o'clock at night, with about 13,000 man. \* \* \* \* the German troops arrived here this day, 22nd of October, and proceeded up the East river to join General Howe. On the 27th we moved toward the rebels with a brigade of English and one of Hessians. We gained something better than a mile of country, but retreated next day to our old ground. Lord Percy very properly called it 'the little excursion.' On December 2nd our brigade marched to Perth Amboy. Gen. Grant signified to me I was only to remain here for two or three days; but I am left without orders. Gen. Howe is advancing toward Philadelphia, and I have received intelligence that Lee has landed in the Jerseys with 7,000 or 8,000 men, and that another rebel named Sullivan is at the head of 3,000 forming Lee's advance guard. Gen. Howe, December 14th, is posted at Trenton on the Delaware, Washington fortifying himself with the scattered remains of his army on the other side of the river. It would be dangerous for Gen. Howe to attempt to ford the Delaware without boats. Lord Howe and Gen. Howe have published a proclamation offering full pardon to all persons on condition that within sixty days from the 30th of November they will subscribe the following declaration: 'I. A. B., do promise and declare that I will remain in

peaceable obedience to his Majesty, and will not take up arms nor encourage others to take up arms in opposition to his Majesty. So help me God.' Every commanding officer in every cantonment is to swear all those that come to him and to give each a certificate.

"Perth Amboy, December 14th, 1776.—I have infinite trouble. From daylight to bed-time am I swearing them and signing their certificates. Any of them who I have been told have been active rebels I make swear to the following oath of my own composition: 'I, A. B., do most solemnly swear to be true to our Sovereign Lord George III, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and to lay down my life and fortune, if occasion require, in defense of his crown and dignity and in maintaining his right of sovereignty over all America, and to give all the aid in my power to suppress the present unnatural rebellion. So help me God.' Many have taken this oath.

"The rebel Lee is a prisoner. Colonel Harcourt, of Burgoyne's Light Dragoons, was upon the scout, with forty of his corps, when he met a man whom he immediately charged with being a rebel and in the service of Lee as a spy. The fellow hesitated. But the Colonel told him that if he did not tell him all he knew he would put him to death. He then acknowledged he was one of the those spies, and that he had not long left him. The colonel told him he must conduct him to Lee, and he pointed out a house, which was at once surrounded. colonel, with a subaltern and four men, entered and seized Lee by the collar. His companion fired at the subaltern, but missed, and in a moment that officer shot him dead. Lee asked the colonel whether he would not allow him to take his hat; but the reply was, he could wait for nothing, and he dragged him out. Lee cried out: 'What, will you not allow me to take my horse?' The colonel said he would find one soon for him, and they made him walk about a mile, or rather run, when a horse was got and he was taken to headquarters. Lee expressed great concern that Washington had not reduced New York to ashes before he left. General Howe refused to see him.

"December 16th. \* \* \* Winter quarters are fixed. Our army forms a chain of about ninety miles in length from Fort Lee to Trenton on the Delaware. \* \* \* There is a

mountainous ground near this post where the rebels are still in arms, and are expected to be troublesome during the winter. A civil war is a dreadful thing. What with the devastation of of the rebels and that of the English and Hessian troops, every part of the country where the scene of action has been looks deplorable. Furniture is broken in pieces; good houses deserted and almost destroyed; others burnt; cattle, horses, and poultry carried off, and the old plundered of their all; rebels everywhere left their sick, and most of them have died for want of care.

"Sparkstown, December 31st, 1776.—I marched in here from Perth Amboy on the 18th, and understand it is our winter quarters, though we have received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march on the shortest notice. \* \* \* I am sorry to acquaint you that the greatest part of a brigade of Hessians were surrounded by the rebels on Christmas day. They were the frontier part of our winter quarters in Jersey. Six German brass three-pounders fell into the hands of the rebels on this occasion. About 300 Hessians retreated to Brunswick.

. "On January 1st, 1777, an express arrived to me at Sparkstown to march immediately and leave only an officer and 30 men to protect my baggage. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I began my march. There was a cold, raw wind, with sleet and rain. It was a dark night. We were up to our knees in mire; crossing water and mill-dams; every now and then walking over sheets of ice; officers and men continually tumbling. I myself had many falls, and every moment expecting to be attacked by the rebels. I never was more fatigued. At last I could scarcely move. General Matthew sent an officer to meet me and show me to his quarters. I told him frankly we had neither food nor liquor. He supplied us with both. This was a prodigious relief to us. I got to bed about twelve o'clock, too tired to sleep. At one o'clock the General called upon me to say he had just received orders to march instantly to Brunswick, and I was to form the battalion as soon as possible, drawing up on the opposite side of the Raritan river, to cover the bridge while the cannon and stores were crossed over. At six o'clock we got to Brunswick. I was now much more

dead than alive; but my spirits did not fail me. We occupied the first house in the town, without taking off our accountrements, until eight o'clock in the morning. ard we had repeated accounts that Washington had not only taken Princeton, but was in full march on Brunswick. We then marched back to the bridge, one half on one side and the remainder on the other, for its defense, and never took off our accoutrements until that night. \* On the 4th I had orders to return to Sparkstown. At about the time I arrived there a report was spread that the rebels had designs on Elizabethtown and Sparkstown. The whole regiment was jaded to death. Unpleasant this. Before day notice was brought me that firing was heard. I immediately jumped out of bed and directed my drums to beat to arms, as nothing else could have aroused my men, they were so tired. Soon after this an express brought me positive orders to march to Perth Amboy, with all my luggage. [A skirmish with the rebels is described, when the narrative continues. I continued my march. My company lost a wagon loaded with baggage by suffering the Yankee driver—who, I suppose, through fright, drove it off—to fall into the hands of the rebels. They had parties skulking about us. Nine of them were killed in this affair. My lieutenant has lost all his baggage by this unlucky hit. I am the more concerned as he is only a soldier of fortune, and can therefore ill afford it. I feel what I should do if I were rich. King know it, I am sure he is too good to let him be a sufferer.

"As it was possible that the rebels, whom we still believed to be hovering about, might enter Sparkstown, I proposed to Lieut.-Col. Webster, after having directed my baggage to proceed, that we re-enter the town. On arriving we were disappointed, as the rebels had taken a different route. We therefore marched to Perth Amboy that night without further incident.

"The only posts we now possess in the Jerseys are Powler's Hook, Perth Amboy, Bordentown, Raritan landing-place, and Brunswick. Happy had it been if at first we had fixed on no other posts of this province. \* \* \* \* \* \*



"There is no market here, and all we have to depend on is the king's allowance of provisions.

"Washington's success in the affair of the surprise of the Hessians has been the cause of this unhappy change in our affairs. It has recruited the rebel army and given them sufficient spirit to undertake a winter campaign. Our misfortune has been that we held the enemy too cheap. Our humane treatment of the rebels has been thrown away. \* \* \* It is not uncommon for these wretches to come to us, take the oath of allegiance, and then return to the rebellious scoundrels with all the intelligence they can collect. \* \* \*

"How provoking it is that our army, when it entered the Jerseys, was not provided with a single pontoon or boat. If we had had six flat-bottomed boats, we could have crossed the Delaware without difficulty.

"We must remove the seat of war from the Jerseys now, owing to scarcity of provisions and of forage. The whole garrison are every morning under arms at five o'clock to be ready for the scoundrels."

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alice Mb. Clarke

REGISTRAR GENERAL, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



## MRS. A. HOWARD CLARKE.

Mrs. Alice Morrow Clarke was elected to the office at the first formal meeting of the society held October 11, 1890, it being deemed advisable to elect two ladies to fulfill the arduous duties of the office of Registrar-General.

Mrs. Clarke is the daughter of Capt. Charles and Mary Bell Perry Morrow. She was reared in the historic town of Gloucester, Mass., which in August last celebrated with much ceremony the 250th anniversary of its settlement by hardy sons of old England. Her early American ancestors on the maternal side were among the original settlers of Plymouth colony, and some of them founded the town of Sandwich on Cape Cod, a a portion of which town has since become the town of Bourne, in honor of the family of that name. On her father's side she inherits the sturdy, hard working character of the Scotch people and through him is a direct descendant of Dermott McMurragh, the last king of old Leicester.

She was educated in the schools of her native town, as the New England custom is, graduating from the high school at the early age of fifteen—the youngest in a class of fifty-four, yet was given the honor of class poet; a year later she completed the post-graduate course for college, but as her health would not warrant her leaving home she entered a Normal school for teachers which had lately been established at Gloucester and received a diploma as qualified teacher at the end of a year.

Her thorough training in practical methods is evident in zealous patience and devotion to the work involved in her position. Always fond of study, she has devoted much time to the languages and to music, and no charitable concert in her native town was complete without her aid and presence.

During the years 1883 and 1889 she resided in London and Paris and participated in many great and beautiful fêtes given by the nobility and other social leaders of those gay cities.

Believing from the start that the primary object of this society is to preserve, through their descendants, the memories

of the heroes of the American Revolution, and realizing the worth of the statements contained in the applications of members, not only as forming the basis of the society, but as making a history of that period the value of which cannot now be estimated, she has been most particular and persistent in urging applicants to render full, detailed accounts of their ancestors' service, and to cite documentary evidence in support of their claims whenever practicable. Knowing the difficulty that applicants often have in securing an exact statement of revolutionary service, especially from States that have no printed records, Mrs. Clarke has in many cases, by diligent research in local histories and manuscript archives and by correspondence with State authorities, unrayeled the snarls of family tradition and has given to the applicant a concise statement of facts, thus rescuing from oblivion the memory of valiant soldiers whose deeds were well nigh buried with them. Many applicants, by her efforts, have been placed upon the membership roils whose claims must have been rejected if left based upon interesting though frequently unreliable family traditions.

Mrs. Clarke's claim to membership is through the service of her great-great-grandfather Samuel Perry, of Barnstable county, Massachusetts, who with his brother Stephen responded to the first call for troops at the Lexington alarm on April 19, 1775, and participated in the siege of Boston in Colonel Dike's regiment of Massachusetts troops. Her great-great-uncle Thomas Bourne held a colonial commission under the crown, but resigned it to serve his country and dared to sign with others of his fellow-citizens of Sandwich a pledge to defend the people of Boston against British oppression at the risk of their property and their lives. Her great-great-grandmother, Thankful Bourne Perry, was great-great-granddaughter of Richard Bourne, of Sandwich, sent over from England with Elliott as missionary to the Indians. His field was the southern part of Massachusetts, while Elliott labored in the region about Boston. Richard Bourne was representative to the General Court of Plymouth Colony and filled other important civil positions, and many of his descendants did good service in the Revolutionary War. A near relative of her great-great-grandfather, Samuel

Perry, was Gen. Nathaniel Greene, second only to Washington in the cause of American Independence. The revolutionary patriots, Judge Freeman Perry, and the sailor Christopher Raymond Perry, grandfather, and father of Oliver Hzzard Perry, were their kinsmen, and from them have descended sturdy soldiers and naval heroes of the Perry and Rogers stock who have served their country in time of need and stand ready still for any call. So we might mention other kinsmen of Mrs. Clarke in the families of Hallett, Freeman, Swift and Hatch who were ardent supporters of the patriot cause. Through her great-great-great-great-grandmother Ruhamah Hallett she is niece of John Alden and Priscilla, the belle of the Mayflower pilgrims, and a near relative of Miles Standish, the sturdy captain of the Plymouth Colony, whose sword still enchants the gaze of all who visit the historic Plymouth town, and so she is also related to Peregrine White, the first-born of the Pilgrim band.

Her marriage with Mr. A. Howard Clarke, Secretary-General of the Sons of the American Revolution and Assistant Secretary and Curator of the American Historical Association, has made her familiar with historical subjects and with the prominent historians of our land. She has also had at her disposal the many State documents, muster and pension rolls and other revolutionary data in the official custody of her husband which have been used in the verification of the papers of the Sons of the American Revolution, and these records have been an untold aid in her work.

Mr. Clarke is a descendant of many of the Plymouth Pilgrims. Chester Morrow Clarke, their little son, may claim as his ancestors at least six of the passengers of the famous ship Mayflower, being lineally descended from Elder William Brewster and Mary his wife, John Howland, Elizabeth Tillie, and John Tillie and wife, while he is also a lineal descendant of Gov. Thomas Prince, Thomas Clarke, Patience Brewster, Edward Bangs and others who came on the Fortune and Ann in 1621 and 1623, also of Capt. John Gorham, who did valiant service in King Philip's War, and of Anthony Thacher, Edmund Freeman, Thomas Jenner, Edward Wigglesworth, Ralph Sprague, John Sweetzer and other early settlers of New England.

Mrs. Clarke is now making a zealous effort to collect for the National Society a library of books of reference, especially valuable in the investigation of revolutionary genealogy and history. She has already secured the printed revolutionary archives of some of the original thirteen States. It is a subject of regret to all persons interested in this period of history that several of these original States have, even at this late day, failed to publish their revolutionary archives. The labor of Mrs. Clarke in collecting such material is of incalculable service to this Society, in which a historical record is the basis of eligi-When the proposed "House of the Daughters" is erected, its historical library should be one of its most valuable and attractive departments, and the gradual filling of the bookshelves in the present office of the National Society in Washington with these substantial volumes indicates the possibilities of this branch of work in the future.

Mrs. Clarke is one of the younger working officers of the National Society and has cheerfully given her time and strength to many arduous efforts in its early organization, and now has the happiness with other officers who have labored with her to see their work and their hopes crowned with success.

M. L. B.



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## CHRISTMAS FANCIES.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the fire burned low,
The stockings hung all in a row
Above the broad old fire-place;
Reflected in the fender's face,
They shone in brazen light below.

Without, the moon, in silver light,
Made every frozen field shine white,
While all the crowding thoughts of day
At its mild presence fled away
To wait until the morrow's light.

And in their place came visions quaint
Such as some mediæval saint
Might love to dwell on; I could see
The Christ-child on his mother's knee,
Encircled with a radiance faint.





And then I heard the carols sweet
Of heavenly voices, and the beat
Of angel fluttering wings, and then
"Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men."
'Mid hurry of advancing feet.

Lo! where they kneel the Saviour lies, The heavenly radiance of the skies Shines from his little, tender face, And lingers in the humble place, And gathers in his mother's eyes.

The western wind the tidings fanned
Far over sea and over land,
Till all the angels trooped in haste
And all the sprites of wild and waste
Came gathering o'er the desert's sand.

From woody dell and cavern still,

From wave-kissed stream and mountain rill,

In one accord together meet

To worship at their Master's feet;

The silent place about they fill.

Then I could see the Magi knelt
With frankincense and gifts that smell'd
Of eastern perfumes—they had come
From the first gate-ways of the sun,—
From where our earliest sages dwelt.





In heaven the genius of each sphere Makes music only angels hear, For as the luminous star-rays shine

They quiver in accord divine, Unheard to grosser mortal ear.

The clashing din of war is dumb,

No more is heard the rolling drum,

But heavenly heralds tidings bring

Of juster rule, a milder king;—

In shining garbs of peace they come.

And every Christmas they renew
Their happy message; glowing through
The rugged boughs of yonder pine,
I see their foremost banners shine,
Upstarting through the heaven's blue.

Shout, shout His triumph, louder sing
His praises, let your voices ring
O'er land and sea, o'er hearth and home,
Where'er his wandering children roam,
All glory be to Christ, our King!

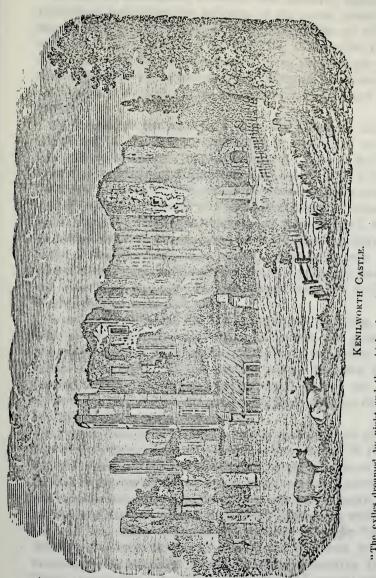
REUBENA HYDE WALWORTH.



## A HALF-FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF GEORGIA HISTORY.

The year 1630 was a memorable one for both the Old England and the New. The royal tyranny was daily growing harsher; the merciless hand of Laud was pressing more and more heavily upon the Puritans. Yet Charles, miscalled "The Martyr," despite his arrogance and folly, was wise enough to grant a charter for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and to permit the persecuted Dissenters to seek an asylum beyond the Atlantic. Even then England held fast to her colonial policy, a policy founded upon natural laws, which made her the foremost colonizer of the world, and gave her a vast advantage in her coming conflict with France for the control of North America. The bigotry which proved the bane of French colonization, planted the Church of Rome and the Fleur de Lis side by side; forbade those to go who longed to escape, and urged those to go to whom life was fair in France, and who had no reason for exiling themselves from their native land. Even religious zeal could not so blind the rulers of England's destinies that they would commit themselves to this ruinous policy. In one year more than a thousand Puritans sailed for the New World, following the earnest and devoted Winthrop, who called "that my country where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." These early emigrants settled about Salem, Boston and Dorchester, where many of their descendants are still to be found. But many of the exiles dreamed by night and thought by day of the lanes and fields, and blossoming hedge rows of England; "of the song of the lark and the linnet;" "of the village church, with the ivy climbing the old gray tower;" so they "babbled of green fields" to their children, and their children's children. At last, these grandchildren, weary of the sombre forests and inhospitable climate of New England, determined to sail southward, seeking a fairer shore.

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"The exiles dreamed by night and thought by day of the blossoming hedge rows of England, with the ivy climbing the old gray tower."



In 1695 the members of a church were gathered together at Dorchester, and under the guidance of the pastor, removed to South Carolina. Landing near Beach Hill, on the 2d of February, 1696, they celebrated the first Holy Communion within the limits of South Carolina, thus following the example of all devout pioneers, whose first act on reaching an unknown land was ever to give thanks to the Power which had guided them thither.

On account of the malarial climate the emigrants did not remain long at Beach Hill. Attracted by reports of the soil and climate of Georgia they removed in a body to Medway, and formed a settlement thenceforth known as St. John's Parish. Think for a moment of the transition from Massachusetts to southern Georgia, literally a course "from lands of snows to lands of sun;" from the barren rocks of New England, swept by storms, and lashed by foaming breakers, to the verdure-clad bluffs of the Southern coast, where "blue inlets and their crystal creeks" formed islands wooded with palm and pine and and moss-hung live oaks, beneath whose shade the soft-eyed deer sported as in English parks.

A peaceful and happy life these people led, watching their fields of rice and cotton grow white to harvest, and going on Sunday to meeting at old Medway Church in the quaint little village of Sunbury. It was the life of Old England, transplanted into American soil; the manorial estates, the calm existence, at whose close the good man slept with his fathers, and his eldest son reigned in his stead.

So generations passed. From time to time ominous mutterings of the coming storm were heard, and the men of St. John's felt the blood of their ancestors stir in their veins as they listened to the stories of royal oppression, arbitrary exactions, and despotic imposts. The Stamp Act was a fresh insult: the fragrance of the tea brewed in Boston Harbor was wafted to the coast and island homes of Georgia, and when the Port of Boston was closed St. John's Parish was the first to offer sympathy and assistance to their distressed brethren at the North, thus drawing closer the golden chain of mutual aid and friendship which bound together Geogia and Massachusetts.

At length the shrill clarion of war broke with discordant note upon the peaceful scene. The Northern Provinces were in open revolt—which was to prove "not a revolt, but a revolution."

A call was issued for a general Association or Congress of the Provinces to be held in Philadelphia, and Georgia was invited to join them. All the arts of menace and persuasion were employed by the King's party, led by Sir James Wright, the Royal Governor, to prevent the Province from acceding. base ingratitude of such a course was urged. Should Georgia. the youngest nursling of royal patronage, the one most favored by royal bounty, the bearer even of the royal name, turn against her sovereign? The consequences, too, of such action were set forth, and beneath the velvet glove of soft reproach was shown the iron hand of revenge. For an instant Georgia Then St. John's Parish, led by such patriots as Lyman Hall and Benjamin Andrew, came boldly forward. Remembering the example of their grandsires who had left home and country for liberty; stirred by the eloquence of Hall and Andrew, they rose as one man, and voted to cast in their lot with the United Provinces. They sent delegates to the Committee at Charleston, South Carolina, and elected Dr. Lyman Hall as delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. A Committee from the Parish was appointed to act in concert with the patriotic party in Savannah. Both Hall and Andrew were members of this Committee, and henceforth their names will be found side by side in the record of the stirring events in which they bore a conspicuous and honorable part.

Many deeds of bravery and daring were done by the patriots in Savannah. Joseph Habersham took Sir James Wright, the Royal Governor, prisoner in the Governor's house, surrounded by the members of the executive council. Habersham, alone and unarmed, entered the house, and carried off his prize. On the night of the 10th of May, when the news of the battle of Lexington was received in Savannah, Jones, Telfair, Habersham and others, eager to secure all the military stores for colonial

use that could be obtained, took 500 pounds of powder from the King's magazine. This powder was sent to Boston and used in the battle of Bunker Hill.

At length Georgia's moment of indecision was over; patriotic counsels prevailed and she added a thirteenth to the twelve States in Congress assembled. Hall and Andrew were among her early Congressmen. After peace was declared and Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States of America, the Legislature of Georgia decreed that in recognition of the boldness, zeal and patriotism of St. John's Parish it should thereafter be known as Liberty County. Benjamin Andrew was appointed as the first judge from the newly-established county, serving in conjunction with George Walton of Augusta, for the circuit formed by the tide-water counties.

ELIZABETH ANDREW HILL.





### MRS. JAMES H. R. WASHINGTON.

National No. 81,

Local No. 1.

Mrs. Mary Anne Washington was born May 12, 1816, at Belleville, Jefferson county, Mo., the county seat of her father. She married James H. R. Washington, of Georgia, November 25, 1835, who was for many years a banker at Macon, was mayor in 1851 and was a member of the State legislature. He died November 21, 1866.

She is the daughter of Colonel Samuel Hammond and Eliza Amelia (O'Keefe) Hammond. Colonel Hammond was born at the family estate in Richmond County, Virginia, September 21, 1757; died at Varello Farm, South Carolina, near Augusta, Georgia, September 11, 1842.

Mrs. Washington's mother was the daughter and heiress of Hugh O'Keefe, a wealthy Scotch-Irish gentleman, a Protestant and man of much learning, who settled in South Carolina. She was a lady of marked beauty and refinement.

Mrs. Washington is the grand-daughter of Charles Hammond and Elizabeth Hammond Steele, his wife. He was born in Virginia November 19, 1716, died in South Carolina August 15, 1794. She was born in Maryland and was the daughter of Samuel Steele and Catharine Hammond.

This Charles Hammond was the son of John Hammond, born in Virginia in 1685, died in Virginia in 1764, who was son of John Hammond, who settled in Virginia and was a post-captain in the British navy, and he was the son of Charles Hammond, of Hampshire, in England, who was descended from Thomas Hammond of St. Alban's court.

Charles Hammond (Mrs. Washington's grandfather) was a man of fine intelligence and was Secretary to the Virginia House of Delegates prior to the Revolution. Too old to participate in the Revolution, he was a staunch Whig, and had five sons actively engaged in the war for independence.





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REGENT OF MACON CHAPTER, MACON, GEORGIA,
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



### SERVICES OF SAMUEL HAMMOND.

From his youth he cherished a most ardent love of country. At the age of seventeen he responded to a call by Governor Dunmore of Virginia for volunteers, and participated at the battle of Point Pleasant, Virginia, 1774. From the beginning of the Revolution he was constantly in arms, rising by merited promotion to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry. He was captain of a volunteer company at the Great Bridge, 1775. After serving with General Hand at Pittsburgh, 1777-8, he joined the Southern Army under General Lincoln and participated at Stone Ferry and Savannah, 1779; at Cedar Springs, Musgrove's Mill, King's Mountain and Blackstock, 1780; in 1781 at Augusta, Cowpens, Ninety-Six and Eutaw, in which last battle he had two horses shot under him and was himself wounded.

Subsequent to the Revolution Colonel Hammond was several times a member of the Legislature in Georgia, commanded against the Indians, and in 1802 was elected to the United States Congress. In 1805 he was appointed by President Jefferson President of the Territorial Council of the extensive territory known as Upper Louisiana. He was a member of the first constitutional convention of Missouri and organized and was president of the first bank in St. Louis in 1816. In 1824 Colonel Hammond removed to Varello Farm, South Carolina, near Augusta. The journey made by his family, by private conveyance, required three months, and although the route was through some of the free states, such was the kind relation between his family and servants that all of his servants returned In the latter State he became a with him to South Carolina. member of the Legislature, Surveyor-General and Secretary of State.

In 1825 he was selected to receive and welcome to Augusta General LaFayette upon his visit there, an occasion well remembered by Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Washington has an oil portrait of her father that bespeaks the Virginia cavalier, in the buff and blue uniform of the American officer. It shows a handsome face, with powdered hair and eyes indicative of a

sense of humor. An old record says of him: "He preserved his natural gentleness and suavity to the last." He was nearly eighty-five years of age at his death in 1842.

In 1876 Mrs. Washington visited St. Louis, and the trip then required three days that had consumed three months when she was a child. Mrs. Washington inherited an ardent love of country, a strong and gentle character. She joined the Daughters of the American Revolution in December following its formal organization October 11, 1890, and made the journey to Washington to attend the Conference of Regents called by Mrs. Harrison, to meet October 6, 1891. She welcomed warmly this society of ladies, whose mission is to perpetuate the memory of the founders of the Republic and to extend the influence of their heroic deeds and lofty principles.

HUGH V. WASHINGTON.



### OUR TREE.

As 'round the merry Christmas tree we gather here to-night. And fairy gifts are glistening in rainbow-tinted light-We'll not forget that other tree, of old ancestral stock, Whose wide, deep roots spread eastward and rest on Plymouth Rock. They firmly clasp the virgin soil, then stretch beyond the land To where the ocean billows roll upon Nantucket's sand. It grows upon the river's side where Hudson's waters flow, And there our fathers planted it, a hundred years ago. The Indian hunter knew the spot, where mountain shadows lie, And Kattskill rears its purple range against the evening sky. No screaming locomotive then re-echoed from the shore, Or roused the sleepers from their beds with madly rushing roar— But Mount Morino calmly stood the guardian of the Bay, And like a sea-gull floating there the white-winged vessels lay-No foaming track of paddle-wheels proclaimed the power of steam, Or boat-bell, with its noisy clang, disturbed the poet's dream-For if down in the hazel dell some lover breathed his vow. He knew full well the tinkling bell was on some waudering cow. No telegraphic message then on lightning wings was sent, But on her trip to Gotham town the sloop "John Hancock" went. Then yearly voyages were made to India or to China, And when they had a safe return Seth wooed and won his Dinah. The home of all their household joys long since has passed away-Has vanished like their Quaker garb and speech of "yea and nay." But memory now can linger on around their virtues bright, And Christmas brings their children here with loving hearts to-night. We see the pictures on the wall of Robert and his Kitty-No painter ever traced the form of grandma; what a pity-But we can catch the family look to-night in every guest, And branches of this goodly tree now spread from East to West. Some flourish far away from home in lands of old romance. Twin blossoms bloom upon the bough that waves in sunny France. Tradition says those early days had charms we do not fancy-Now "none so rare as can compare" with Amiel and his Nancy. The branch of Seth had fourteen sprigs (Dame Fortune was no miser), While fair young plants of olive grew 'round John and Aunt Eliza, And could they all but hear our call and in the homestead rally, Again we'd praise the household ways of well beloved "Aunt Sally." While like a fading summer flower they've passed from earthly sight, The perfume of their memory yet lingers here to-night.



Tho' houses, land, and treasured store, now all have taken wing—Sweet Love, Faith, Hope, and Charity a golden harvest bring, Long may the Tree now flourish in freedom's glorious light, Until majestic beauty shall crown its topmost height; And when the promised angel shall stand upon the shore And swear by God's Evangel that "time shall be no more;" Transplanted to those pastures, where Living Waters flow And where our brightest blossoms were garnered long ago, Crowned with immortal beauty, beside that radiant shore, Upon the Rock of Ages may we stand forever more.

-ANNA PLATT.

NEW YORK.

COPY OF LETTER FROM THE POET WHITTIER TO MRS. CORNELIA PLATT, REFERRING TO THE ANCESTRY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., 2nd mo., 5, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I heartily thank thee for thy very kind letter which has just reached me.

It gives me much pleasure to know that my writings have been so appreciated by thee.

No worthier ancestry could any one have than the Quakers of Nantucket.

Franklin owed more to his Nantucket mother than to his father. And now let me congratulate thee on thy coming 93d anniversary. In some respects I think I am older than thee at 80.

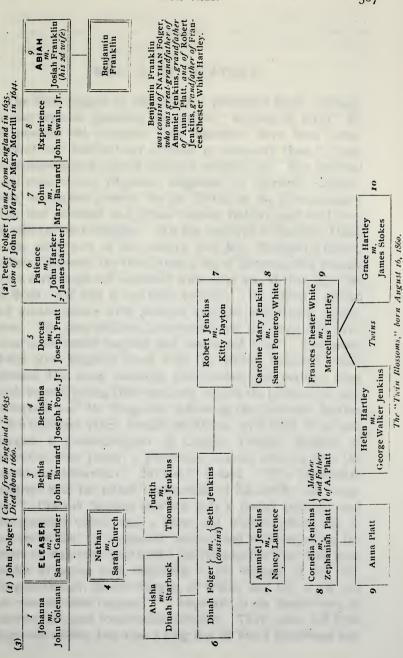
The weight of the years rests heavily upon me, and all my near relatives have passed away.

In the twilight of life in which we are waiting we have the blessed consolation of the assurance that the All Merciful Father cares for His children in youth and age, in life and death.

With every good wish for thee, I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

# DESCENDANTS OF PETER FOLGER.





### MRS. R. M. NEWPORT.

The State Regent of Minnesota is peculiarly fitted, not only by rare personal qualities, but by the "accident of birth" for the position she occupies. Her ancestors have been distinguished, not less by their services to humanity than by their illustrious careers in both civil and military life. Her paternal great-grandfather, Eliphalet Edgerton, of Norwich, Connecticut, was taken prisoner by the British in the Revolutionary War, was confined in a prison ship at Halifax and died from the effect of his hardships. His son removed to Marietta, Ohio, in the early part of the century, and Mrs. Newport's father, Luther Edgerton, the third, then a lad of thirteen, thus became in his early boyhood identified with what was at that time the far West. Of him it has been written: "He united a refined and gentle nature with positive qualities and strong convictions. His most notable characteristic was the singularly virile moral sense which inspired and dominated him." The union of the New England stock with the diverse elements which enriched the more southern civilizations has perhaps done much toward giving Ohio men and women the prominence now proverbial, and Mr. Edgerton, following this fortunate fashion of his time and place, formed an alliance with Miss Elizabeth Morgan, a granddaughter of Colonel George Morgan, of Princeton, New Jersey, a gentleman recently referred to in the AMERICAN MONTHLY. Of him it is said: "The journals of Congress bear the fullest testimonials of his ability and integrity." Colonel Morgan was not only a useful, patriotic and distinguished citizen and a brave and trusted officer, but in mercantile life, in diplomatic service and while enjoying the leisure of a country gentleman he represented what was most notable in action and admirable in the manner of his day. His grandfather, David Morgan, of Wales, had left in his will this characteristic bequest: "I bequeath to my descendants in America this most comfortable certainty. They come, not from kings and nobles, but from a long line of brave gentlemen and

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women with unstained names." As a merchant, Colonel Morgan traversed the wilderness, descended the Ohio and explored the Mississippi, a task requiring exceptional courage and energy, more than one hundred years ago, and by this experience became fitted for the long diplomatic service required of him by Congress, in treating with the Indians. Hildreth's Pioneer History remarks that Colonel Morgan's strict honesty in all his dealings with the Indians won their fullest confidence.

As a soldier in the Revolution he served as first lieutenant in the first volunteer company that was raised in Philadelphia, commanded by General Cadwallader, but was shortly promoted to command. In 1777 he received the commission of colonel in the Army of the United States. President Tuttle, of Wabash College, says: "When the American Army was driven from Philadelphia and its vicinity by the British, who took possession at once (it was the Valley Forge winter), Morgan accompanied the Army and shared its hardships. Mrs. Morgan and her little children he left in Philadelphia, where they were not molested, but where she suffered great anxiety by not hearing from her husband. One morning a country woman came with a little basket of butter, and asked to see Mrs. Morgan. After being admitted to her room, and having secured the door, the woman drew off her stocking, in the heel of which was a letter from Mrs. Morgan's husband, assuring her of his good health, and telling her to be courageous as the enemy would soon evacuate Philadelphia." It is such incidents as these that bring the heroism and sacrifices of our forefathers most vividly to our understanding, and to rescue from oblivion these experiences, otherwise lost in the insecure condition of all merely family annals, is the honored privilege of our society.

After the close of the war Colonel Morgan established his country seat upon Prospect Hill, the site of the old mansion being now occupied by the residence of the president of Princeton College. The noble avenues of elms still stand as witnesses to his love of the beautiful. We have a charming view of this soldier-gentleman in an account given by Dr. Manasseh Cutter, who visited him July 12, 1787, and writes: "I believe (him) the first in America in the knowledge of agriculture, and (he) is besides a literary character."



Late in life Colonel Morgan removed to an estate near Pittsburgh, still known by the name of "Morganza." It was at this estate that Aaron Burr endeavored, while enjoying the hospitality of his old army friend, to allure the younger Morgans to join his treasonable purposes. His ill success was fully demonstrated at the time of the trial of the accomplished traitor, and the visit of the loyal family at that time to Richmond resulted in more than one captivating romance.

Dr. John Morgan, brother of Colonel Morgan, was most highly eulogized by the late Benjamin Rush in a memorial delivered by him in November, 1789. After winning the highest literary honors his country afforded and serving as Lieutenant and Surgeon in the Provincial Army during the French war, with such skill and unselfishness, that it was said: "If it were possible for any man to merit Heaven by his works, Dr. Morgan would deserve it." He sailed for Europe and entered upon a lengthened course of study at the Universities of Edinburgh and Paris. He enjoyed the society of the chief literary and scientific men of his time during the five years of his residence abroad, meeting Voltaire at Geneva and Morgagni at Padua, and having been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London and of the Royal College of Surgeons of London and Edinburgh. When he returned to his country he at once advocated the founding of a medical school in connection with the college at Philadelphia. The European Magazine of October, 1792, says: "The historian who shall hereafter relate the progress of medical science in America will be deficient in candor or justice if he does not connect the name of Dr. John Morgan with that auspicious era in which medicine was first taught and studied as a science in this country."

The mother of these patriotic and talented sons was the daughter of a gentleman who had sold a fortified seat, called Holloager, in Cheshire, and after paying his father's debts, had embarked for Pennsylvania with William Penn, purchasing an ample tract of land in his new home and marrying a wife associated with Quaker traditions.

The women of the Morgan family are presented to us, even in a simple narrative of facts, as picturesquely placed against a historic background. Even the democratic mind of a



Daughter of the American Revolution takes kindly to romantic suggestions, and we are well pleased to picture this fortunate Johanna, with a certain Quaker simplicity, standing in graceful relief, with an ancestral moat and drawbridge behind her.

Her daughter-in-law, the wife of Colonel Morgan, appears to us in the quaint fashion of 130 years ago, having come to her fair and prosperous estate through ancestral perils by land and sea, her family, the Chevaliers of South Carolina, being descended from Sully, the minister and favorite of Henry the Fourth, of France. Sully's daughter, the wife of a Marquis, became the mother of a zealous Huguenot, who fled to England, completed his studies at Oxford, was appointed by the Duke of Somerset to teach the Princess Elizabeth, was a professor at Cambridge and a celebrated author of his day. His son was educated at Geneva for the church, but also became a fugitive, and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a member of the next generation founded the family in America.

We are given another glimpse of a graceful daughter-in-law in the next generation, Miss Katharine Duane, who, amid the brilliant company assembled at Richmond, was at once attracted by the elegant presence of Thomas Morgan, whose loyalty, as Mr. Jefferson afterward wrote, gave the Government the first intimation of the mad and treasonable designs that had been set on foot by Burr.

Last of all we have the sweet and gracious picture of Eliza Aldrich Thompson, brought in her early orphanage to the home of her uncle, Col. William McKennan, Secretary of State under his uncle, Governor McKean.

Her father, Dr. David Thompson, born of vigorous "north of Ireland" stock, had settled in Delaware, becoming an eminent physician and holding many public trusts. While deprived of the tender and intelligent care of such a father, the young daughter was yet fortunate in finding, in her adopted home, influences peculiarly fitting her to dispense through her long life, the elegant hospitalities required of her, as the wife of Mr. George Morgan, who inherited "Morganza."

"Her early association with the refined society of that 'olden time' impressed her with an admiration for the principles, feel-



ings and cultivation of the Revolutionary fathers, which she never lost," writes one of her descendants.

At this family seat, Morganza, Mrs. Newport's mother was born in 1810, on the day of her father's death. Here she grew to womanhood and was married, under the care of a mother "noted for many accomplishments and singular force of character."

This memory was transferred as an ennobling influence to her home at Marietta, Ohio, where her daughter, Eliza Thompson Edgerton, was born. Here she resided, except while pursuing her education at Washington, Pennsylvania. she married Capt. Reece Marshall Newport, a gentleman whose refined tastes and high Christian character might well promise the happy union time has proved it to be. Captain Newport was a volunteer officer in the war of the rebellion, was in 1864 promoted to the rank of colonel and brevet-brigadier-general, and was stationed at Baltimore until the close of the war. 1872 they removed with their two children, Luther Edgerton and Mary Morgan, to Minnesota, on account of General Newport's health, and have for many years resided in St. Paul, where another son, Reece Marshall, has been born to them. In the "Piping time of peace" few virtues are recorded. perity, happiness, right living seldom shape themselves into historic incident. Only in great national or local crises do these qualities bear their legitimate fruitage of heroic deeds.

But in tranquil times fine influences work noiselessly, like nature, and from this St. Paul home has emanated a constant stream of beneficence for promoting the happiness and well being of others.

Around the cheerful fireside companies of homeless young men have been brought together to exchange kindly greetings; within its doors distinguished strangers have been welcomed with gracious courtesy. In its pleasant library was formed, eleven years ago, a society for establishing homes for young women, of which Mrs. Newport is vice-president, and later, a society for furnishing daily lunches for shop-girls and food for the sick, of which she is president.

Within two years has also been there inaugurated the immense work of the Bethel Auxiliary, of which she is also

president, and within the past year, in the colonial drawing room, the Minnesota Daughters of the American Revolution have sprung into being, like Minerva, full armed, to fight the old battles of their sires.

Broad in sympathy, quick in perception, prompt in action, ready in an emergency, generous in meeting individual need and public demand, and courageous in rendering the highest fealty to Christian principle, Mrs. Newport is rarely fitted to lead in all these social efforts for the elevation of our kind, these guilds which we feel are destined—

"To serve as model for the mighty world, And be the fair beginning of a time."

ADA WALKER ADAMS.





## DR. G. BROWN GOODE.

First Chairman of the Advisory Board, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Few persons have shown a more earnest interest in the development of our two great national patriotic societies than Dr. George Brown Goode, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the executive head of the National Museum. Himself a native of the West, descended in the male line from Virginia and Georgia families, and on the other side from New England and New Jersey, he has felt the importance of a movement so well calculated to bring together in friendly co-operation, regardless of sectional feeling or party ties, public spirited men whose descent from the men of '76 makes it their duty to cherish enlightened patriotism and to uphold liberal institutions. He also appreciated the importance of the work which these societies may do in gathering up the records of the past, in preserving historic monuments and localities, and in encouraging historical study.

Dr. Goode's experience in the administration of government scientific interests has enabled him to afford efficient aid in the work of organizing the State and National bodies. In 1890 he was active in founding the District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution, which is now, with its membership of nearly five hundred, by far the most powerful of the thirty branches of the National Society. He was its first Registrar and prepared and edited the "Year-Book" for 1891. This is an unusually artistic example of typography, and presented the historical and genealogical records of the society in a novel and lucid manner, much more intelligibly and fully than had before been attempted to be done. This book, in arrangement and typography has been used as a model for almost all similar works since published. At the first annual meeting after its organization he was elected a Vice-President of the National Society to succeed Admiral Porter, and has for two years been Registrar-General and Chairman of the Committee on Organization of State Societies. As an officer his most enthusiastic efforts have been directed toward the conciliation of the Society of the "Sons of the Revolution," which he

has insisted ought to be treated not as a rival but as a sister organization. The union of the two bodies is now being effected by a joint committee composed of the Presidents of the branch societies in those States in which both bodies are represented, and will undoubtedly be completed in a few weeks. The United Society will hold a post of honor at Chicago next summer as joint custodian with the "Daughters" of the memorials of Washington and his comrades.

When the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in 1890 he was elected chairman of the Advisory Committee, of which he is still a member. wife was elected Vice-President General, in which office she has served most efficiently ever since, having been reëlected at the Continental Congress of 1892. In the early days of the Society she often said, laughingly, that she was made an officer that we might secure the services and attendance of her husband. As the Society is indebted to Mrs. Goode for most thorough and earnest work on many committees, the Board of Management can easily hold up a mirror whereby her deeds will reflect themselves with original lustre. We all remember the many long evenings that Mrs. Goode gave to the work of the organization, leaving her charming home on the Heights and her interesting little family, to help in the patriotic work in which we were enlisted. To Professor and Mrs. Goode equally does this Society owe a debt of gratitude, for together they considered the interests of the organization in its early struggles and gave a helping hand when it was needed. His anticipations for this society were always very hopeful, for he believed that women would prove to be more enthusiastic in such patriotic work than men. He is satisfied with the result and regards the woman's society as a more influential and effective body than that of the men has yet become, notwithstanding the greater number of members in the latter. The badge of the "Daughters," with its golden wheel of thirteen spokes imposed upon a silver distaff, was designed and drawn by him and was copyrighted by the society in his name. He derives much pleasure from this incidental connection with an emblem which for so many generations to come will be associated in the minds of so many of the noblest of American women with thoughts of "Home and Country." Dr. Goode



is an American in the fullest sense in that there is scarcely a drop of blood in his veins which was not on this side of the Atlantic, in Barbadoes or Virginia, in Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York, at least two hundred and fifty years ago. His ancestor, seven generations removed, John Goode of "Whitby" on the James, fought under Nathaniel Bacon in 1676, in the first armed resistance of our colonists to the oppression of British officials. Jasper Crane, Capt. Samuel Swaine, Henry Lyon and four other of his male ancestors. founders of Newark and Elizabeth, took part in 1671 in a similar though bloodless revolt, the first of the New Jersey land-right revolts, and another ancestor, the Rev. John Cross, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian preacher, was so deeply involved in the "Anti-Rent Revolt" of 1747-an immediate precursor of the Revolution—that a reward was offered for his head by the Crown. One of his boyhood memories is that he heard his aged grandmother tell about Colonel Tarleton's raid upon her father's plantation at Amelia Court-House, and the greencoated troopers who carried away all the horses except those which her three brothers had with them in the rebel army. He heard also many an anecdote of Patrick Henry, his grandfather's friend and idol, and of the uprising of all southern Virginia to repel the advance of the red-coats across the Dan river. She would place a wide piece of paper on the blazing coals of the fireplace and as the red sparks chased each other across the black surface of the charred sheet would say that those were the British soldiers retreating across the fields. She used to sing "Hail Columbia" in her trembling but melodious voice and also a ballad, in the spirit of the old English sea-songs, about "The Constitution and the Guerriere" and the glories of Hull and his comrades of 1812. Later he learned that his New Jersey forefather, Israel Crane, served at Monmouth as cornet in the Essex Troop of Light Horse, and that the Ogdens and brave "Parson Caldwell of Springfield" were his kinsmen.

Dr. Goode was born in 1851 in Floyd county, Indiana; passed his boyhood in Cincinnati, and Amenia, New York; was graduated in 1870 from Wesleyan, and pursued a short postgraduate course under Agassiz and Shaler at Cambridge. For twenty years he has been attached to the Smithsonian Institution. By profession a naturalist, he has printed over a hundred



contributions to ichthyology, and the popular illustrated books on "The Game Fishes of the United States" and "American Fishes." He joined the United States Fish Commission as a volunteer in 1872 and was associated with Professor Baird in nearly every phase of its work. In 1877 he was statistical expert to the Department of State at the Halifax Fisheries convention, and in 1880 had charge of the fisheries division of the Tenth Census and published a quarto report in seven volumes. In 1887, at the death of Baird, he was appointed by President Cleveland United States Commissioner of Fisheries. but resigned the position after siv months, preferring the scientific and educational work of the Smithsonian to the applied science of the Fish Commission. Of late years the demands of the growing National Museum, of which since 1881 he has been constantly the chief executive officer, have drawn him away from research work and his duties have become largely executive. The administration of museums and expositions has of late become a profession in itself, which is yearly growing to be a more responsible one. Besides being a member of the Government Board for the New Orleans Cotton Centennial Exposition in 1885, the Ohio Valley Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati in 1887, and the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, he was sole Commissioner for the United States to the International Fisheries Exhibitions at Berlin in 1880 and London in 1883, and is one of the Commissioners for the Columbian Historical Exposition in Commemoration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America, now in progress in Madrid. He served as chairman of the committee on programme for the Patent Centennial Celebration in Washington in 1890, and at the request of the National Commission prepared the preliminary plan upon which the classification of the World's Columbian Exposition is based.

As an outgrowth of this kind of work he has printed several papers on the principles of museum administration, the first attempt to reduce this kind of work to a science, and is understood to have in preparation a more elaborate book on the same subject. Of late years his attention has been given somewhat to the history of American science and scientific and educational institutions, in connection with which he has brought to light new facts in regard to the great national university which

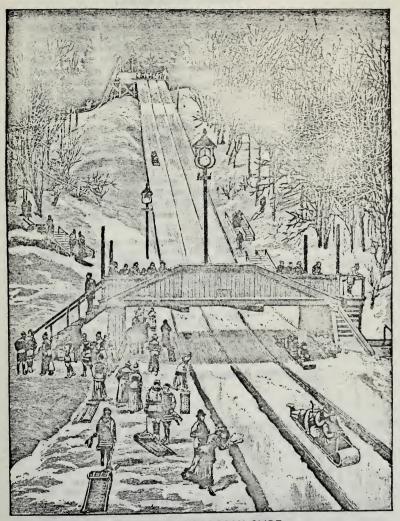


Washington gave a part of his private fortune to endow, aid which has since been lost to memory, if the apathy of our people may be taken as a test.

He also has had the pleasure of restoring to Washington's book-shelves at Mount Vernon, as a gift to the lady Regents, a magnificently bound copy of the great old French collection of voyages, in twenty volumes, sent as a gift to Washington by Count Rochambeau. These books, each of which has on the cover, in gold, surmounted by a coronet, a monogram of the letters "G. W.," were sent from France on a ship captured by a British cruiser and carried to London, so that Washington never saw the gift of his old comrade in arms, and they did not reach their intended destination on the banks of the Potomac till nearly a century later.

Dr. Goode has received the honorary degrees of Ph. D. (University of Indiana) and LL. D. (Wesleyan University.) His varied interests and activities may perhaps best be shown by an enumeration of the societies with which he is affiliated. He was in 1888 elected to the National Academy of Sciences, the most important of our American scientific bodies, and was that year its youngest member. He is a member of the American Society of Naturalists and of the American Philosophical Society, before which body he delivered an address on the Literary Labors of Benjamin Franklin at the hundredth anniversary of the death of Franklin, its founder, in 1889. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston, and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is Vice President of the Philosophical Society and of the Cosmos Club of Washington, and also of the American Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, a councilor of the American Institute of Civics, member of the executive committee of the American Historical Association and of the general advisory council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition. He is also corresponding member of the Virginia Historical Society, the Natural History and Anthropological Society of Moscow, the Deutsche Deutscher Fischerei Verein, the National Fisheries Societies of Great Britain and Japan, the Société Generale d'Aquiculture de France, the Société Zoologique de France, and the Zoological Society of London.





SARATOGA TOBOGGAN SLIDE.



## TOBOGGAN NIGHT.

Wild to ride down once this year?
Don't know how? I'll teach you, dear.
You sit forward, I will steer.
Foul is fair toboggan-night.
Down we go. You do feel queer?
Back to shoulder, never fear!
Pull your wrap about your ear—
Lean to the right!

How we glide, how we glide,
Down chute, down slide,
Down the glassy side of the ice-bound slide!
And the torches, a-row
On the ridges of snow,
Leap backward, and throw
Flame on to flame, till our vista's aglow
With a rim of fire on either side!
As we glide, as we glide.

With our speed the night wind wakes, Chills to frost your breath that breaks On my face in fleecy flakes,
Crisp is the air toboggan night.
And your loosened cloud of hair,
Frosted white upon the air,
Glistens in the torches' glare,—
Whips my temples, blurs my sight—
Lean to the right!

How we glide, how we glide,
How we ride, ride, ride,
Down the dizzy side of the ice-bound slide!
How we skip, skim, fly—
Till the stars on high
Shoot backward, and lie
Like threads on the sky!
And the winds whiz past, and the earth reels by,
With a scurry of woods on either side!
As we glide, as we glide.

How we glide, how we glide,
On our madcap ride!
Down the bosomless tide of the night we ride!
And the black, swift mist of the rolling tide,
Touched by the rasp of our rushing slide,
Jets into flame on either side!
And the stars are as sparks in the wake of our ride!
As we glide, as we glide,
As we ride, as we ride,—
Ride, ride, till doomsday, ride!



## JOINT MEETING OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE,

AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, MAY 31ST, 1892.

In accordance with the resolution passed by the Board of Managers of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, that the May meeting of the Society be held outside of the limits of Washington City, it was determined, if practicable, to hold the stated meeting in the Senate Chamber of the State House at Annapolis.

The Governor of Maryland having kindly consented to the use of the State House for the purpose, invitations were extended by the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to the kindred Patriotic Societies in Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis—to the Sons of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames, and the Daughters of the Revolution, and to the Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The officers of the White Squadron then at Annapolis and of the Annapolis Academy were also invited to attend the meeting.

The State House was handsomely decorated with flags, palms, and flowers.

The meeting was called to order by General A. W. Greeley, the President of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, who spoke as follows:

"It is well that patriots should from time to time gather, for thought and inspiration, in places hallowed by historical associations with the deeds of our Revolutionary ancestors. Among historic shrines on American soil, there are few which equal and none which excel in deep importance the Senate Chamber of Annapolis, for here on one of the few imperishable days was enacted a scene which marked an epoch, not only for America but for all liberty-loving people throughout the wide world. In here offering his resignation as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies, Washington illustrated to the world that

he was a man with fixed idea, and that his course as General had been subservient only to one great purpose—the establishment of the principle of self-government. It was well that this act of Washington's in sinking his individuality into that of the people, should occur on the soil of Maryland, the only Colony where at that time it was constitutionally possible for one of the people, as the term is used, to rise to the head of the state. Disregarding constitutional qualifications as to official standing, landed estates, or other forms of property imposed by other colonies on its chief executive, Maryland, true to its past, displayed unexampled liberality in its formulated constitution and demanded only that its governor should be 'a person of wisdom, experience, and virtue.' Its long line of great governors attest how faithfully this proviso has been adhered to, tradition surviving despite constitutional changes.

"We esteem it a great privilege and honor that the Governor of such a State shares the patriotic aims of these societies and attests his strong personal interest by welcoming their members and attendant friends.

"I now have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you his Excellency the Governor of Maryland."

Governor Brown said:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution: As a citizen of Maryland I salute you! And as Governor of this Commonwealth I welcome you!

"The history of this State is interwoven with numerous Revolutionary events which naturally interest all American citizens. Our Capital, the city of Annapolis, has associated with it many incidents which mark it as one of the richest historical spots in this great country. It is unfortunate that so many of the landmarks which made this city conspicuous in the days of the American Revolution have been removed or allowed to decay. Yet we are to be congratulated that there still remains enough to arouse the pride and patriotism of the Sons of the American Revolution and of all lovers of American liberty.

"It is particularly pleasant to me to be able to welcome you—the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution—

 within the walls of the building in which the Father of our Country and the champion of our independence surrendered his commission to a happy, conservative, prosperous, and independent people.

"Standing here, as we are, under the shadow of the magnificent painting representing Washington's surrender of his commission, one cannot but feel that Maryland was particularly fortunate in being the seat of Government at that time and Annapolis the spot for such an event. \* \* \*

"It but remains for me to offer you the most hearty welcome that the citizens of this old Commonwealth, through their Chief Executive, can extend."

The Presiding Officer: "We appreciate the words of welcome so courteously extended to us by Governor Brown, and we appreciate, also, the considerate thoughtfulness of the Governor through which this assembly room has been so beautifully decorated, making it, if possible, more acceptable for our use and pleasure."

"The time designated for the stated meeting of the District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution, has now arrived. In entering upon the business for which this meeting was specially called, the consideration of questions involving the harmony and unity of purpose on the part of kindred patriotic societies, it is especially desirable that such business shall be entered upon with a devout spirit. I call upon the Rev. T. S. Child, Chaplain of the Society, to offer a prayer."

After the prayer and the transaction of business the Presiding Officer said:

"The harmonious spirit shown, both by the letter of the resolutions toward union and in their unanimous adoption by the Society, will be, it is thought, strengthened and cemented by patriotic addresses suitable to the occasion from distinguished members of the associations here present.

"Reverting to Revolutionary times, it is appropriate to recall a story relative to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Realizing the gravity of the situation and the dangers attendant on possible of failure, one member is reported to have



said: 'Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, for if we don't we will hang separately.' Another added: 'But Carroll, of Maryland, might escape through failure of identification,' to which that noble and fearless patriot answered: 'I have put that beyond question by signing myself as Charles Carroll of Carrollton.' The manly spirit of independence and patriotism so characteristic of Charles Carroll abides an inherent quality of his offspring. We have with us to-day a gentleman who has always shown himself a worthy descendant of this noble ancestor. I have great pleasure in announcing that you will now be addressed by ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, President-General Sons of the Revolution.''

Governor Carroll said:

"I accepted with very great pleasure the invitation so cordially extended to me to be present here to-day and to say a few words in behalf of the Order to which we belong, so that I might give expression to the feeling which is uppermost in my mind, that it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the two societies which we represent that they should be united under one flag, with one constitution to govern their action, with one purpose only, and that to keep alive in the breast of the American people the memory of the illustrious men whose valor achieved the independence and whose wisdom furnished the prosperous government under which we live. We must and always will have rivalries between the political organizations of the country, contentions as to the various methods of administration, bitter animosities perhaps, as local prejudices are divided upon questions of public policy; but may we not hope and believe that there is one principle upon which the great American heart will forever be united, and that is of loyalty to the men of 1776 and deep veneration for the wisdom of those who shaped the destiny of the great Republic.

"And have we not in our time—those of us, at least, who have reached or passed the meridian of life—have we not seen this idea realized in a striking and most marvelous way?

"Young as our country is, vigorous as she is known to be, we are all aware that her course has not been unclouded, and that even within our memory we have been sufferers from the greatest evil which can afflict a nation. For four long years the

land was rent with civil feud, and the wild, destructive element of war wasted its substance, desolated its homes, and hurried a million of its people to untimely graves.

"After the war the civil law resumed her place once more, and the people with a voice which could not be misunderstood everywhere proclaimed: 'We will now go back to the doctrines which our fathers taught one hundred years ago, because through them alone can we hope to minister to the happiness and the prosperity of the nation.'

"Such is the glorious ending which the secession of the South has taught us, and it is well that we keep it ever fresh and green in our memory. For who can say to you or to me what the future has in store for us of good or of evil. Who is to decide the many grave and serious questions which must arise in the future administration of our Government?

"Who is to unravel the many complications which will spring from the varied questions of capital and labor, of poverty and wealth, of trade and finance?

"Who is to guide us through the varied disputes that even religious dissensions may bring upon us? Is it too much for me to say, my friends, that these may be the rocks—the hidden rocks—which lie deep beneath the surface of our prosperity; and if ever the day should come—which God forbid!—when men are goaded on to madness, and convulsion threatens to destroy the temple of Government we have reared, woe betide the spirit of liberty in this land if we be not guided then by the memory of our fathers and preserved by the inheritance of their wisdom and moderation.

"And here let me say that the societies of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution are organized for the very purpose of perpetuating these memories, and are intended to include within their fold the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, descendants of the men who in those stormy days 'had gathered around the form of Washington and felt even his great arm lean on them for support.'

"Therefore, may I say, standing to-day upon this hallowed spot where his victorious sword was yielded up in the presence of a grateful nation, let there be no division in our ranks; but

shoulder to shoulder, proud of our descent, prouder still of our American character, let us do what within us lies to advance the best interests of our common country."

The Presiding Officer: "It is well that Baltimore has become, and will be for all time, the greatest city of Maryland, since it perpetuates the name and fame of its great patron, whose liberal spirit of religious toleration foreshadowed for Maryland the prosperity consequent on such principle. Foremost in matters affecting the welfare of Maryland, Baltimore sends here to-day as her worthy representative, General Bradley T. Johnson, President Sons of the American Revolution, whom I have pleasure in now introducing."

Gen. Johnson said: "This building in which we are assembled is the most interesting one to me of all historical places in America.

"It is decorated with more patriotic traditions than Faneuil Hall or Carpenters' Hall. Its predecessor was built soon after the Protestant Revolution and accession of William and Mary in England, and was named the Stadt House in honor of the Dutch King.

"It has been the State House ever since. In other States, the government building is the Capitol. In Maryland alone is it the State House, and that name preserves the recollection of the long struggle for liberty by the Dutch under the house of Orange, and which has been perpetuated within these walls for nearly two centuries. Before 1740 the General Assembly protested against the right of the Provincial Governor to fix official fees and collect a tariff on tobacco by proclamation, and declared that fees and tariffs are taxes, and that the people of this Province cannot of right and ought not to be taxed except under laws to which they by their representatives had consented. The long debate and discussion here for a generation as to the right of taxation educated the Province to promptly repudiate the Stamp Act, and when that was repealed more forcibly to resist the tax on tea, for on the hill in front of this house was held the meeting of the Whig Club on October 19, 1774, which Charles Alexander Warfield led to burn the Peggy Stewart and her cargo of tea. On June 26, 1774, in this house, the Provincial Congress or Convention issued the call for the

first Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. On July 26, 1775, the Convention organized the Association of the Freemen of Maryland, which promptly threw off the proprietary authority, overthrew the proprietary government and established a government of the people, vested in and carried on by the Convention.

"Here on July 6, 1776, the new State issued her declaration of independence that she, Maryland, was a free sovereign and independent State. Here in March, 1777, the first State government was organized. Here on November 26, 1783, the Continental Congress, nine States, represented by twenty members met. Here on December 23, 1783, this Chamber was witness of a scene never equaled in the history of mankind.

"The successful General of a great rebellion, to whom the whole people looked as deliverer, and who they hoped would be their preserver, who had only to open his hand to be dictator, voluntarily resigned power and all public office to an assembly of debaters. This transaction is worth description here on the very stage on which it was enacted. In the language of the day Washington was 'the General.'

"On the General's arrival at Annapolis, Congress appointed a committee to wait on him and arrange with him for his reception. The place of session of the Congress was in this identical hall, improved some years since by removing most of the old-fashioned ornaments and historical marks which distinguished it. But the painting on the wall accurately brings back to you the scene as it took place. The committee reported the formal ceremonial of the reception by the ambassadors of sovereign States of their victorious General and most distinguished citizen. But no matter how distinguished or how glorious—he was the citizen—a citizen of a free State—the servant of the people; therefore, the ceremonial was framed to distinctly assert and signify the position of sovereign State and loyal servant.

"When the General, escorted by his staff, entered the Chamber, the members of the Congress remained seated, covered. The General is shown to a seat specially provided, and his staff remain standing.

"The President, Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, seated, informs him that the Congress is ready to receive his communication. The General then arises and delivers his address and hands a copy of it and his commission to the President. The President, seated, delivers the answer of Congress—the General to receive it standing.

"The President having finished, the Secretary is to deliver a copy of the address to the General, who is then to take his leave.

"When the General arises to deliver his address, and also when he retires, he is to bow to Congress, which they are to return by uncovering, without bowing. This ceremony was strictly carried out in this Chamber.

"The Marylanders hope that at some future time when more important matters do not occupy our authorities we will be able to show you the Chamber restored to the identical status it was on December 23, 1783. Models for all the lost parts are preserved, and it is perfectly practicable to reproduce it as it was before it was *improved!* 

"In this Chamber the resolution was carried in 1783 calling for a conference with Virginia about trade regulations on the Potomac, the Pocomoke and the lower Chesapeake, which conference resulted in the compact of 1785. In the conference in this Chamber of five States on September 1, 1786, was called the Convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States. Here in this building on April 21, 1788, met the State Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States.

"To that Convention Luther Martin made his report why he had withdrawn from the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, and gave his reason for refusing his assent to sit and made his solemn protest and remonstrance against his State's accession to it and allowing herself to be bound hand and foot. Read that report to-day and it sounds like prophecy as to the past and doom as to the future.

"I am therefore proud to show you this sacred hall, this consecrated memorial of patriotism, of virtue and of wisdom.

"If Faneuil Hall is the Cradle of Liberty; if Carpenters' Hall is the Birthplace of Independence, the State House of

Maryland is the Nursery of Freemen, of Patriots, and of Soldiers, who have illustrated every page of American history, in field and forum, on sea and land, at home or abroad. The motto of the State illustrates her character. Whatever trial has come in the past, whether from faction, domestic or foreign foe, her sons and daughters have always shown courage and courtesy, the attributes of a race who have always believed that words are feminine, but deeds are manly, and who have always acted on it. And wherever and whenever the Black and Gold has floated in the storm of battle Marylanders have never failed to bear it to the front—sometimes to victory, sometimes to defeat; never to disgrace, always to glory."

The Presiding Officer: "I have the pleasure of introducing to you Hon. John Goode, of the 'Old Dominion."

Judge Goode said: "It would afford me pleasure to respond to this unexpected call if I felt that I could add anything to the interest of the occasion. The invitation to address you is accepted, not as a personal compliment to myself, but as a tribute to the proud Commonwealth which has been the prolific mother of patriots, heroes and statesmen. Whatever may be said of the present and future of the Old Dominion, her past at least is secure. The unfading civic wreath has, by the universal verdict of mankind, been placed upon her venerable brow, and the fame of her great names will endure as long as her beautiful blue mountains shall lift their summits to the skies. It is no vainglorious boast to say that the Constitutional Union of 1789 was, in great part, the creation of her hands. Her Henry, with his Heaven-born eloquence, kindled the fires of the Revolution. Her Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence. Her Madison was confessedly the father of the Constitution. Her Marshall was universally acknowledged to be its great expounder. Her Washington has, by the general acclaim, been recognized as 'First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.'

"It has been beautifully said by Father Ryan, the Poet Priest, that 'a land without memories is a land without liberty.' As we sit in this old 'State House' around which so many hallowed associations and so many historic glories cluster, what grand and precious memories come trooping up from the past

 and crowding thick and fast upon us! It was here that Washington on the 23rd day of December, 1783, surrendered into the hands of Congress the trust that had been committed to him and claimed the indulgence of retiring from the public service.

"On the morning after he had surrendered his commission to the President of the Congress Washington left Annapolis and hastened to his beautiful home, which still stands on the banks of the historic Potomac, as a sacred shrine to which the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution may always resort in order that they may receive fresh inspiration of liberty and patriotism. In a letter to Governor Clinton, after his arrival at Mount Vernon, he said: 'I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues.' But he was not long permitted to rest in his quiet retreat and enjoy the happiness of private life. His country again solicited the benefit of his consummate wisdom and matchless leadership. As the head of the Virginia delegation he went to the convention called to meet at Philadelphia for the purpose of revising the articles of confederation, adopting a Federal Constitution and organizing a Federal Union.

"Under our system of Government the law is the supreme power. As has been well said by an eminent jurist: 'No man in this country is so high that he is above the law. No officer of the law may set that law at defiance with impunity. All the officers of the Government from the highest to the lowest are but creatures of the law, and are bound to obey it.' \* \* \*

"In conclusion, permit me to congratulate you upon the fraternal spirit of concord and harmony that seems to animate the different organizations represented here to-day. Now that the Sons of the Revolution, and the Sons of the American Revolution, with common aims and common aspirations, have agreed to unite in one organization, that union may be made much more perfect if the Daughters of the Revolution will continue to extend to them the benefit of their gentle influence and of their radiant presence. There is a special obligation resting upon the Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution as the lineal descendants of those who have transmitted to them the priceless heritage they enjoy.

"While we thank God for the services and sacrifices he enabled our fathers to make in the acquisition of freedom and independence, let us thank Him also that we are able to strengthen their work, and to transmit to our children as they transmitted to theirs the noblest inheritance that belongs to man. Let us remember that the obligations of patriotism require us to exert whatever influence we may possess, not only in preserving those cardinal principles which lie at the foundation of our representative system of Government, but in contributing to the moral elevation and improvement of the individual citizen. The public safety and the national honor depend upon the force of individual character.

"'Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The Presiding Officer: Annapolis in its history must ever be associated with the Navy of the United States. Assistant Secretary Soley promised to speak for the Naval Service, but at the last moment official duties prevented his attendance. It never failed the infant navy of the Revolution, when the captain was absent, but what the mate was equally competent. As an offspring of an heroic ancestor, distinguished in our naval history, I call upon Alexander Porter Morse to address us.

Mr. Morse said:

"I presume that every speaker who is suddenly called upon to address an audience sympathizes with and shares the sentiments which found expression by the lips of the Scottish poet when invited by a youthful neighbor to send him a letter of advice:

"'I lang hae thought, my youthful friend,
A something to hae sent you,
Tho' it may serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

"I am to-day further embarrassed by recalling the caution of the classic critic who insists that 'a fourth person should not venture to speak."

<sup>&</sup>quot;' Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.'

"Under the circumstances, the temptation to tell a story, to sing a song, or preach a sermon, is about equal.

"I resist the inclination to preach a sermon. And standing here at the immediate home of marines and sailors, I would not venture to enter the lists in competition with those who are the champion yarn-spinners of the world.

"The exigency of the naval service has prevented the attendance of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Soley, who, up to a late moment, expected to have been with us to-day to respond to a sentiment appropriate to the important part borne by the Navy in the achievement of American independence. It is much to be regretted that one so well equipped for the discharge of so gratifying a duty is unexpectedly absent. Were he present he would no doubt have thrilled this assembly with a recital of some of the heroic acts of the American Navy during the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary period, and he would probably have cheered us with a glowing forecast of its future. He might have pictured the warfare of the future, when great guns will hurl death-dealing projectiles twenty miles; when torpedo boats and sub-marine mechanism will, in a jiffy, sweep fleets from the face of the waters. He might have told us something of the warfare of the coming races, when, in a trice, armies will be scooped up by foemen with whom the unfortunate enjoys neither a vocular nor ocular acquaintance. So terrible and mysterious are the engines of destruction now in preparation.

"If he were present the Assistant Secretary of the Navy would perhaps have told us that the coming wars will be brief, and of necessity, few. He would describe the wars of the future as a reconnoisance by balloon or a dive under water—a discharge in mid-air or a sub-aqueous explosion of some secret compound—and the result, the dissolution of one or both contending hosts. The coming warrior will be equipped with a dynamo, a diving-bell, a torpedo boat, and the warranted 'to kill all' powder, smokeless or smoke more, as the case may be, with rations for one day. Every warrior will carry in his belt combustible material sufficient to exterminate an army or wreck a fleet. The time will then arrive when the warrior may well exclaim:

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"'Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars

That make ambition virtue. Farewell the neighing steed and the
shrill trump.

The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner.'

"There will probably be very little 'pomp' or 'circumstance' about the wars of the future. Until the climax arrives, the action will be as 'inaudible and noiseless as the foot of Time,' and as soothing as one of Wordsworth's sonnets.

"Meanwhile, however, we shall need to maintain a naval as well as a military establishment that shall comport with the dignity of the State, while it would be ready to respond to any call, however sudden or emergent. We need a Navy for many reasons; and we require one that is fitting the station of a modern first-class power. We constantly need the presence of our flag on foreign stations floating above the deck of sea-going and armed cruisers. In the adjustment of international controversies the presence of the Navy frequently has a composing and convincing influence. It has indeed been aptly styled 'the right hand of Diplomacy.' The occasional call of well-officered and well-equipped American cruisers at home ports will be to all our people a useful and valuable object lesson in patriotism.

"The contemporary American is a migratory animal; his interests are scattered the world over; his personal and his property rights are assailable in many quarters of the globe; and his protection, in life and property, are dependent largely upon his flag, the emblem of his Nation's power.

"In his introductory remarks General Greeley was pleased to make allusion to the American frigate 'Constellation,' that frigate, the heroic achievements of whose officers and crew during the quasi-wars with France covered the nation with honor and glory—that frigate, whose exploits and those of her historic sister ships so fostered the spirit of the rank and file among the Navy that when the War of 1812 was forced upon America, she had in her Navy a personnel that proved more than the equal of her formidable adversary on the seas. And to-day it must be a reflection gratifying to Marylanders that the historic ship which was built in Maryland waters, and officered and manned in part by sons of Maryland, is still afloat and is now

riding at anchor in the deep waters of the picturesque Severn. The capture of the French frigate L'Insurgente, and the destruction of La Vengeance were the crowning victories of the Constellation. The President of the United States sent a communication thanking Commodore Truxton, his officers and crews, for the 'good conduct, exact discipline, and bravery displayed in these actions.' And Congress passed a resolution of thanks to Captain Truxton, and to the officers, sailors and mariners 'of the fighting department.' One of the many acts of heroism on the Constellation has been recently chronicled by a clever contemporary author, who is one of us, and who is with us to-day. The incident I refer to is the heroic death of Midshipman Jarvis—a thirteen-year-old middy—who met his fate so bravely during the engagement with La Vengeance. A tablet to his memory should be placed in yonder chapel, where the deeds of older heroes are commemorated, as an example and incentive to our young sailors, with the appropriate inscription:

"'As his life was without fear, so was his death without reproach.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, the event, the occasion we are here to commemorate, and the surroundings are full of inspiration. In this quaint and beautiful colonial town, once the nation's capital, which was a city with chartered rights before the present seat of government was incorporated; here where lived and rest the remains of the author of the Maryland declaration of rights, that other illustrious Carroll, the Barrister; here where sleeps the signer of the Declaration of Independence—Chase; here where the bronze image of another eminent son of Maryland-Taney, the great jurist and the exemplary Christian gentleman-sometime Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States-welcomes the visitor to this historic State House. Here are all the elements of patriotic suggestions. Here is the capital of that State which is so rich in Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary traditions. Here is the school which is admirably contributing to elevate and sustain the personnel of the American Navy-the nursery which has produced the sea kings of the days gone by. The history of Maryland, the history of the nation is suggested at every turn.

Here cluster graceful monuments to perpetuate the fame of heroic men and noble women-Americans all-whose memories are fittingly commemorated by artist and historian. These indeed are 'sermons in stone' which should teach us to venerate and encourage us to imitate the achievements of worthy and honored sires. But we live in the present as well as in the past. With us to-day are descendants of officers and men who made the fame of the Maryland Line, or stood in the front of battle at North Point and successfully resisted the impetuous charges of the British troops. Marylanders among us to-day recall the fact with pardonable pride that the 'Father of the American Navy,' Commodore Barry, was a son of Maryland. With us are descendants of the worthy men and women who have built up the fair fabric of a free State—a State founded on the cardinal principle of all righteous government—civil liberty and religious toleration. 'The greatest political discovery ever made is the principle that government has no rightful authority over the religious faith of its subjects.' Before me are scions of the author of our national anthem. 'The Star Spangled Banner.' And here too are descendants and representatives of that living poet, another son of Maryland, whose stirring lyrics have made the name of his mother State familiar throughout the music loving world. If I may be permitted to indulge for a moment in a moralizing mood, I would say that we are all conscious how hard it is to combat the material tendency of the age. It is therefore wise in this association to turn the thoughts of its members, from time to time, to examples of heroism and self-abnegation.

"To quote the language of our American poet in his exquisite ode to Washington:

"'The man's whole life precludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed.'

"It may be said of Washington, as was said of another great soldier, that he was 'stern where sternness was necessary, full of flowing courtesy and princely manners."

"Let us treasure the lesson which such acts and such lives teach; and always remember that—

"It is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

The Presiding Officer: "The successful issue of this day's affairs has depended largely on the tact, zeal and energy of one of the Board of Managers of the District Society. These qualifications are in part inherent, as characteristics of his ancestors who have served the State in high stations, and in part due to the training had in the Naval Academy. I introduce Mr. Ernest Wilkinson, a graduate of the Naval Academy, and a descendant of that great soldier, General James Wilkinson, of Revolutionary fame."

Mr. Wilkinson said:

"As a Marylander by descent, and an Annapolitan by adoption, I rise to pay my tribute to the people of the town.

"The earliest white settlers of Annapolis were a band of Puritans, who first settled in Virginia, but found themselves as unwelcome in that young colony as they had been in the old motherland. Driven away by those hospitable Virginians, whom my eloquent friend, Judge Goode, has just told you about, they sorrowfully gathered up their few belongings and moved to a spot near the present site of Annapolis.

"In 1649 seven Puritan families built their log houses on a point at the mouth of the Severn river, and with the peaceful waters of the Chesapeake on three sides of them and the dense woods in the rear, they hoped to be free from religious persecution and to live as quietly in their little village as did their neighbors, the oysters in their muddy beds.

"It does not appear that these Puritans followed the example of their predecessors in New England, who, it is said, 'first fell upon their knees and then upon the Aborigines,' for a treaty of peace was early made between the Indians and the settlers under a giant poplar on yonder college green.

"But, although the exiles made and kept the peace with the untaught savages near by, with their brother Christians at a distance, their relations were by no means so amicable, for Charles II, then an exile himself in France, reproved Lord Baltimore for harboring such miscreants and heretics, and commissioned a Royal Governor to supplant the one appointed by the proprietor.

"On account of its commodious harbor and central location the Town at Proctors," as Annapolis was then called, was soon (1694) selected to supplant the older St. Mary's as the capital, and, in spite of the fact that colonial orators declaimed against abandoning buildings that cost the colony 300,000 pounds of tobacco (the currency of the day) a new State house was begun, and in 1697 the Legislature assembled within the finished building in the town which had meantime been christened Annapolis.

"Fire and decay destroyed that building and its successor, and this house was not built until 1772. Although this is the oldest State Capital in the United States it is still the youngest of Maryland's four generations of State houses.

"That Annapolitans were leaders in church work is shown in the fact that in 1704 an Anglican convocation met in Annapolis. It was the first convention that any church ever held in America. Its crowning labor was the establishment of the first home mission. A mission, you might ask, to Christianize the Indians? No. To teach the Gospel to the slaves? No. It was a mission to convert the Pennsylvania Quakers!

"But the facts of greatest interest about the people of those old colonial days are gleaned from the newspapers which told of the topics of the times.

"The Maryland Gazette appeared in 1727, twenty years behind the Boston News Letter, the first paper published on this continent. I remember a few extracts from Brother Riley's book. In one of the early numbers an account is given of an altercation between a white workman and a negro over the fighting of their respective dogs. The negro struck the white man and was punished by having his ear cut off. This reads' like the Arabian Knights.

"The ladies present will appreciate the unaffected simplicity of the times in the following extract:

"'Last Wednesday evening at the church, Wm. Murdock

\* \* \* was married to Mrs. Hamilton \* \* \* a

most agreeable widow lady of excellent accomplishments and
a happy temper.'

"The vexed servant question seemed solved for the pious Puritans in a few extracts like the following:

"'There is a ship lately arrived in the south river with about two hundred choice slaves, for sale by \* \* \*."

"The editor also tells us of many shiploads of convicts sent over 'for the better (?) peopling of the colonies."

"Many of the oldest Maryland families can trace their descent back to some of these passengers.

"As coming from a good old Maryland family myself, I dare say that many of my own ancestors were amongst them.

"The length of time that it took news to travel in those days can be understood by the European 'dispatches' in the early numbers of the *Maryland Gazette*. These dispatches were generally four or five months old, while news from New York' and Boston was two months old.

"But the fact that they were so cut off from the outside world only brought the colonists closer together in Maryland.

"Annapolis soon became a centre of wealth and fashion, and by the middle of the eighteenth century not only possessed a number of substantial brick residences and several clubs, but boasted of the only theatre and the finest race track in America.

"At these races the planters from the neighborhood would supply the horses, the girls would ride in, decked in all their frills and furbelows, and the whole town would give itself up to the sport.

"The stakes were small, generally about £5, but between planters who had favorite horses thousands of pounds of tobacco would often change owners.

"George Washington, when a young man, used to drive over from Mount Vernon to the Annapolis races, and in his diary he tells us of what he won on the Annapolis track. He never told us of what he lost, but what man ever does tell that part truly. And George Washington never told a lie.

"It was in those old Colonial days that Maryland kitchens attained their world-wide reputation, and diamond-back terrapin, soft-shell crabs and canvas-back duck first learned to tickle the palates of men.

"We all know that on the 23d of December, 1783, in the Senate Chamber at Annapolis, Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

"On the floor at that memorable gathering were four future Presidents of the young republic; and there, too, were Martha Washington, the Carroll ladies, the Pacas, than whom no lovelier flowers; but—

"''What need compare where sweet exceeds compare,
Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless things
Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair,
And mounts love's heaven with overladen wings.'

"Eight years later Washington returned to Annapolis on his tour of inspection of the country whose chief magistrate he was; and among his new found dignities how often he must have thought of the times when as a young man he had danced with the Carroll girls, or flirted with Miss Dorsey, or placed his money at the races on Old Ranter and won, or indulged at the South River Club in 'the gentleman's privilege of getting decently tipsy.' 'Ah! death in life, the days that are no more.'

"Annapolis is now a quaint old town, with buildings of another age staring at one like the fantastic shapes seen in a dream.

"Here an old dwelling stands with its high-hipped roof and dormer windows, a veritable Queen Anne cottage, built during the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty. There an old mansion, with large windows studded with small square panes. and doors whose brass knockers suggest the scriptural 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' and call up visions of great wide hearths where Christmas logs are piled higher and higher, and children play before the crackling flames in the quaint dresses of two hundred years ago, children, many of whose descendants are with us here, and more sleep beneath those mossy slabs in the old churchyard yonder.

"But more enduring even than the old vine-covered houses or the gray stones in the churchyard are the names of many of her former citizens.

"A Charles Carroll, who with gilded chariot followed the road to everlasting fame.

"A William Pinkney, who left his pestle and his prescription counter to weigh the mightier principles of mind and men.

"A Reverdy Johnson, who was distinguished as a scholar and preëminent as a statesman.

"A James Booth Lockwood, who, with our President (General Greeley) here to-day, amid the frozen dangers of the far off Arctic seas carried his country's flag further toward the pole than ever mortal trod.

"Names of such sons of Annapolis as these have helped to shed an imperishable glory not only upon the records of your town, but upon those of the State, the nation and mankind."

The exercises in the State House were brought to a close by a prayer offered by the Rev. John Morris, of Baltimore, a venerable son of a Revolutionary soldier.



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# SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA SOCIETY.

Action by District of Columbia Society on Question of Union.

On February 22, 1892, the District of Columbia Society passed resolutions favoring a union of the Societies of Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution. accordance with this resolution the Board of Management appointed General A. W. Greeley, Vice-President Morton, Admiral Jouett, Commander Barker, Hon. John Goode, and General Breckinridge, a Committee to confer with a committee of the Sons of the Revolution in the District of Columbia. The Joint Committee met at the residence of Vice-President Morton, and agreed on recommendations for union, to be referred to a National Committee appointed April 30, by the General Congress of this organization. The recommendations of the District Joint Committee were reported to the District Board of Management on May 11, and unanimously adopted, and by circular notice dated May 20, members were informed that at the meeting in Annapolis, Md., on May 31, the Society would be asked to take action on these recommendations, which were as follows:

Resolved, That the District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution, urges upon the General Society such appropriate action as will ensure a speedy union of the Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution under the same name, constitution and by-laws.

It is further recommended that the name of the Society be "Sons of the Revolution;" that a revised constitution be adopted, and that new by-laws be instituted through the action of a Joint Committee, with a view thereby of preserving such constitutional and other requirements as will best subserve patriotic aims, integrity of records and guaranteed eligibility of members.

The Board of Management, on May 11, adopted the following resolutions recommended by the Joint Committee on union:

Resolved, That pending a formal union this Society favors, on all occasions of public ceremonies, a joint parade in one



organization with the Sons of the Revolution of the District of Columbia on terms of friendly equality.

Action by National Society on Question of Union.

At the Congress of the National Society of Sons of the American Revolution, held in New York City, April 30th, 1892, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, There now exist in several States of the Union, Societies of the "Sons of the Revolution" and Societies of the "Sons of the American Revolution," and

Whereas, The purposes and objects of both of these Societies

are identical and their interests mutual; therefore,

Resolved, That this organization hereby appoints Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, together with the Presidents of the State Societies of this organization in those States where both organizations exist as a Committee to consider *Union*; and the Sons of the Revolution are hereby cordially and earnestly invited to appoint a similarly constituted committee of an equal number to confer with them, in the sincere belief that by such a conference all difficulties can be overcome and a fraternal union of both organizations be the happy result.

In response to the above resolution, the General Society of Sons of the Revolution at a Special Meeting, June 16, 1892, adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, The National Society Sons of the American Revolution have extended an invitation to this Society to appoint a committee to meet and confer with a committee of the Sons of the American Revolution for the purpose of effecting a union of both organizations;

Resolved, That the General President hereby appoint a committee from each State Society Sons of the Revolution to confer with the Committee of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Several meetings of this Joint National Committee have been held resulting in agreement to a general plan for union, appointing sub-committees on new Constitution, and other details. These sub-committees have unanimously agreed upon a Constitution, badge, name, etc., and are now preparing a report in detail, to be considered by the General Joint Committee. The report will be submitted to the two Societies in each State for action some time during December, and if approved, each State will perfect the consolidation.

### PERSIFOR FRAZER.

Persifor Frazer, D. ès-Sci. Nat. (Univ. de France), of Philadelphia, Son of the Revolution and member of the Advisory Board of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has a long line of honorable ancestors. His father was the eminent scientist, John Fries Frazer, LL. D., whose honors, like those of his son, are too numerous to relate in this brief sketch. The mother of Dr. Frazer was a granddaughter of Major John Hollinshead, of the New Jersey line, a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Dr. Frazer's grandfather, Persifor Frazer, of Middletown, Pennsylvania, was a signer of the non-importation resolutions, and Captain of Company A of the Fourth Pennsylvania Battalion, commanded by Anthony Wayne, afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel Fifth Pennsylvania line and Brigadier-General Pennsylvania militia. His great-grandmother, Mary Worrall Taylor Frazer, by conveying a letter from her husband, then a prisoner of war to General Washington at White Marsh, helped to bring about an exchange of prisoners in 1778.

Dr. Frazer was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1862, and at once became an aide on the United States Coast Survey, serving in the Atlantic Squadron until June, 1863. He then joined the cavalry, and was in active service in the Gettysburg campaign. Subsequently he was made an acting ensign in the United States Navy, and served until the end of the war.

After an honorable discharge from the Navy he spent three years in Germany studying in the Royal Saxon School of Mines. On his return home he was appointed Mineralogist and Metallurgist in the United States Geological Survey, and wrote the reports on these subjects in 1869. The next four years he was Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and resigned this chair to assist in the geological survey of the State.



PERSIFOR FRAZER,

D. ès-Sci. Nat. (Univ. de France).

SON OF THE REVOLUTION AND MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY BOARD,

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



In 1882 he presented a thesis to the faculty of Lille in the University of France, which, together with a public examination in the French language, brought him the degree of Doctor of Natural Sciences, the first time this honor was awarded to one not a native of France. He was Professor of Chemistry of the Franklin Institute, and one of the editors of its Journal for eleven years. He is Docteur ès-Sciences Naturelles Univ. de France, and on July 28th, 1890, received the decoration of Officier de l'Instruction Publique of France.

His researches in geology, physics, and chemistry are contained in many essays and volumes. His close study of nature has in no way narrowed the horizon of Dr. Frazer's life, as is sometimes the case with those who devote themselves to specialities. With a heart warm to the sympathetic calls of humanity and enthusiastic in its sentiments of patriotism, Dr. Frazer has a mind open to the attractions of general literature and the demands of our exacting age. He delivered an oration before the first Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, February 23d, 1892. He has responded to calls for his presence at meetings of the Advisory Board of the "Daughters" in Washington, and has manifested an active interest in the efforts of their Society to conduct its affairs with wisdom and success.

S. M. H.



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Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race, Patterns of every virtue, every grace.

-Cowper.

Alterations of surnames have obscured the truth of our pedigrees.

-Camden.

There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes a weak pride—but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

-Daniel Webster.

## REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF MRS. THOMAS SAUNDERSON MORGAN.

Regent of the Augusta Chapter, Augusta, Georgia.

Sarah Berrien Casey Morgan is the daughter of Dr. Henry Roger Casey and Caroline Rebecca Harriss; granddaughter of Dr. John Aloysius Casey and Sarah Lowndes Berrien; greatgranddaughter of Brigade-Major John Berrien and Wilhamina Sarah Eliza Moore; great-great-granddaughter of Lord Chief Justice John Berrien and Margaret Eaton (neice of Sir John Eaton, England). Major John Berrien entered the army at the age of seventeen, and was made Brigade-Major, at eighteen. He made the campaign of the Jerseys, was at the battle of Monmouth, and served with General Robert Howe in Georgia and Florida. He was decorated by the hand of Washington with the Badge of the "Order of the Cincinnati," and by him appointed Secretary of that Society. After the war he was made Treasurer of the State of Georgia. He died in 1815, and is buried in Savannah, Georgia.

Lord Chief Justice John Berrien, the father of Major Berrien, was a personal friend of General Washington, who often shared the hospitality of the Chief Justice's home at Rocky Hill, Somersett county, New Jersey. It was from that home that "The

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Father of his Country" bade farewell to his gallant band when the war was over. Lady Berrien, wife of the Chief Justice, gave her family silver to be melted in order to assist in paying the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. Washington used the home of Chief Justice Berrien as his headquarters. When offering to have the home repaired, which had suffered by its usage during the war, Lady Berrien declined, saying, "What I have done for my country, I have done."

Through Wilhamina Sarah Eliza Moore, Major Berrien's wife, Mrs. Morgan is descended from Dr. James Weemyss Moore. This Doctor Moore, Mrs. Morgan's great-great-grandfather, was surgeon of the South Carolina troops under General Gates.

Insensible must be the heart, and cold the patriotism of one who cannot be touched by such memories as these. If a recital of these deeds of self-sacrificing devotion, and of heroic loyalty, which are found in no history, will but lead the rising generation, of both men and women, to high conceptions of what constitutes true manhood, and true womanhood; if it tend to illustrate the definition of patriotism in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution it will not have been told in vain.

Mrs. Morgan has also an honorable ancestry through Dr. James Weemyss Moore, who is descended from the Earl of Weemyss, who was the second son of the Macduff of Shakespeare. Through her grandfather, Doctor Aloysius Casey, Mrs. Morgan is descended from Sir John Edgeworth, of Longworth, Ireland, a cousin of Maria Edgeworth, the noted author.

## A REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTER.

In The American Monthly, for October, there is a statement that "Only three daughters of Revolutionary heroes now live." Some one mentions the name of a fourth, and to this list may be added a fifth name, that of Mrs. Mary Newton, who now lives in Athens, Georgia. For years Mrs. Newton has received a pension from the Government in virtue of being the only surviving child of John Jordan, who was a Revolu-

tionary hero, and was at Yorktown when Cornwalils surrendered. Mrs. Newton is eighty-seven years of age, is remarkable for her activity, and much beloved by all who know her.

Annie W. Rowland.

# ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTER, NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Almost in sight of Judges' cave, in the home of her son-inlaw, lives Mrs. Lucy Parlin, one of the few surviving daughters of the heroes of 1776. The father of this venerable lady was Elijah Royce, of Wolcott, Conn., who at the age of sixteen enlisted in the Revolutionary Army and served seven years and three months. In the famous battle at Monmouth, N. J., he received a severe sabre wound on the face and was left for dead on the field.

During the terrible winter at Valley Forge Corporal Royce was awakened one night by some intruder who was trying to share his scanty blanket. He kicked the unwelcome visitor lustily, and when daybreak came, to his surprise and chagrin, he saw the familiar features of the Marquis de Lafayette.



### A VERY DARK SPOT IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

I beg the careful attention of every Daughter of the American Revolution to the historical facts herein related.

During the American Revolution the British had moored in the Wallabout Bay a number of old hulks, where they confined the American prisoners. One of them named "the Jersey" won the proud prominence in the sad history of the prison ships by those who were confined there as "the Hell." She was originally a sixty-gun ship, but being unfit for further active service, in 1776 was converted into a prison ship. She was dismantled, her port-holes closed, and their places supplied by two tiers of small holes, each twenty inches in diameter, with two iron bars crossed at right angles. Caged in the body of this hulk, with little light and almost no fresh air, packed together like animals, poorly fed on what was sometimes spoiled and wormy food, and given water to drink that was stagnant. the prisoners, often more than a thousand at a time, died off like flies. It was no wonder they gave the horrible hole of suffering, pestilence, and death the nickname of "Hell."

At the expiration of the war the old Jersey was abandoned where she lay. The dread of contagion prevented any one venturing on board; but it was not long until the worms which had been at work upon her timbers made way for water to rush in, and she went down into the waters of the Wallabout, carrying with her the only record of the names of thousands of sufferers, which had been inscribed upon her planks.

The dead from these ships were taken on shore and buried in the sand. For many years after the war was over the bones of those who suffered martyrdom for the cause of liberty were to be seen bleaching in the winter's storms or summer's sun.

But in 1803 several patriotic individuals sent a memorial to Congress informing that honorabie body "that the bones of thousands of prisoners who perished on board the prison ships were lying on the beach without burial; that while living they were animated by the spirit of liberty, suffered imprisonment, exile and, want rather than join the standard of their country's enemies, and preferred death itself, with all its horrors, to the

abandonment of her cause. We cannot refuse our admiration to patriotism so pure and exalted."

This memorial was presented by the Hon. Samuel G. Mitchell to Congress February 10, 1803; but Congress did nothing and the bones lay bare afterward for years. But a private gentlemen, Benjamin Ayerigg, shocked at the exposed condition of the remains, made a contract with an Irishman to collect the bones without digging and deliver them to him at a stipulated price, which was done, and these, with others collected by John Jackson, Esq., filled nearly twenty hogsheads. These gentlemen were aided by a committee of the Tammany Society, of which they were members, who placed the bones in thirteen large coffins. Then a committee was appointed by the Tammany Society, who called together a large company, and these bones, in great pomp, were laid in a tomb on Thursday, May 20th, 1808. On the day of the great funeral, at the first ray of light, a morning gun was discharged from the Park, another at the battery at Fort Columbus, the flotilla, and the Wallabout in Brooklyn. At all the military posts and on all vessels, except the British, were displayed the American flag and the flags of all nations at half-mast. Minute-guns were fired from different quarters, and the bells of the city and of the shipping pealed the solemn funeral toll.

A grand funeral procession was formed and marched to the Tomb of the Martyrs—a nation rising up, throwing off the aspersion of ingratitude, and bending with humble piety before the relics of heroes!

At ten o'clock, under the command of Generals Morton and Steddiford, all the military and citizens' societies, under the direction of Garret Sickles, Grand Marshal of the day, started in procession, preceded by a trumpeter mounted on a black horse, dressed in character (black relieved with red), wearing a helmet ornamented with flowing black and red feathers, in his right hand a trumpet, to which was attached a silk flag edged with red and white crape, on which appeared the following memorable motto in letters of gold:

Mortals Advance!

Spirits of the martyred brave
Approach the tomb of honor, of glory, of virtuous patriotism!

The parade was divided into thirty-two sections. In one section there were thirteen coffins filled with the bones of the departed heroes. At each coffin there were eight Revolutionary characters as pall-bearers, wearing large scarfs relieved with crape.

A banner bore these words: "O Americans, here make a solemn pause. These thirteen small receptacles contain the manes of our country's martyred Sons. Ye Sires, ye Matrons, ye Youth of America, remember the sufferings they endured. Indent them on the rocks, cut them on the trees, write them with indelible ink, and impress them on the minds of your offsprings, that they may be remembered while the country bears the name free."

After this followed the municipal officers and citizens of the town of Brooklyn; the honorable the corporation of the city of New York, with the Hon. DeWitt Clinton, Mayor, and the Alderman and their assistants; his excellency, Daniel Tomkins, Governor of the State, and his aids; the Hon. John Broom, Lieutenant Governor; members of Congress, of the legislature, and other characters of distinction, including military and naval officers from various parts of the United States and foreign countries, following the bleached bones which for thirty years lay exposed on the dreary sands of the Wallabout Bay.

After the great procession ended the tomb was left unfinished to take care of itself. When the grade of Jackson street was altered the walls of the vault were infringed upon and finally the very lot with the tomb upon it, containing the mouldering dust of these 11,500 heroes, was sold for taxes.

Benjamin Romaine, a true patriot, who had been a soldier in the war, came forward and bought the lot and rescued the remains from desecration. He erected an ante-chamber over the vault and appropriately adorned it in 1839. To hold the place sacred and in order to protect it from desecration, he appropriated the tomb as a burial place for himself and family. At his death in 1844 his body was placed in a coffin, which he had long kept for himself in the vault. Two years before his death a committee of citizens petitioned the Legislature for leave to remove the bones for the purpose of appropriate

 sepulchre. But Mr. Romaine protested and said: "I have guarded these sacred remains with a reverence, which perhaps at this day not many may appreciate or feel, for more than thirty years. They are now in their right place, near the Wallabout and adjoining the Navy Yard. They are my property. I have expended more than \$900 in and about their protection and preservation. I commend them to the protection of the general government. I bequeath them to my country. This concern is very sacred to me. It lies near my heart. I suffered with those whose bones I venerate. I fought beside them; I bled with them."

In consequence of this remonstrance nothing was done. In 1873 the common council of the city of Brooklyn granted a site at Fort Green called Washington Park, and built a brick vault 25 by 11 feet, on the side of the hill facing and overlooking the Wallabout, the scene of their sufferings and death.

The vault had become so dilapidated from neglect that the remains were in an exposed state, many of the old coffins broken or defaced. Twenty new boxes were procured, the old coffins placed in them, and on the 17th day of June, 1873, all that remained of the mortal part of 11,500 martyrs of the prison ships was quietly removed to the vault at Washington Park. There was no ostentation this time, it was a labor of love.

After a century and more of neglect, relieved occasionally by spasmodic bursts of patriotism, the bones were at last placed in a spot where it is believed they will rest undisturbed until time shall be no longer.

The Hon. Henry C. Murphy, then a member of the Twenty-eighth Congress, brought in a bill asking for an appropriation to build a monument over their remains. It was referred to the military committee, who brought in a lengthy and favorable report and recommended the appropriation be made, and there the matter dropped until the Fifty-first Congress, when the Hon. Felix Campbell presented a bill asking for \$100,000 to build a monument. This bill was referred also to a committee of the House, who reported in extent a very favorable report which recommended the appropriation. This bill also failed to become a law.

The same Society of Old Brooklynites, now numbering between three and four hundred members, who must have lived in the city of Brooklyn fifty years before being eligible to membership, petitioned the Fiftieth Congress asking for an appropriation for a suitable monument. Thirty thousand citizens of New York and Brooklyn signed their names to the same petition. The Board of Supervisors of King's County, the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York, also the Legislature of the State of New York requested Congress to grant the prayer of the petitioners. The Hon. Felix Campbell, being a member of the Society of Old Brooklynites and a member of Congress at the same time, great hopes were raised that the appropriation would have passed, but it failed again.

The same society have renewed their petition to the present Congress to pass the same bill. It was referred to a committee, who have reported favorably the bill with an extended report, and have given their reasons why Congress should make the appropriation. Three different Congresses, at different times, by their committees, have recommended an appropriation should be made.

Here the case now stands. The Society of Old Brooklynites is an incorporated society constantly increasing its members, and there is no reason but they will continue to labor with our government to do its duty to their too long neglected patriots.

This paper could be lengthened, but it is as long as I could dare to trespass upon your space, but I am sure that the ladies who are all the Daughters of the American Revolution will be pleased to learn the melancholy facts above recorded, and if they will, in addition, solicit the present members of Congress, by letter or otherwise, to pass the bill, I am persuaded that this Congress may perform the too long delayed movement and raise a worthy monument above the remains of your fathers who now lie unhonored.

CHAS. C. LEIGH,

Vice-President of the Society of Old Brooklynites.

November, 1802.

The attention of all members of this Society is most urgently called to the important subject treated in the above paper.

Surely there is no spot among all the places made sacred to us by the blood of our Revolutionary fathers, which can, or doos appeal to us for commemoration as this one, where lives were given not amid the excitement and glory of battle but in the darkness of a great martyrdom. On our table lies a pamphlet with this title:

1888—A Christmas Reminder—Being the Names of About Eight
Thousand Persons, a Small Portion of the Number Confined
on Board the British Prison Ships During the War of the
Revolution—With the Compliments of the Society of Old
Brooklynites.

By way of introduction it says:

"The Society of Old Brooklynites take great pleasure in presenting to you the names of eight thousand of the prisoners who were confined on board the British prison ship "Jersey" during a part of the Revolutionary war.

"After diligent research among the records of the British War Department, access to which was kindly permitted by Her Majesty's Government, this is all that can be found; and these are from the records of this one ship only. No record of the names of any of the prisoners of the prison ships "Scorpion," "John," "Strombolo," "Falmouth," "Hunter," "Prince of Wales" and "Transport" can be found; though their logbooks make very frequent mention of prisoners having been received on board. The list here presented is therefore but a small portion of those of our fellow-citizens who were confined on board those floating Golgothas. Nor is it possible to designate which of these names died on board, but authentic history, within the memory of the parents of many now living. proves that the number that died and were buried on our shores, and over whose remains we now desire to erect a monument worthy of these patriots, numbered more than twelve thousand.

"From these floating dungeons, the hearts of whose keepers must have delighted in the luxury of woe, the bodies of our



countrymen after death were taken on shore, and one of our Revolutionary poets thus describes the manner in which their remains were disposed of:

'Each day at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratched their graves along the sandy shore;
By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,
No stone memorial o'er the corpses laid;
In barren sands and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear when passing by;
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand and curse the rebel dead.'"

This Society have at great expense procured these names, and they have also caused plans and specifications of a proposed monument to the memory of these departed patriots to be prepared and forwarded to Congress.

On the pages of this pamphlet, in alphabetical lines, stands the roll of honor! Names that are household words to many of us. Daughters of the American Revolution, for we bear them either by birth or marriage. Names, that if unknown, should still be reverenced by a thought of profound sorrow, and should be spoken with the low voice of a suppressed enthusiasm that shall know no abatement until the long roll of honor is inscribed on the walls of a monument high enough and beautiful enough to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. As the gift of France in the bay of New York holds the torch of Liberty to the incoming traveler, proclaiming the freedom of our land, so should this great monument in the bay of New York announce to all who come that this is not only a land of liberty, but a land of law; because we honor our lawmakers, those who laid down their lives in the cause of good government. Every Revolutionary field should have its monument, and here, over these neglected bones, should first of all rise the promise of our future performance. Not only Sons and Daughters and Dames, but citizens of every kind should urge and commend this truly national work upon our Congress.

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EDITOR.

# THE TRUEST OF THE TRUE.\*

To the page of history,
Proud we turn to-day,
Heroes to the memory
Throng in brave array;
Stern and sad or gallant gay,
Clad in buff or blue,
As they fought and fell, alway
Truest of the true.

In the cause of liberty,
Weary was the way;
Rich or pinched by poverty
One and all came they.
To their country's wrong allay
Fearless swords they drew,
Gave both love and life away,
Truest of the true.

When will prose or poesy
Half their worth portray?
Faithful to eternity,
Proof 'gainst sorrow's sway.
Trials, tears, and dark dismay
Ne'er such hearts subdue.
Link the myrtle with the bay,
Truest of the true.

While for the prosperity
Of our land we pray,
Let the tear of sympathy
Tender hearts betray.
Freedom's burning stars display!
Thrill the ages through
With a never-ending lay,
Truest of the true,

### ENVOY.

Friends, though oft the footsteps stray, Be—whate'er you do— Worthy of their names, for aye, Truest of the true.

-RUTH LAWRENCE.

<sup>\*</sup>This ballad was read at the patriotic celebration of Sons of the Revolution, to commemorate the Approval of the Declaration of Independence by the Colony of New York. Miss Lawrence is a descendant of General Nathaniel Woodhull.

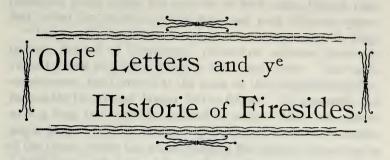
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The following is the copy of a letter from Col. George Johnston, Jr., Lieutenant-Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to General Washington, who was also his Confidential Military Secretary from December, 1776, until his death, which took place at Morristown in June, 1777. The letter was written to Col. Levin Powell, of Loudoun County, Virginia, and is contributed by his great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Powell Cottman.

# "McKonkey's, December 29, 1776.

"My Dear Sir: Such has been the hurry since the affair that will be the subject of this letter, that 'til now I have not had a moment to spare. I rec'd your fav'r of the 16th, the only one yet. You have a right to expect three from me besides this—I shall never forget you—Tho', perhaps I shall not have so frequent opportunities of writing as we both wish.

"The general reflecting that our necessary retreat from the Delaware would perhaps hazard too much the fate of America, determined, at all events, to attempt a change in affairs. Accordingly, he determined to attack Trenton, where there were stationed 2,500 of the flower of ye Hessians, with some field pieces. In the eve of Christmas several brigades assembled at this place, crossed the river and began the march—with cannon—at four o'clock on the morning of the 26th. At seven, we halted within 500 yards of their advanced guard until the right wing, commanded by General Sullivan, which was to the right, could get within the same distance of another of the guard, posted on the river road. Here our two Major-Generals,

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Greene (who had commanded the left wing), and Sullivan, exhibited the greatest proof of generalship by getting to their respective posts within five minutes of each other, though they had parted four miles from the town and took different routes.

"The two forlorn hopes (the right wing composed of N. Englanders, the left of Virginians), pressed on, attacked their advanced guard and drove them to their main body. countryman, the General at the head of the Virginia brigades, exposed to the utmost danger, bid us follow. We cheerfully did so in a long trot, until he ordered us to form, that the cannon might play. Still the forlorn hopes pursued to the very middle of the town, where the whole body of the enemy, drawn up in a solid column, kept up a heavy fire with cannon and muskets till our cannon dispersed and threw them in confusion. fight continued obstinately about a half an hour. We had about twenty killed and wounded; they, one hundred. fight became a chase. Our brigade being on the left wing, and nearest the course the enemy took, were ordered to pursue them with all expedition. We stepped off with alacrity in full cry and fortunately got into the thickest of them while they were fording a small creek. Lord Sterling's brigade soon came to our assistance. We made prisioners of 2 colonels, 2 lieutenantcolonels, 1 adjutant-general, 12 captains, 16 lieutenants, 12 ensigns, 2 surgeons, 98 sergeants, 9 musicians, 20 drummers and 816 privates. Thirty-six Hessians have deserted to us. I cannot send you an account of the number of their officers killed. We have taken all their cannon, 1,500 stands of arms complete, drums, colors, and stores to a great amount. presence of General Washington and the activity of the other generals infused such courage and spirit into our men as promised a happy issue to the war if the men at home would obey their country's call and turn out. Did they know how easy a victory over such men as our enemies are may be obtained they would press on to share the honor of their bleeding country with us. So much has this attack disconcerted Howe's motions, that his troops quartered in the several Jersey towns are flying to South Amboy to seek security in their ships, from which they never could have penetrated so far into the country if they had not been encouraged by the inhabitants. We are

now pursuing them and doubt not regaining in ten days all the lost ground. We had Lieutenant Monroe and Ensign Baxton wounded; none killed. I enclose you the *General Order*, and No. 2, the orders and form of attack. They have fled precipitately from Bordentown and Burlington, leaving stores to the value of £12,000, now safe with us.

"I am yours, &c.,

"G. Johnston."

"Later express this moment from General Mifflin says he is at the head of 2,600 in full pursuit of the enemy, who are flying as hard as they can to their ships. Our whole force is crossing from Philadelphia quite up to this place. The mititia are coming in in large bodies. Everything is in motion to join in full cry. Farewell.

"To Col. LEVIN POWELL."

### GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS, NEWTON, December 27, 1776.

The general with the utmost sincerity and affection thanks the officers and soldiers for their spirited and gallant behavior at Trenton yesterday. It is with inexpressible pleasure that he can declare that he did not see a single instance of bad behavior in either officers or privates; and that if any fault could be found, it proceeded from a too great eagerness to push forward upon the enemy. Much! very much, indeed, it is to be lamented that when men are brought to play the part of soldiers, thus well, that any of them, for the sake of a little temporary ease, should think of abandoning the cause of liberty and their country at so important a crisis. As a reward to the officers and soldiers for their spirited behavior in such inclement weather, the general will (in behalf of the continent) have all the field pieces, the arms, accoutrements, horses and everything else which was taken yesterday valued, and proportionate distribution of the amount made among the officers (if they choose to partake) and the men who crossed the river.

The commissary is strictly ordered to provide rum for the troops that it may be served out as occasion shall require.

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Colonel Bradley's regiment, or such part of them as have over-stayed the time for which they were engaged, and are still in camp, have the general's thanks for so doing and may be dismissed if they choose it; but as we have begun the glorious work of driving the enemy, he hopes they will not now turn their backs upon them and leave the business half finished at this important crisis, a crisis which may, more than probably, determine the fate of America. The general, therefore, not only invites them to a longer continuance, but earnestly exhorts the officers and soldiers of all those regiments whose term of service expires in a few days to remain. The colonels and commanding officers of each regiment are, without delay, to have the plunder of every kind (taken by his regiment) collected and given in to the quartermaster-general, that the men may receive the value of it.

This Revolutionary letter was sent Mrs. C. C. Burdett, Chapter Regent, Arlington, Vermont. It is given as an exact copy, capitals and spelling:

RUTLAND the 8th of febuary 1777

CAP" GID" BROWNSON SIR

As your Company is ordered to march and tak post at Auter Crick—you Will after Consulting sum of the prinscable inhabitance post your men in the Best Manner for the Defence of the frontiars and to secure them from surprise. At this season of the year you will tak the greatest Car for Cover for your men, you will keep out Scouts who will Diligently Watch the Motion of the inimy, the areliest intelligence of Which you Will prompt Writ to head Quarters provisions Will be forwarded for your Surport from Bennington, it is thought that the Remainder of the Reg. will be Sent to Joyn you on the firstinformation of which you Will make the Best preparation for there Reception

I am Sir your obedeint Hond Servt

SETH WARNER Col

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Mrs. F. E. GOODRICH, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is "an own daughter of a faithful officer of the American Revolution, Colonel Joshua Danforth, of Massachusetts," extracts from whose Diary she kindly loaned; she is eighty-two years of age and in full intellectual vigor. She says: "The writer of this Diary was very young, not much over sixteen years; he entered the army at fifteen.

Extracts from a Diary kept by Joshua Danforth, an American
Officer in the Revolutionary Army.

This Diary commences as follows:

Battles fought in America betwixt the American troops and the British. The King and parliament being possessed of tyrannical hearts, sent to this continent a fleet and army under ye command of Gen. Gage. The first excursion that was made was from Boston to Lexington; having destroyed some flour and other provisions, they proceeded to Concord, where this unhappy war first began, April 19, 1775. At Lexington battle the enemy had 43 killed and 70 wounded. About this time America found that their rights both civil and religious was invaded by order of a tyrannical King and parliament. Our provincial Congress ordered above 30 battalions to be raised immediately-accordingly they were-and marched to Roxbury and Cambridge. The 17th of June, 1775, near Charlestown, at a place called Bunker Hill, our troops had begun to intrench. The enemy embargd from Boston, landed and marched immediately to our works, and the fire became very severe. Our men gave way, altho' the enemy became masters of ye field, yet they gained not much. Their loss was computed to 746 killed and 1150 wounded.

About this time Col. Arnold comm<sup>d</sup> a party of men by way of Kennebeck, bound for Quebeck, he and his men march<sup>d</sup> thro' the deserts with great fortitude and patience, having been without provisions for several days, till at last they arrived before Quebec; and in Decem! 1775, the troops under Gen! Montgomery made an attack on ye city, but got defeated, and Montgomery fell, and his aid-de-camp, McPherson, also fell in the action. The enemy took, I suppose, near three hundred prisoners. The British was commanded by Gov! Carlton.

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March 17, 1776.—The enemy evacuated Boston and fell down Nantasket road, and in a few days appeared off New York under the command of Lord Howe. Gen. Washington march<sup>4</sup> his troops from Cambridge to the city of New York. In June. 1776, they landed on Long Island, and part of our army under the command of Gen. Sullivan and Sterling fought them, but being overpower<sup>4</sup> with numbers both the generals fell in their hands and some men. Gen. Washington retreated off ye Island. The enemy lost in the action on Long Island 840 killed, 1,660 wounded, and 60 taken prisoners. At Ticonderoga and Quebec it is judged the enemy's loss 81 killed, 110 wounded, and 350 taken prisoners.

June, 1776.—Howe's armament was divided between New York and South Carolina. Lord Dunsmore landed the 27th of June on Sullivan's Island, where they got a severe drubbing, and again set out with themselves. September 14th, 1776, Gen! Washington retired to ye White Plains.

In August Lt. Col. Baum appears in the Grants, near Bennington. The 16th Aug., 1777, Gen! Starks engages them, and upwards of one thousand men, chiefly Hessians, fell in our hands.

The roth Septr.—Burgoyne came from Saratoga to force our lines, and after a sharp engagement both parties kept their ground.

Oct. 7th.—Another action ensued, in which one of the British officers fell, viz., Gen. Frazier. Gen. Arnold stormed their works and put them to the rout. At Saratoga, Oct. 17th, Gen. Burgoyne and his whole army surrendered to Maj. Gen. Gates; and thus ends the northerd affair, much in favor of us.



Anowall men by thefo Profents that I llian Cake in Cohafet in the County of Soffolk, in Sing England for & in Confideration of the Sum of this by five lound to me instand laid by sofish, taken afforcaid this right have your Grant Bargines & So & by the fe Prefents five Grant Pargin & Sell & felly tracky and affoliables Convay and Confirm unto him the It fofiablishes his heirs & afrigns for over the on Holf of a The at the Left hand going into the louther soon of the meeting house M. Ederd Battles own the Other half: & a Nogro Women Ramed Diner about twenty two years Clo that Lies with me. Now the So Ispan Cakes! Paying the hum above Mentioned Stall have & hald the So half of the The & the Negro woman as his own Proper State & & the Pollian Caker my Self my heis & a figns will warrent & Tofend the Same tohim his hein & assigns for hour against all the (laim and Demanes of any Perfor or Porfor Whatfeen for Ever here ofter Do warrent Jecure & Defence by these Prefents in wither Where of I to here unto Let my my hand and Seal this then Vay of January one Thousand Soven hundred of loventy Siso. Jugad Seals. & Delivered in Wefonts, as 2. In Lamberto Unan Outo Miriam - Sambert

DEED OF HALF A PUE IN THE MEETING HOUSE AND A NEGRO WOMAN.

From the valuable collection of old manuscripts and autographs of Franklin W. Smith.

The Pompeia, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.



# AN OLD DEED AND A PRAYER OF URIAN OAKES, OF NEW ENGLAND.

Originals Loaned by Franklin W. Smith.

We present here the *fac-simile* of an old deed, dated January 1, 1776, by which Urian Oakes, of New England, gives to Josiah Oakes, in the same instrument, the one-half of a pue (pew) in the meeting-house and "a negro woman named Dinah about twenty-two years old, who lives with me." The quaintness of this combination is enhanced by the fervent and impressive prayer, of which we give a copy.

Urian Oakes is the great grandfather of Franklin W. Smith, whose earnest efforts to establish a gallery of history and art at Washington are well known as worthy the co-operation of those who have in view the highest interest of the country.

#### PRAYER OF URIAN OAKES.

Almighty and Ever Blessed Lord, our God, we adore Thee as the only Living and true God. In Thee we live, move and have our being, and 'tis by Thy infinite mercy that we are not Consumed. Thou art the high and Lofty One who inhabits the Heavens above and the Earth beneath; thou art the King immortal, invisible and only wise God. O Lord we thank thee for the favors of the Day passed, that thou hast not let any Evil befall us. O God we Humbly Pray that thou wouldst Give thy Guardian Angels Charge over us the night approaching and the week ensuing and all the Days and Nights that we have to Live in this World. O Lord we thank thee for the. measure of health and strength that we enjoy and Pray for the continuance of thy favors. O God we Pray that thy Restraining Grace would continue in our hearts that we Sin not against thy Holy Name. O Lord we Pray that thou would fit and Prepare us for death our Great and Last change and how Soon we know not, but this we know it will be but a little time to the longest before we must go hence to be here no more, to

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take up our abode in the Cold and Silent Grave the Place appointed for all Living, and as Death Leaves us So Judgment will find us. O Lord Blot out our Sins. Pardon and Pass by them; never let them Rise up in this World to Shame us nor in the World to Come to Condenin us. O Lord be a father to the fatherless a God and Guide to the Youth a Stay and Staff to the aged and feed the Poor with Bread. Bless the Ministers of the Everlasting Gospel and may thy Blessings run throughout the Earth. O Lord have mercy on any that is near and dear to us whether nigh at hand or afar off. Known unto Thee are all their wants. Please to supply them O God in thy Good time. Let their names be written with ours in the Lamb's Book of God and Bind them up with ours in the Bundle of Everlasting Life when thy Judgment is abroad in the Earth. Let us the Inhabitants Learn Righteousness. Please to Bless this family with all Blessings Both Spiritual and temporal Blessings. Never leave us nor forsake us. Be our God and Guide in and through Death for Everlasting Praises. Amen.







## LADIES' HERMITAGE ASSOCIATION,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The fourty-four years which have elapsed since the death of General Andrew Jackson have left their imprint upon the house in which he lived and upon the tomb which marks his last resting place. Noting the extreme dilapidation, and seeing that there was no effort from any source being made to arrest decay, a few patriotic ladies in Nashville procured a charter and duly organized the Ladies' Hermitage Association. In recognition of the Association the General Assembly of 1889 conveyed to it, through a board of trustees, the house and tomb and twenty-five surrounding acres to beautify and preserve the same throughout all coming ages, in perpetual memorial of the great man whose ashes repose beneath the soil. In this work the Association is now actively engaged, looking to the nation at large for assistance, with the assurance that the appeal when made will not be in vain.

Letter of George P. Healy, the artist, to Mrs. Mary L. Baxter, Regent of the Ladies' Hermitage Association:

"CHICAGO, Nov. 3d, 1892. "387 Ontario Street.

"Dear Madam: According to your request, I write you a few facts of my journey from Paris to The Hermitage.

"I was at the Palace of the Tuilleries, in the early spring of 1840, painting the portrait of Louis Philippe for General Cass, when suddenly the King said: 'Mr. Healy, I learn that General Jackson is extremely ill, and I wish his portrait to be painted from the life. Therefore wish you to proceed with all diligence to him.' I carried out instructions so faithfully that in passing through Baltimore I did not stop to see my only sister. Arriving at Nashville, I took a carriage to the home of our great hero, who replied to my request, 'Can't sit, sir.' After this very long journey, it was hard to receive such an answer. I exclaimed, 'The King will be very sorry.' 'Not for all the kings in Christendom, sir.' A gentleman present

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said: 'Mr. Healy, you should have seen Mrs. Jackson first.'
"This young lady was the adopted daughter of the General.
I returned to town, saw the lady, who said: 'Mr. Healy, I wish father to sit; be assured I will do all in my power to induce him to do so. Should I succeed my husband will be with you at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.' I think that was the longest night I ever passed, but he came as promised, and the General sat to me. The work gave so much pleasure to the family that I was requested to copy it when I returned to Paris.

"I said: 'A copy is rarely as good as the original. If he would sit again, she should have the first.' The second was found to be better than the first, which enabled me to improve that.

"General Jackson asked me to remain and paint his daughter for him. I said: 'I feel it to be my duty to proceed to paint Mr. Clay for the King.' I shall never forget the earnest look of the dear old man as he said: 'Sir, always do your duty.'

"I saw John Bell in Nashville, from whom I learned that the last he heard from Mr. Clay was that he was on a steamer aground near Louisville. It would be a week before he would have tidings. I then returned to The Hermitage. 'I am glad to see you, sir,' said the General; 'if the Lord spares my life to see my child's portrait finished I shall be rejoiced.' But it was not to be. I went on with this work until Sunday, when, in the morning at 9 o'clock, I heard a wail from the servants in the house, and like waves of sorrow they flowed over the entire plantation. The words were simple. I shall never forget, however, the anguish they conveyed: 'Lord, Lord, old master is dead.'

"At about 12 I heard steps on the stairs. I looked out and saw the two sons of the widowed sister of Mrs. Jackson; they called the General grandfather. I said, 'he died this morning'; The answer was 'no; he fainted, and the servants thought he had passed away.' About 6 o'clock I knocked at the General's door. The adopted son heard my voice and said, 'Come in.' I exclaimed, 'No! not at such a moment.' He added, 'Come in, I wish you to do so; he is dying.' I was surprised to see eight or ten persons in the room, all in tears. I had been there

but a few moments when he came to himself. On seeing his friends in the state in which they were, he said: 'Why should you weep for me? I am in the hands of the Lord, who is about to relieve me. You should rejoice, not weep.' The only indication of death was the falling of the under jaw, and when his daughter, who was kneeling holding his hand, saw that she fainted and was carried from the room. I remained for the funeral and finished the portrait which he had so much wished to see. This and the portrait painted of the General now hang at The Hermitage.

"Wishing you, my dear Mrs. Baxter, every success in your great undertaking,

"I am faithfully yours,

"GEORGE P. HEALY."

THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TOMB AT THE HERMITAGE.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

Born March 15th, 1767; Died June 8th, 1845.

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachael Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound but could not dishonor; even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband could but transport her to the bosom of her God.

## "GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

"No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this country ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with finer instincts received American ideas;

no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so wisely. Up to the last he dared to do anything that was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps record. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage: he conquered the bravest veterans trained on the battlefields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and when death came to get the mastery over him he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and passed from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality."

The Ladies' Hermitage Association are making active preparations for the annual celebration of Jackson's Day. Mr. A. Y. Stevens, proprietor of the Nicholson House, Nashville, Tennessee, has tendered the Association the use of his magnificent new hotel which will be in readiness for the great occasion. The reception will be on a scale of grandeur seldom equaled in this city, and as many very interesting features will be developed, the occasion will be a memorable one. Like the Ponce de Leon ball, which was such a pronounced success socially and financially, the reception will be a national one. Guests will be invited from every city in the Union. As the anniversary falls this year upon Sunday, the date for the celebration has been set for January 12, and at that time the reception will take place.

Louise Grundy,

the booking of the Birth Agency Committee of the Tolland

Historian Ladies' Hermitage Association.



NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER, *New York.*—On October the 11th, 1890, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was appointed by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, assembled in Washington, Regent of the City of New York, with power to organize therein a chapter under the constitution of the National Society. She at once invited and received the coöperation of Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, Mrs. John S. Wise, Mrs. Donald McLean, Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus, Miss Mary Haines Doremus, Mrs. Heron Crossman, and others.

Formal organization was delayed by the request of the Vice-President in Charge of Organization until such time as she could be present to advise and assist. Upon the arrival in New York of the Vice-President in Charge of Organization Mrs. Pryor tendered her resignation "in favor of some descendant of a New York patriot."

At the expiration of two months she was re-appointed, consented to same, and on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, April 19, organized the New York City Chapter, with thirty-seven members. By-laws were adopted at the first meeting and a committee of safety, Secretary and Treasurer were appointed to hold office for thirty days.

At the expiration of that time a meeting was called and permanent officers were elected. The number of members had been increased to eighty. The officers elected were: Secretary, Mrs. John S. Wise; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus; Registrar, Mrs. Clarence M. Postley; Treasurer, Miss Mary Vaderpoël. The meeting was opened with prayer and benediction by Rev. Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas' church.

The officers elected on that day were retained in their positions until February, 1892. Mrs. Pryor then resigned her place as Regent. It was with the utmost regret that the Chapter received the resignation of Mrs. Pryor, its Regent, upon whom had fallen the full brunt of labor of organization and arduous work attached to early revolutions of the machinery of a new Chapter. Nothing but consideration for the health of Mrs. Pryor, which absolutely demanded she should retire from active work, induced the Chapter's acceptance of her resignation. She was immediately elected an honorary life member of the Chapter, as in some measure evidencing its appreciation of her and of her services.

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus was chosen to succeed Mrs. Pryor, and Mrs. Donald McLean appointed Secretary. These officers, together with Mrs. Postley and Miss Vanderpoël, have all been unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year.

The Chapter, as soon as organized, entered upon a career of prosperity, unmarred by dissension and blessed by a fine *esprit de corps* among its members. No death has occurred in the band of sisterhood except that of Mrs. Botta, who passed away just before the first meeting. She had promised to be an enthusiastic member and those who knew her expected much from her genius, accomplishments, and lovely spirit.

The New York City Chapter now numbers two hundred or more members. It continues to grow and will be a power in this city before many months shall pass. Already it has proved itself a power for good. Last winter it sent \$500 to the Mary Washington Monument Association. The two social gatherings held last year, one on the anniversary of Washington's wedding day, another the 19th of April, to commemorate the firing of the first gun of the Revolution, were marked by delightful literary and artistic exercises, and were attended by large numbers of influential New York citizens. The Chapter has made many friends and no enemies. A great future lies before it, and under the leadership of its present well known and able Regent, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, the coming year may be presaged already as one full of patriotic energy and successful action.



At a recent meeting of the New York City Chapter the Regent, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, suggested to the chapter the following patriotic idea: "Amid all those times which tried men's souls, during our struggle for national independence, this country possessed no more staunch, generous, and powerful friend than General LaFayette. France gave to us of her best to aid us in the battle for liberty; and, realizing the close ties binding her to these United States, she presented us with that statue of LaFayette now adorning Union Square and the statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' It would, however, seem that this country has allowed to lie dormant its sense of obligation and amity toward France-at least, has neglected to give tangible evidence of its living power. Now, therefore, shall Daughters of the American Revolution, as represented in New York City Chapter, inaugurate a movement whereby a gracious reciprocation of the action of France may be made possible and a statue of General Washington be presented to Paris?"

Mrs. John Sherwood, a member of this Chapter, stirred by patriotic impulses, has offered to give one of her delightful readings for the benefit of a fund to procure this statue.

The Chapter, upon hearing the Regent's statement, unanimously voted to give to itself the glory of starting a fund for so emirently fitting an object. The following announcement was issued:

# A Statue of Washington for France—to Be Given by the Women of America.

The people of this country have always had a warm sentiment of gratitude to France for her generous aid in our struggle for national independence, a feeling which has occasionally found expression, most notably towards the person of General La Fayette, when, nearly fifty years after the Revolution, he revisited our shores and the whole nation rose up to do him honor. Yet this just recognition of our obligation, so gracefully shown to him, has never found expression to the nation at large, although in late years we have been reminded of the continued friendship of the French people, in their gift to the city of New York of the fine statue of La Fayette that stands in Union Square, and also of the collossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is fitly placed on an island in

the harbor, where she holds aloft her torch, emblem of the

light and freedom which she proclaims and guards.

To supply, in some small measure at least, this omission on our part, it seemed to many that it would be a fitting thing for the women of America to offer to France some memorial which shall convey to the present and future generations our grateful remembrances, and strengthen the ties which bind the two great Republics of the old world and the new.

An association of women from all parts of the country has therefore been formed, who propose for the purpose the gift of a bronze statue of Washington, whose life and character symbolize, not only to the American mind, but in a great degree to the world, and especially to France, what is most valuable

in our national life and Constitution.

The New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the Amercan Revolution, cordially sympathizing in this movement, have accepted Mrs. John Sherwood's generous offer of a Reading.

Mrs. Sherwood will be assisted by distinguished artists, who

will render an interesting musical programme.

This entertainment will be given at Sheery's, Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, Thursday afternoon, December 8, at 3 o'clock.

### PART I.-MUSICAL.

Mme. Clemence de Vere Sapio Soprano Messrs. Gregory, Farmer, and Van Baar Banjo and Piano Trio
I. (a) Violettes (Waltz) Waldteufel (b) Spanish Danse Moszkowski Gregory Trio.
II. Aria from Psyche A. Thomas  Mme. Clemence de Vere Sapio.
III. (a) Loin du Bal Gillet (b) Bolero Moszkowski Gregory Trio.

### PART II.—RECITATION.

"Cleopatra" - - - - Miss Ida Carpender (Carida)
Reading by Mrs. John Sherwood of her lecture "Belles of All Ages."

This programme was carried out most successfully before a brilliant audience that filled the beautiful ball-room at Sheery's.

BALTIMORE CHAPTER, Baltimore, Md.—On the 4th of March, 1892, twelve ladies assembled in the parlors of Mrs.

A. Leo Knott to organize a Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the city of Baltimore.

Mrs. Knott had been a member of the Society almost from its beginning. Residing then in Washington, she had been elected a member of the Board of Management and one of the Vice-Presidents General.

On removing to Baltimore in December, 1891, she was requested by the Board of Management to undertake the work of organizing Chapters in Baltimore and in other parts of the State, previous efforts to that end not having proven successful. In compliance with this request, and with the authority conferred the Baltimore Chapter was organized.

The officers appointed for the first year were: Chapter Regent, Miss Alice Key Blunt; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Burnap; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Thales Linthicum; Recording Secretary, Miss Margaret Phelan Keenan; Registrar, Miss Eliza Snowden Thomas; Historian, Miss Kate Mason Rowland.

Local Board of Management: Mrs. J. Hough Cottman, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mrs. Alverda Griffith, Mrs. Henry Johns Berkeley and Miss Bessie Graham Daves.

From this small beginning the Chapter rapidly grew, and now numbers fifty members. If full attendance of members at all of the meetings, new applications, and a warm interest in the work before it, may be accounted signs of good promise, the Baltimore Chapter may look forward with confident hope to success, and to establishment of the Society in Baltimore.

Monthly meetings have been held which have been made interesting and attractive by readings, lectures, and original papers on Revolutionary subjects; especially on the part Maryland and Marylanders played in the grand drama of the War of Independence.

Among those deserving special mention is the address of Mr. Edward Graham Daves, at the meeting held in April, on "The Heroes of the Maryland Line." It was an eloquent tribute to the courage, self-sacrificing devotion and patriotism of these heroic men.

A very bright and clever original paper was read by Miss Kate Mason Rowland, the subject of which was "Maryland

Women and French Officers." In this paper the beauty of the former, and the gallantry of the latter, the traditions of which are still preserved in many Maryland homes were portrayed in vivid colors. The reading of some original letters formed a particular and a sparkling feature of this paper. Miss Rowland is the great-great-great grandniece of the celebrated Virginia statesman, George Mason, whose life she has recently written.

The Chapter resumed its meetings on the 11th of October. At this meeting the annual election of officers took place as prescribed by the Constitution. The officers were all reëlected.

Since the adjournment in June, the Society had met with the loss of one of its valued officers in the death of Mrs. Emma Stocket Linthicum, Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. Neilson Poe was elected in her place.

The membership of the Chapter having reached the constitutional number which entitles it to an additional delegate in the National Congress of the Society, Miss Mary Stickney Hall was elected to represent the Chapter in the Congress to be held February 22, 1893.

The Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution have undertaken a noble and patriotic work, the erection of a monument to the heroes of the Maryland Line in the Revolution. In aid of a fund for this purpose they propose to open an Art Exposition during Easter week, 1893, in the Armory of the Fifth Regiment in Baltimore City. They have requested the assistance of our Chapter, which, by a unanimous vote, the Chapter has determined to give them

The ladies of the Chapter are now engaged in the work of preparation for that interesting event, which promises to be a great success.

A conspicuous feature in the Exposition is to be a collection of art relics of the Revolution. To this collection many rare and valuable loans and contributions have been promised from all parts of this State. As the Maryland troops never hesitated at the call of duty to march without a murmur whenever ordered to display their courage and shed their blood on the battlefields of the Revolution in other States, it is believed that those States will not now hesitate to aid the sons of those

Maryland troops in the patriotic work of perpetuating the memory of those brave men by the erection of a monument worthy of their patriotism and valor. The Committee of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution for the Art Exposition are: Mr. Wm. Ridgeley Griffith, Chairman; Mr. Douglas Hamilton Thomas, Treasurer; Mr. Geo. Norbury Mackenzie, Secretary. Mr. H. Ashton Ramsay, Dr. James D. Iglehart, Mr. Frank T. Redwood, Hon. Philip D. Laird.

R. M. KNOTT,
Regent of the State of Maryland.

ATHENS CHAPTER, Athens, Georgia.—This flourishing young Chapter was formed by its energetic Regent during the summer when so many persons think that to exist is effort enough during that "playtime of the year." It has the promise of an active and successful future. Its officers are Mrs. E. A. Crawford, Regent; Miss Rutherford, Vice-Regent; Mrs. H. C. White, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Hamilton, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M. A. Lipscomb, Historian; Mrs. A. L. Hull, Treasurer; Chaplain, Dr. Gwaltney; Advisory Board, Mr. A. L. Hull, Mr. W. W. Thomas, Prof. H. C. White, Prof. L. H. Charbonnier, and its members Mrs. John Benedict, Mrs. Anne B. Phinizy, Mrs. Sarah Williams, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. Claudia Thomas, Mrs. Mary Newton, Mrs. Olivia Cobb, Mrs. Helen Carlton, Miss Blanche Lipscomb, Mrs. Geo. Meed.

At a meeting of the Chapter on October 28th, 1892, the following address was delivered by a member of the Advisory Board, Prof. H. A. White, of the University of Georgia. After some introductory remarks Professor White said:

### Mrs. Regent and Ladies:

I doubt not that the purposes of your organization and the interest of your meetings would best be served could those whom you honor by an invitation to address you bring contributions to your records of permanent historic value, the results of genuine historical research, of local flavor and of such character as would give to the members of this particular

Chapter specific cause for personal enthusiasm in the objects for which you have joined yourselves together. I cannot think the history of the Revolution has been completely written; the song of the great battle for freedom has been completely sung. I cannot think that all has been said that might be said of Nancy Hart and the homely incidents which gave her fame and illustrated the bravery and patriotism of the Georgia women of her day; of Sergeant Jasper and the splendid heroism of Georgia men; of those hundreds of equally patriotic women and equally heroic men who sacrificed and suffered fought and died and left no name upon the page of history, through no demerit of their own, but through neglect of those descended from them, who fail in duty to the claims of blood. who fail in duty to their fellow men, of generations present and yet to come in failure to make imperishable record of the names and deeds of those who illustrated the heroic virtues which most become a man. To increase the fame of those already famous: to rescue other noble names from undeserved oblivion; to render constant homage to the heroes known; to rear new altars to those now unmentioned in their country's chant of praise—this, it seems to me, would be most fitting occupation for the meetings of your society. And claiming as you do by your terms of membership, attested straight descent from the heroes of the Revoluiion, the appropriateness of this work and the opportunities for its successful prosecution in the numerous chapters of your organization would seem apparent.

So far as my information goes I gather that the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution has been organized for the purpose of encouraging among American women the cultivation of two most admirable sentiments—the pride of ancestry and the love of country. To such sentiments no man may worthily take exception, but their cultivation all men must cordially approve. Men measure the rectitude of sentiments as they judge of the virtue of actions, by various standards, but there is no standard of ethics that does not justify and sanction the proper pride of children in the meritorious acts and virtuous characters of their fathers. Those who recognize a rule of judgment only in the written precepts of the sacred law find Scriptural warrant for the sentiment, for it is enjoined

that children should honor their fathers and their mothers, and it is promised that, while the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children only to the third and fourth generations. mercy should be showed unto thousands sprung from those found worthily obedient to the law. Those who measure the worthiness of men by the deeds they do contributory to the happiness and welfare of their fellow men, reward the public benefactor by raising monuments to perpetuate a name when he who bore it passes beyond the consciousness and gratitude. and surely those upon whom the name, in nature, has descended should be chief of those to hold it in honorable remembrance. Those who seek in natural law the justification of righteous judgment find, in the perpetuation of ancestral traits through long lines of descendants, good cause for satisfaction in those who spring from worthy stocks, and the evolutionist, who is of necessity an optimist, commends the purity of strain and sets great store by cultivation of ancestral excellence as most conducive to the proper progress of the race. The student of Sociology finds in patriarchal forms of government the beginnings and the conservators of social order, and in the ancestor worship of those whom we sometimes miscall heathen, the best guarantee the world has even seen of stable, peaceful government, and a most powerful incentive to morality. ancestry is therefore justified in Scripture, in reason, in Nature and in custom. An honorable name has ever been an honorable possession. It has never been less so, it should never be less so in America than elsewhere. Indeed, until dishonored by some unworthy bearer it should be more honorable in the great Republic than elsewhere. The great contest of the American Revolution brought to an end in this quarter of the globe the dominance of the idea of privilege—privilege of rank, privilege of wealth, privilege of station, privilege of blood. Upon such idea, the then last and best product of the thought of the world as applied to social order, was built the civilization of the times, a mighty fabric, containing much that was glorious and good, but grown by very force of excellence too great for the artificial bonds by which it was restrained. The men of '76, favored by their peculiar position among the nations of the earth, were given wisdom and given strength to break the

chains which fettered further progress of the world and by destruction of the fetich "privilege" gave freedom and opportunity for an enormous stride in social progress. It was no mere political broil, this Revolution; it was a momentous issue affecting the foundations of social growth and the happiness and welfare of men and women in every line of life and thought. But unlike its frightful predecessor in unhappy France, our Revolution was no "wake" over the corpse of the dead; it was rather a celebration upon the coming of age of an heir. the ceremonies attendant upon his entrance upon larger duties and a freer life. It was no case of a death and a birth, but rather an epoch in a continuous growth. They were no iconoclasts, those men of the Revolution. They sought to purify the temple, not to shatter it; to disencumber the orderly march of civilization, not to point its way to anarchy. They had no mind to attempt the building of a new and better civilization (nor could not if they would) by utter and contemptuous disregard of all the agencies which had contributed to the building of the old. They did not seek to overturn social custom, to set aside divine precept, to subvert natural law in their efforts to establish an order of things which should be an improvement upon that previously existent, but rather to give to these the freest exercise to bring about the greatest good. They recognized the worth of noble lineage and gentle blood. They knew the value of heredity as a natural force and respected its potentialities. Only they denied to these any inherent right to claim peculiar privilege. They proclaimed, that as in nature, so before the law, all men were free and equal; so far as the rights and liberties of men were concerned peculiar or exclusive privilege could not be possessed, inherited or entailed.

Equality before the law is not equality in the estimation of mankind. In a Republic, no less than in an absolute monarchy or a patriarchal tribe, there will be classes and distinction of men. And in a Republic as elsewhere, now as ever, the honor and respect which a man may acquire will descend to his child; it has ever been so; it will always be so; it is natural and it is right. But the founders of our great Republic were the first among men to declare the natural and rightful conditions upon which such inheritance might justly be

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held. With the abolition of special privilege to any and the declaration of the equal rights of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, came, of necessity, the extension to each citizen of the Republic of a responsibility to respect the life, liberty and happiness of all the others; an obligation to so conduct himself that social peace, fair dealing and happy contented lives might be secured to all his fellow citizens. Responsibilities are no more equal in a community than estates, honors, or natural endowments, and the law is inexorable that from him who has much much shall be required. And so, in this new condition of society, the terms upon which the inheritance of an honorable name may be justly held are declared. For "privilege" we have written "responsibility." "Noblesse permet" has become truly "Noblesse oblige."

Until Socialism shall have pruned the individual down to counterfeit presentment of the genus and has abolished the family unit as the foundation of society, nobility of birth may never be denied to the child born of honorable and noble parents. Society may prescribe the tenure by which nobility is held and may fix the responsibilities attached to noble lineage; the possession of an honorable name may convey no special privilege, but only carry with it an additional responsibility, but so long as that responsibility is worthily met by righteous conduct, virtuous character and unblemished life, neither Republics, nor Socialists, nor we, nor any sons of men who shall come after us may deny to the possessor of the goodly heritage the prestige, the honor and the consideration which such inheritance has always merited and received. Therefore, it is not un-American to cherish a pride of ancestry. On the contrary, in a social system, where patents of nobility have no insignia except the admiration and respect of grateful fellowcountrymen, and may not be bequeathed except to those who prove themselves worthy the inheritance, descent through honorable genealogical line is much more honorable than if it merely held its course by virtue of the capricious edict of a king.

The ideal life of our great Republic will be attained, not when the freedom of the citizen is more enlarged; not when the State shall have succeeded in mastering nature and casting

all citizens in equal mould, but when each citizen shall recognize and meet the full measure of his responsibility to his fellows, and when civic virtue shall consist, not in the largest use of individual liberty, but in its wise surrender for the good of all. One necessary feature of such a life will be that men shall be taught to appreciate and understand the responsibilities which attach to them at birth by reason of the station, culture, wealth, or honorable repute of those from whom they are descended. The Society of Daughters of the American Revolution is, therefore, to be commended for a patriotic service if it incites among its members the determination to bear with pride and worthiness the honors of its honorable ancestry.

No man or woman ever had nobler ancestry than the heroes of the Revolution. They were more than warriors, though no warriors ever fought more bravely; they were more than patriots, though no patriots ever made greater sacrifices for country's sake. They were sturdy, upright, God-serving men, the wisest in their generation, who did more than fight battles and found an empire. They laid the beginnings of the emancipation of the world from unjust forms of government and traditions that impeded the progress of the race. We rejoice that the contest of the Revolution was a family quarrel; that Anglo-Saxon blood alone settled the momentous question of the century: that the conflict was less of arms than of ideas, and that, the issue laid, no hereditary foe was raised to be the object of anger, hatred, apprehension, or distrust to succeeding generations of sons and daughters of those who fought the fight. The cause was just; the act was wise; the battle was brave; the results were good, unmixed with evil. Your fathers gloriously did glorious warfare in the service of humanity. All human kind should honor you in that you honor them.

There is one feature of ancestral pride which sometimes excites suspicion that it may not be safely nourished in these Democratic climes—the suspicion that it tends to the creation of an aristocracy of birth. Aside from the general considerations which I have previously set forth, I think, it may be shown from the inexorable logic of nature's mathematics that such suspicion is unfounded; that pride of lineage in the abstract is more Democratic than even the assumed equality of man. An

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elementary foray into the domains of my colleagues of the departments of mathematics and biology will disclose that every man and woman now living has, or had, 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, and so on in an increasing ratio as we go backward in the genera-It is now about six generations since Revolutionary days and a simple calculation will show that every living citizen of the American Republic had sixty-four progenitors in direct ascent living somewhere on the surface of the globe at that time. Let us assume that they were all within the pale of civilization, and, surely, the chances are very fair that some one of the sixty-four was engaged or connected, directly or indirectly, with that very important phase of current events in such manner as would meet the requirements for admission of their descendants into the honorable Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Or, to put the matter in another way. Statistics have shown that the average number of descendants from a family pair is 5. Thus, in the first generation there are 5 children; in the second, 25 grandchildren; in the third, 125 great-grandchildren; and in the sixth generation, 15,625 great-great-greatgreat-grandchildren. The number of patriots engaged, regularly and irregularly, in the military and civil service of the revolting colonies was probably not less than 300,000, and the consequent number of possible descendants from Revolutionary sires now living is 4,687,500,000, and every mother's son of these, of the female sex, may claim admission into your Society. Even making allowance (as we say in the catalogue) for names counted twice, and for the "personal equation" which affects the statistics of heredity, surely, if from such a Democratic mob as these figures disclose, your Society should wish to mould an aristocracy it would not be founded upon the accident of birth alone.

To pride of ancestry is close akin the love of country. Patriotism is a most exalted virtue. It has been the incentive to the most heroic actions of mankind. The basis of patriotism is love, and its qualifying character unselfishness. When this is said panegyric is exhausted. Patriotism is not mere local attachment to the physical features of one's native land, although

these, not infrequently have served as material setting for the sentiment. In its largest sense patriotism is the love of one's fellow-man. Greater love hath no man than this-to give his life for others; and such a sacrifice thousands of patriots have made. and thousands of others stand prepared to make. Patriotism is the reaching out of love from self to others and a country's boundaries serve simply to fix conveniently the limits within which human love may surely and safely be in touch with human sympathies and human knowledge. When all the world shall have reached the full measure of human perfection. patriotism will recognize no frontier lines and will become swallowed up in the universal love of human-kind. But, until that happy time has come men do well to love their country. satisfied that as yet it represents the maximum judicious stretch of safe affection. Progressive enlargement of the bounds of patriotism is exhibited in the historic growth of nations. members of primitive tribes of men restricted in such patriotic fervor as they knew to the insignificant limits of their own immediate tribe. The Spartan's patriotism, famous as it was, reached not beyond the Peloponnesian hills, nor the ancient Switzer's beyond the valleys of the Alps. But to-day united Germany embraces millions of men and miles of territory all encompassed within the patriotic love of each German who loves the Fatherland; and English patriotism extends beyond the borders of the parent isle to include within its protecting care the colonies in all quarters of the globe where flies the English flag. The founders of the American Republic were wise builders of a substantial basis for the largest patriotism the world has ever known. Instruments of destiny they were in providing a magnificently ample field for the expansive growth of this most admirable of human virtues. They clearly recognized—or else were agents of a wiser Providence who knew—that man's loving fellowship for man might safely be entrusted with the broadest exercise, and they sprang to leadership in the advancing judgment of the world when they proclaimed that this broad continent, from shore to shore, should be the habitation of a single nation, undivided and indivisible, one in its governmental forms, one in speech, one in aspiration, one in destiny, and one in its claim to the patriotic love of all



its citizens. Surely we who claim—and have a right to claim at least equality with any nation of the earth in the possession of the higher, finer qualities of human kind, may not condemn the judgment of the fathers as an unsubstantial dream, nor proclaim ourselves unable or unworthy to reach the high standard of a national life which they established. By virtue of all the centuries of human growth which separate him from the simple Spartan babe, an American may love his country, with its vast expanse of towering mountain chains, illimitable prairie plains, vast, navigable rivers and mighty cities, much of which he may never hope to see, with more than all the fervor of him who knew no objects of a patriot's pride save the swelling hills. the dimpling vales, the tiny streams and clustering huts embraced within his vision from an ancestral home. The children of nomadic, desert tribes loved only the kinsmen of their patriarchal clans. The American heart has grown great enough to cherish love for millions of its fellows.

There is ample incentive to patriotism in this country which we love. In natural gifts it stands without a peer among the regions of the earth. No product of the field but may be cultivated here; no hidden treasures of the earth but may be drawn from out its mines; immeasurable forests, mighty streams, great lakes and long lines of coasting seas yield each abundantly of the choicest harvests of their kind; the winds of heaven which blow across its face temper its varied clime to healthful vigor and abounding life; art finds rich inspiration in the varied beauties of the land, and poets may revel in its gorgeous charms. Nature, indeed, has been most lavish in her gifts and given us a country well worthy of our love. In material wealth and in potentiality of contribution to human comfort it stands unrivaled among the divisions of the globe.

Nor have our countrymen been unworthy objects of a patriot's pride. The generations of Americans who stand between us and the Revolutionary fathers have been keenly appreciative of the wondertul resources of the land, and have wrought a work of material development which in magnitude and in rapidity of execution stands unequaled among the marvels of the world. Nor have they been forgetful of the more sacred trusts committed to them by those who transmitted to their hands

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the guidance of the destiny of a new and untried experiment in sociology—the young Republic with all its goodly purposes and lofty aspirations. Loyally, honestly, reverntly, they guarded and directed it. Through all the perils incident to its stupendous growth, through all the dangers which menaced its integrity on every side; through anxious conflicts with treacherous foes within, and bloody warfare with envious foes without; through all the many errors of inexperience, even to the frightful shadow of fratricidal strife, they wisely guided and valorously protected it and none of us may say, whatever judgment our riper wisdom may pass upon certain of their acts, that there has not been delivered into our hands a glorious patrimony. As an organization of society the Republic has amply fulfilled the expectations, justified the hopes, and realized the wise intentions of the founders. Proudly we may claim that, here in our country, Freedom has her choice abode; here Liberty has found an abiding resting place; here all the qualities which make the majesty of man find room for culture, and all the virtues which adorn a man find unrestricted exercise within the duties of his citizenship. Notwithstanding all the crudities necessarily attaching to the youth of nations, a civilization has been developed which is worthy of the century in which it finds a place and a race of men, who, in virtue, valor, and intelligence may safely risk comparison with any of the earth. The land of the free and the home of the brave, America and Americans are deserving our patriotic love and worthy our patriotic pride.

Untutored virtue may become a vice. Patriotism is no exception. Atrocious crimes have been committed in the name of Liberty, and deeds of hate in fancied love of country. True partiotism does not consist in boastful exultation concerning the superior excellence, real or fancied, of one's native land, but rather in the firm faith that appreciative understanding of its institutions prove them to be contributive to the best interests of mankind. The rhetoric bombast which perches the bird of Freedom on the loftiest Cordilleran peak to blow his breath upon the setting sun in shrill derision of the heathen of the West, and flaunt his gorgeous tail before the effete kingdoms of the East, is not patriotism, it is vulgar gush. Undis-

criminating glorification of our institutions, simply because they are our own, whether they make for evil or for good, is no less despicable than unselfish sacrifice for the indisputable principles of Right is admirable. The proper tutelage of genuine patriotism has been sadly neglected in this land of ours, and other peoples find it difficult to take us seriously when we make profession of our love of country in the ludicrous extravagance of braggadocio. Abundant excuse may no doubt be found for these crudities in the past in the freshness and callow adolescence of the nation, but we are now grown old enough to cast our sentiments in more manly mould. Our love of country should be founded upon an intimate knowledge of the peculiar nature of our political institutions, and an intelligent appreciation of the social forces which have contributed to give them shape; it should be encouraged by a critical study of the history of the prominent events in its development and of the lives and characters of the great men who founded, guided, and protected it; it should be fostered by a firm belief that, under Providence, it was made as it was and has come to be what it is that the welfare, the happiness and the greatest good of mankind might be increased thereby. Upon such knowledge, such inquiry, and such belief should be based a ready willingness to do what lies in within the power of the citizen to purify the body politic of all ignoble taint; to elevate the character of its citizenship; to bring it up strictly to the standard of its high intent, and to make secure the fulfillment of its destiny. The patriotic American should know his country as well as love it; should have faith in it as well as pride; should serve it as well as praise it; should live to better it as well as be prepared to die to save it. Intelligence and high morality in patriotism are more required of the American citizen than of any other nationality of the earth, for, as his citizenship blesses him with the largest measure of individual liberty it imposes upon him the largest measure of personal responsibility. The institutions bequeathed us by our fathers are dangerons edged tools. Freedom, in conservative, virtuous exercise gains for the individual man his fullest dignity and for society its most exalted station, while liberty, transformed to selfish, vicious license, turns men to brutes and social order into anarchy.

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All true lovers of their country, all genuinely patriotic Americans are concerned that they, their fellow-citizens, and those who are to come after them shall rightfully understand the privileges of their citizenship and as solemnly appreciate its responsibilities, that they may honorably and honestly enjoy the one and meet the other. The children of the land should be taught these things from infancy. On all proper occasions they should be proclaimed before all the people. National holidays should be days of national schooling in the history of American institutions, American achievements, and American heroes, and all the social features of our national life should be made agencies in the building up of a great national love founded upon the firm basis of national intelligence and national morality. All organizations which have these ends in view are therefore commendable and worthy of encouragement and admiration. Such an organization I understand to be the Daughters of the American Revolution. If patriotism is lovethe chiefest of the divinely-commended virtues-limited, because of human imperfection, but tending toward and reaching out to the universal brotherhood of human-kind; if its rightful exercise demands intelligence and is deeply rooted in morality, to the women of the land, best guardians of all the virtues, we may safely entrust its guardianship and culture, and to none more safely or more worthily than to those who are banded together as the lineal representatives of those who made foundation for the grandest patriotism the world has ever known.

Mrs. Regent and Ladies: I should be lacking in proper feeling and unpardonably neglectful of the proprieties if, as your speaker on this occasion, I should fail to remember that a sad incident in the history of your organization has recently occurred. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, President of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has been gathered to the fathers, and only to-day has her body been reverently laid to rest within the bosom of her, and our, beloved country. Aside from the respectful sorrow which propriety demands as due the occasion of the death of the chief officer of your organization, the character and the patriotic services of your late President were such as justify genuine grief that she has passed from out the circle of your membership. I under-

stand that the actual organization of your Society, the lofty plane upon which it was established, and the extraordinary rapidity with which it has grown to its present large dimensions, were largely due to the patriotic zeal, the wise direction. and the tireless energy of this most excellent lady. I am informed that the beginnings of your Society were largely of her creation, that her views largely prevailed in the formulation of its purposes, and that she has been active in its directoin since its founding. If so, her loss to your Society is indeed a grievous one and demands expression of your sorrowful regret. And all of us who appreciate the great worth and the patriotic service to our country of the work in which you are engaged, join sincerely in your sorrow and tender you our profoundest sympathy. It so happens that your President was also wife to the first citizen of the Republic, the President of this nation of United States, and while this fact influences but little the high estimation in which her character and services are held, it is a notable confirmation of the faith which you profess that that President himself, chosen to his high office from among sixty-five millions of his fellow-citizens, and the wife who shared his honors and who aided him, as none but a wife can aid to bear the burden of his responsibilities, were both, like you, descended from heroes of the Revolution. Notwithstanding conscientious conviction as to the grave questions which often hang upon the contests of our party politics and the momentous issues affecting the country's welfare which frequently attend them, no American, whatever his political convictions, susceptible to the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," may becomingly refuse a tribute of respectful sympathy to the President of his country in the dark hour of his domestic affliction. The family relationship, with its sacred character and its pure affection, is the foundation stone of American society and the glory of our modern civilization. We rightfully require of those high in station among us that they shall illustrate its virtues and exemplify its graces. When the great shadow falls upon a home in which these requirements have been fully and amply met, it is but simple justice that we should be in part partakers of its sorrow. We therefore join the nation in respectful sympathy for the žv

President in his great distress, and unite with you in sorrowful regret for the death of the most excellent lady who filled the highest office in your Society.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER, Washington, D. C.—The following invitations in continental blue and buff have been sent to the friends of this Chapter:

"A score or more men on a night in December, Went forth to a deed the world would remember."

IN HONOR OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY,

THE DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER. DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,

Request the pleasure of your company at the residence of Mrs. Tarleton H. Bean, 1738 Q Street.

From 4 to 7 o'clock in the afternoon, December 16, 1892.

Dear Madam: I have the honor to present the accompanying invitation on behalf of the Dolly Madison Chapter, D. A. R. Respectfully,

MARY MORRIS HALLOWELL,

Friday.

Regent.

Who were the Indians who Emptied the Tea, December 16, 1773?

Thomas Hunstable, Abraham Hunt, Daniel Ingoldson, David Kinnison, Joseph Lee, Amos Lincoln, Matthew Loring, Thomas Machin, Archibald Macneil, — Martin, John May, Peter McIntosh, --- Mead, Thomas Melvill, William Molineux. Thomas Moore, Anthony Morse, Joseph Mountford, Eliphelet Newell, John Pearse Palmer, Jonathan Parker, Joseph Payson. Samuel Peck, John Peters, William Pierce, Lendall Pitts. Samuel Pitts, Thomas Porter, Henry Prentiss, John Prince. Edward Proctor, Henry Purkitt, John Randall, Paul Revere. Benjamin Rice, Joseph Roby, John Russell, William Russell. Robert Sessions, Joseph Shed, Benjamin Simpson, Peter Slater. Samuel Sloper, Thomas Spear, Samuel Sprague, John Spurr, James Starr, Phineas Stearns, Ebeneza Stevens, Elisha Story, James Swan, Abraham Tower, John Truman, Thomas Urann, Josiah Wheeler, David Williams, Isaac Williams, Jeremiah Williams, Thomas Williams, Nathaniel Willis, Joshua Wyeth, Thomas Young.







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## SYNOPSIS OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

### BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

OCTOBER 20, 1892.

The Board met pursuant to call. Present: Mrs. Cabell, presiding; Miss Washington, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Walworth, Miss Desha, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. Kinnon, and Mrs. Cockrell. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The regular order of business was set aside to consider the report of Mrs. Walworth, editor of The American Monthly.

The report showed the issue of the magazine for July, August and September, containing the verbatim proceedings of the Continental Congress of February 22, 1892, and the addresses and papers delivered and read at that Congress, with the exception of the papers of Mrs. Baylor and Mrs. Keim, which are in the October number and complete the entire proceedings of the Continental Congress. It also showed that a prospectus had been prepared endeavoring to bring the leading characteristics of the magazine before the members; an official department established, reporting a synopsis of the proceedings of the Board; that articles of value were contributed by members of the society, evincing the interest taken in the publication: that in the August number a Department of Chapters was incorporated, and one designated "The Editor's Note-Book."



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The report recommended that in publishing the reports of the Continental Congresses in the future the society should follow the methods of other organizations and give synopses of the minutes and reserve the right to publish abstracts of papers. addresses, &c.; that in the October number the scope of the magazine was broadened and two new departments were introduced; that the Board be requested to use their influence in obtaining the assistance of writers of known ability, who were willing to do something for the love of country; that bids for printing the magazine were obtained from several printers, and the printing was awarded to the Gedney & Roberts Company. of Washinton, D. C.; that there have been long and vexatious delays in the printing, not the fault of the manager, and that after the publication of two numbers the price of the printing was increased; that she had received lower estimates from printers in New York, but the magazine could no be entered as second-class matter in the New York postoffice unless the office of publication was there; that for these reasons she had continued the work with the Gedney & Roberts Company, as they were the cheapest bidders in this city; that the engraving was altogether done in New York by firms who work for the Century, Magazine of American History, and other first-class periodicals, and that in considering the statement of expenditures for July, August and September, attention should be called to the fact that estimates were procured for the publication of the proceedings of the Continental Congress in book form, and they amounted to more than the expense of the July, August and September numbers combined, the details of which were given: that the number of subscriptions for the magazine are distributed among thirty-one States; that the money received for advertisements has been expended in engraving, and that the money received for subscriptions has been deposited in the bank of Riggs & Company to the credit of THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE; that the interest of various historical societies and public libraries had been enlisted with a prospect of largely strengthening the relations of the society to said organizations.

The manager acknowledges her obligations to Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith for assistance in many ways in Washington dur-

ing her absence, and also to Mrs. Alexander, who attended to the mailing and other matters connected with the magazine in September.

On motion the report was accepted.

The regular order being resumed, sixty-one applicants were reported eligible for membership, by the registrars, and were admitted into the Society.

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization nominated Mrs. Foster for Chapter Regent for the city of Indianapolis, which was confirmed.

A resolution from the Sequoia Chapter (California) relating to the filling out of the certificates of membership and requesting that the National Society cause new ones to be executed to those returning the old ones, was presented, and on motion the Vice-President General Presiding was authorized to appoint a committee of five to take into consideration the subject of certificates of membership, &c., and bring in a report at the first meeting in November, and that the clerk defer work on the certificates until she receives further instructions.

A resolution also from the Sequoia Chapter to the effect

"That applications for membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution from States where local Chapter or Chapters exist, should not be received unless recommended by some regularly organized chapter in said State," was presented.

On motion the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to notify the Sequoia Chapter that the matter did not rest with the Board. An amendment to the constitution would have to be submitted.

Resolutions from the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution earnestly requesting the Daughters of the American Revolution at their next Continental Congress to eliminate from their constitution the words "or from a mother of such a patriot," were presented, and the Corresponding Secretary instructed to acknowledge their receipt, and to say that they had been presented to the National Board of Management and official action deferred.

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A communication from Rev. F. W. Bailey in regard to his book, "A Record of My Ancestry," was received and official action deferred until next meeting.

On motion Mrs. Caleb Hallowell was confirmed as Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter, of Washington City.

The corresponding Secretary was authorized to acknowledge the gift of the valuable volume entitled, "Connecticut Men in the Revolution," from Governor Buckley, of Connecticut, and also the "History of the Siege of Boston," from Mr. Lowdermilk, of Washington.

Miss Desha offered amendments to the constitution and bylaws as follows:

In Article IV, section 1, of the constitution, strike out the word "six" and insert the word "one" before the words "Registrars General;" and strike out the final "s" in the word "Registrars," and add to the section the words "except the President-General and Registrar-General, who may be elected for consecutive terms as long as they are acceptable to the society."

Amend Article V of the constitution, section 3, by striking out the word "all" before the word "officers" and insert in lieu thereof the words "the active."

Also the following amendment to the 5th paragraph of Article IX of the By-Laws: "Each Chapter shall elect its Regent, Secretary, Registrar, local Board of Management, and other officers at that time of the year that best suits its convenience, but the delegates to the Continental Congress must be elected on or before the 1st of December preceding the Congress.

Action of these amendments was deferred. On motion the meeting adjourned.

#### · NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

The Board of Management met pursuant to call. Present: Mrs. Cabell, presiding; Miss Desha, Miss Washington, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Kinnon, Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Cockrell, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Greeley, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Osborne.

Letters of sympathy relating to the death of Mrs. Harrison were read from the Old Dominion (Va.), Green Mountain Number Two (Vt.), Augusta (Ga.) Chapters, and from the State Regents of North Carolina and Virginia, and copies were ordered to be given to the editor of the magazine for publication.

The resignation of Mrs. Clifton Breckinridge as Chairman of the Committee to Formulate Plans for the Building of the Society was accepted with regret.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Registrars reported seventy-two applicants as eligible for membership and they were admitted. On motion, the business for which the meeting was called, viz., the consideration of the amendment to the Constitution offered by the Regent of Pennsylvania at the meeting of October 6th, which proposed to change Section 1, Article III of the Constitution to read as follows:

"Sec. 1. Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years and who is descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot or soldier, sailor, or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or of the United Colonies or States; provided, that the applicant be acceptable to the Society."

And also to change Section 2 of Article III so as to read:

"Sec. 2. Every applicant for membership must be endorsed by at least one member of the National Society, and her application shall then be submitted to the Registrar-General, who shall report on the question of eligibility to the National Board of Management, when the question of admission shall be voted upon by the Board by ballot, and if a majority of said Board approve such application, the applicant, after payment of the initiation fee, shall be enrolled as a member of the National Society"—

was taken up. Letters relating to these amendments were read and a general discussion followed. An amendment offered by Mrs. Walworth was lost, and, after a full discussion, the

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question on the adoption of the amendments proposed by the Regent of Pennsylvania was put and the vote resulted as follows:

Ayes—Miss Washington, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Walworth—5.

Noes—Miss Desha, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. Cockrell, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Greeley, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Osborne—15.

So the amendments were lost.

On motion of Mrs. Walworth the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, that to facilitate the collection of a fund of \$1,500 for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, and the first President-General of this Society, the said portrait to be placed in the White House, the Board of Management of the Daughters of the American Revolution authorize the action of a National Committee to be composed of all officers of the National Society, State Regents and Chapter Regents and Honorary officers, all of whom will be ex officio members of the Committee, and that the Vice-President General Presiding shall be authorized to appoint a Chairman and also a Treasurer to receive, report upon and receipt for contributions, and that any surplus moneys collected over and above the amount required for the portrait shall be appropriated to the permanent fund for the House of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be erected in Washington, D. C., a project in which Mrs. Harrison had taken an earnest and active interest.

On motion the meeting took a recess until four o'clock. November 17, 1892.

#### NOVEMBER, 17, 1892.

Pursuant to recess the Board met. Present: Mrs. Cabell, presiding; Miss Washington, Miss Desha, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Devereaux and Mrs. Osborne.

The Registrars reported the names of four applicants as eligible to the National Society, and they were duly admitted. The Vice-President in Charge of Organization reported Emily L. Caldwell as Regent for Leavenworth, Kansas, and Mary Stewart Smith as Regent of the Albemarle Chapter of Charlottesville, Virginia, who were confirmed.

On motion it was resolved: "That it is the sense of the Board of Management that the Chapters have authority to elect their own officers and determine the length of time they shall serve."

On motion a vote of thanks of the Board was extended to Marion Morris, a member of the Society, for engrossing the resolutions offered in memory of Mrs. Harrison.

On motion the matter relating to the Daughters of the American Revolution joining the National Council of Women was postponed until the meeting of the Congress, February 22, 1893.

A report of the Committee on Certificates, recommending that one or both of the Registrars be responsible for the wording of such parts of the certificates as are in script, and that the certificates now signed, such as are in good condition, shall be dated prior to the date of the death of the President-General, and be issued at the earliest day; also that the certificates which have been returned and those now filled up and the forty-five certificates held for fees should be placed in the hands of the Registrars and their committee, was adopted.

The Finance Committee made a report that the resolution of the Board in regard to the payment of annual dues was unconstitutional, and that therefore the Treasurer-General was not authorized to collect dues in accordance with said resolution; that the dues of members of the National Society, for the current year, who may join the Mary Washington or Dolly Madison Chapter after February 1, 1893, should not be refunded after that date; that the Treasurer-General should not be held responsible for the collection of subscriptions for The American Monthly Magazine, nor for the funds so collected; that bills against the Society, which are ordered by the Board, should be approved, first by the person incurring such expense, and then by the Vice-President

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Presiding and the Recording Secretary and that the Treasurer-General be authorized to send a third notice to members in arrears for dues, which report, after discussion, with the exception of the paragraph in regard to changing the manner of payment of the annual dues, was adopted.

On motion the Board adjourned.

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON LITERARY WORK.

The Committee on Literary Work, appointed by the President of the National Board of Management of the Daughters of the American Revolution, recommends to the various Chapters throughout the United States the formation of classes for the study of American history, especially relating to the part taken by the mothers, wives, and sisters of patriots in our Revolutionary War. These classes to be conducted as may seem best to those forming them, either by reading books on the subjects suggested; by essays prepared by the members; or by lectures by competent persons. The membership need not necessarily be confined to the Daughters of the American Revolution, but should be under their auspices, and should include any kind of entertainment that would create an interest in the early history of our country. . The Committee feels that a thorough knowledge of the men and women of the Revolutionary period will do much to keep up the interest in the general organization. It recommends that the Chapters have each a special secretary, who shall record the course of study pursued by the Chapter through its classes, and that a report of the work be sent to the National Board of Management; that a description of portraits and relics of the Revolutionary period in the possession of persons in the vicinity be made and kept; also that all old letters and diaries of interest be collected and preserved for the archives in Washington.

The Committee suggests as an outline of study, or reading, certain books, but leaves all details of organization to each individual Chapter.

The Committee earnestly recommends the immediate formation of some scheme of literary work in each Chapter for the coming winter.

Respectfully submitted to the National Board of Management of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Chairman, Mrs. John C. Foster,
Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin,
Mrs. William D. Cabell.

The outline of study suggested by the Committee is as follows:

- "Mount Vernon and Its Associations."—Lossing.
- "The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington."—Rufus Wilmot Griswold.

(This book contains portraits of a number of the most distinguished women of the time.)

- "Inauguration of Washington."—Bowen, Century Magazine, April, 1889.
  - "Siege of Boston."-Frothingham.
- "Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago."

  —H. E. Scudder.
- "Familiar Letters of John Adams and His Wife, Abigail Adams."—Charles Francis Adams.
  - "American Eloquence."-F. Moore.
  - "Address on Eloquence of the Revolution."—Rufus Choate.
  - "Ballad History of the Revolution."-F. Moore.
  - "The Chautauquan Magazine" Articles, 1891, 1892.
  - "Speeches of Chatham."
  - "Speeches of Burke."
  - "Life of Washington."-Irving.
  - "Life and Writings of Washington."—Sparks.
  - "Life of Gouverneur Morris."—Sparks.
    - "Life of Madison."-Rives.
    - "Life of Franklin."—Sparks.
    - "Life of Jefferson."-Parton.
    - "Life of Richard Henry Lee."-R. H. Lee.
    - "Life of Arthur Lee."-R. H. Lee.
    - "Life of Reed."-Reed.
    - "Life of Patrick Henry." Wirt.
    - "Life of Otis."-Tudor.
- "Washington in Domestic Life."—From Rusk's Occasional Productions.

- "Washington's Letters."-Harper's, August, 1879.
- "Memoirs of La Fayette."
- "Washington."-Edward Everett.
- "Magazine of American History," in June, 1877.
- "The American Revolution."-Fiske.
- "War of the American Independence."-Ludlow.
- "History of the Revolution."—Earl Stanhope.
- "History of the People of the United States."-McMasters.
- "The History of the Constitution."—Bancroft.
- "The Story of the Constitution."—Thorne, Chautauquan Course.
  - "The Federalist." Edited by Alexander Hamilton.
  - "History of the Revolutionary War."-Mrs. Mercy Warren.
  - "Field Book of the Revolution."-Lossing.

(For Dates, Etc.)

- "History of the United States."—Ridpath.
- "Rise of the Republic."—Frothingham.
- "Domestic History of the American Revolution."—Mrs. Ellet.
  - "American Statesmen."
- "The Signers of the Declaration of Independence."—Lossing.
- "The First Century of the Republic; a Review of American Progress."—Harper's, 1876.
  - "History of Caricature."—Parton.
  - "Initial Studies in American Literature."—Beers.

(For Reference.)

- "Early and Later Colonial Literature, 1607–1788."

  First two volumes of "Library of American Literature."
  Stedman and Hutchinson.
  - "Prose Writers and Poets of America."—Griswold.
  - "Morton's Hope, a Novel."—J. L. Motley.
  - "Social Institutions of the United States."—Bryce.

(Chautauquan Course.)

- "The American Commonwealth."—Bryce.
- "Wonders of the Invisible World."—Cotton Mather.
- "The Patriot Preachers of the Revolution."

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# NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

To the State and Chapter Regents and Delegates
to the Continental Congress:

An amendment to the eligibility clause of the Constitution eliminating the phrase "mother of a patriot," was proposed at the first October meeting of the National Board, by the Pittsburgh Chapter, through the State Regent of Pennsylvania. The Board has rejected the amendment for the present, being unwilling to act on such an important question without full consultation with all the other Chapters, in order that the wishes of the Society may be ascertained.

It is not possible to do this before the next Congress. Letters have come from both State and Chapter Regents to the effect that they have heard but one side. As the Board received no official communication on this subject until October last, it is obvious that there has been no opportunity to present its views until now. In justice to the Society, therefore, there is but one safe method to pursue, viz: to have the matter laid before the Congress, after which the Delegates and Regents will be able to present it in all its bearings, to their chapters. in turn can then discuss the question without haste or distraction and decide intelligently. Only after such preparation will the true vote of the National Society appear in the resolutions sent to the National Board, who will then be able to recommend to the Congress of 1894 whatever amendment this vote shall require. The Board has no desire to hinder full expression on this point, delaying final action only until every Chapter is prepared to send its well-considered vote.

The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized by women who desired to preserve and perpetuate patriotic principles, to gather together all representatives of the old Revolutionary stock, and especially to honor the women of 1776.

They felt that while the heroism of the men of the Revolution had been told in song and story, their names written in

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the official records of the Nation, the memory even had almost been forgotten of hundreds of equally brave, heroic women who sacrificed and suffered and died in the struggle. One way in which to preserve these memories, was to honor "the mother of the patriot." They were justified in this, as the mother who bore the son, trained and cared for him through years of infancy, taught him to love his country and his God, contributed in its highest sense "material aid to the cause of Independence." Then, too, through her, the sisters could be honored by the admission of their descendants. Those sisters no doubt did their part as nobly as he, but their names are in no roster and no historian celebrates their exploits.

Another reason for the organization of the Society was to demonstrate that a Society could be formed by women, for women, and in honor of women, and to bring to remembrance the fact that the Revolution was not won by men alone, but in every home a woman was faithfully "yielding to her country's service all her best of home and heart." If the soldier defended her from the invasion of the enemy, she defended him from hunger and protected him from cold by the food and clothing she prepared, oftentimes at a cost that made his sacrifices seem insignificant. Men and women, together, formed the phalanx which the trained soldiers of Great Britain were powerless to defeat.

Again, and in no other way than through "the mother of a patriot," could representatives of the families of General George Washington, General George Rogers Clarke, Captain Ezra Selden and other distinguished soldiers, be admitted, for they died without direct descendants. By admitting their representatives, the blood made precious by its consecration to the cause of freedom, was preserved to the Society—blood which flows to-day with all the old heroic fervor, though it throbs in a woman's heart and came down to her in the female instead of the male line. There is a most worthy precedent for this in the Constitution of the Order of the Cincinnati. In it these words occur: "The officers of the American Army do hereby in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute and combine themselves into one Society of friends to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and in fail-

ure thereof, the collateral branches who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

Again, the Crown and the Great Estates of England descend to collateral branches. Queen Victoria holds her crown by virtue of the law of collateral descent and the Prince of Wales will inherit his throne from a woman.

It has been urged that in admitting the descendants of "the mother of a patriot" we run the risk of admitting descendants of Tories. It is an ascertained fact that many of the most distinguished members of "lineal descent" have Tory blood on one side, and there is no instance where any one descended from Tory ancestry alone, has asked for admission.

It has also been charged that the Society is narrow in that it limits the women of the Revolution to one class—"mothers." The reply is that the word *ancestor* is defined and has been accepted as meaning man or women, and members descended from women who were "recognized patriots" have always received a cordial welcome.

The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution opens its doors and gives a welcome to any reputable woman of lineal descent from man or woman who helped the country in her hour of need, or from the mother of such patriot. For upon this foundation the Society was based, and upon it, it is proposed to carry out the broad and liberal policy laid down in the Constitution, until that Constitution is changed by a majority vote of the whole Society. As the eligibility clause has proved to be ambiguous, the following has been suggested for future consideration:

"Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a soldier, a sailor, a civil officer, or a recognized patriot (whether man or woman), who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of Independence in the several Colonies or States, or from the mother of such soldier, sailor, civil officer or recognized patriot; "Provided, That the applicant is acceptable to the Society."

By order of the National Board of Management:

M. V. E. CABELL.

Vice President-General Presiding.

MARY L. SHIELDS,

Recording Secretary-General.

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### NATIONAL COMMITTEE

To collect a fund for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States and first President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be placed in the White House.

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### REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

#### DECEMBER.

9th, 1775. Battle of Great Bridge, Virginia. Lord Dunmore defeated by the Culpeper Minute Men.

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death!"

From the speech of Patrick Henry, Colonel and organizer of the Culpeper Minute Men. The speech was delivered at the Convention in Old St. John's Church, Richmond, March, 1775. The following month, after the Battle of Lexington, Lord Dunmore attempted to seize the gunpowder at Williamsburg and Patrick Henry called for volunteers.

### 14th, 1799. Death of Washington.

Major General Henry Lee was requested by Congress to pronounce the funeral oration. One clause of that oration has become a proverb, but the rest of the sentence is too little known.

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate and sincere, uniform, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting."

### 16th, 1773. Boston Tea Party.

The tossing overboard of the tea by the Boston patriots disguised as Indians holds a great place in song and story. Ballads were written about it at the time, some, doubtless, by the participators. Poets have sung of it since. Among

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others our beloved autocrat, Dr. Holmes. I give a verse from one of these many ballads:

#### THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

"Go take your taxers home, King George,
Their iron rule is o'er;
We love our cup of tea full well,
But we love our freedom more.
Then overboard it goes, my boys,
Where darkling waters roar.
We love our cup of tea full well,
But we love our freedom more."

23d, 1783. Washington resigns his Commission.

25th, 1776. Washington, Greene and Sullivan, reinforced by Cadwallader and Mifflin, crossed the Delaware into New Jersey.

26th, 1776. Battle of Trenton. One thousand Hessians Captured.

The author of the following ballad is unknown. It may have been Col. David Humphreys, the "warrior poet;" it may have been Philip Freneau, "the Bard of the Revolution;" it may have been one of the local poets which abounded in the army. It is published with no signature in Moore's "Ballads and Songs of the Revolution":

#### BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day, in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! The boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band
That dared invade fair freedom's laud,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington, he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

Sign

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In centre, front and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands, Let's sing deliverance from the hands Of arbitrary sway. And as our life is but a span, Let's touch the tankard while we can, In memory of that day.

Susan Rivine Hetzel



#### ELIGIBILITY.\*

Reply to the Article "Mother of a Patriot" in the November Number of THE AMERICAN MONTHLY.

The difference of opinion regarding the "collateral member-ship provided by the constitution" was not, as is asserted by the writer of the above-named article, brought before the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution February, 1892, "in the form of an appeal from one of the Chapters." It was introduced in a resolution offered by a member of the Board of Management. The State Regent, who, in the work of organizing Chapters, had seen the evil which the eligibility clause, as it now stands, had wrought. In numerous instances descendants of Revolutionary heroes declined to join a society which under its constitution offered equal honors to descendants of Tories.

The reasons in favor of the change in the constitution, as given in the article referred to, are correct as far as they go. Let us look into the reasons against the change.

- r. The assertion that the Society of the Cincinnati is, because strictly adhering to lineal descent, dying out for lack of material, cannot be made prophetic of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There is no parallel between the admission on lineal lines in these Societies. That Society, the Cincinnati, allows representation through only one member of a family, and such representation is hereditary, descending from father to eldest son. The Daughters of the American Revolution does not restrict the number of children admitted to its membership. All female descendants are admitted. There is not, we think, very much danger of death for want of supply of material here.
- 2. That there are descendants of Tories under lineal lines is a matter of course; but under the "new amendments" they are not admitted as such, but as the descendants of the patriots who intermarried with Tories.
  - 3. We do want our name, Daughters of the American Revo-

<sup>\*</sup>The pages of the January number, 1893, of The AMERICAN MONTHLY will be open to suitable papers on this subject, which was opened in the official report, and by articles in the November number, 1892.

-"o|| \$ || (\*\*. ) · The state of the produced the state of the second of the seco lution, to mean what it asserts in letter as well as in spirit, and we insist on its literal interpretation in a matter of great importance. As regards the word National—pertaining to a nation—its very use implies representation.

4. The eligibility clause, as we understand it, does shut out all female ascendants, except the mothers of patriots. Members may have entered the Society through women who were active patriots, but we think on investigation their claim for eligibility will be found to rest on the circumstance that those women were mothers of patriots, and not from service given.

So much for statements; now what follows:

1. The new amendment does not "ignore all women unless they rendered actual service (so called)." The words used are: "Any man or woman who rendered material aid." The men, brave soldiers and sailors gave actual service. The true loyal women of Revolutionary times were not often called patriots. Heroines they were, and good work they did, and nobly they suffered and endured; and for these things we would have them recognized through their descendants, whether they were or were not mothers of patriots.

2. It would, even if desired, be simply impossible to create an exclusive Society, when all the lineal descendants of the thousands of the rank and file have only to show record of service in the cause of Independence to be enrolled among our members. Therefore the trend of the "new amendments" is not towards exclusiveness, but towards the establishing a broad foundation, laid in truth and reverence, which shall be able to support this superstructure—a grand, historic organization.

3. We see no reason why the "holding of a Revolutionary record should conflict with the preserving the rights and liberties for which our heroes fought." Nor do we comprehend why an organization "to save the American race and American principles from being wiped out," must fail to be a "congenial" one.

The twentieth century is knocking at our doors. Let us see to it that we establish a Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of which our descendants may be proud, even as we are proud of the deeds of our own ancestors, whose names we honor and whose memories we would perpetuate. the state of the s r=r

## EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men." As to the Christian this angelic song embodies the essence and spirit of religious devotion and duty in his relations to his fellowmen, so to the patriot it comes with a similar message. narrow limits of an "order," the boundaries of a state, or even a nation will not hold the unfathomable yearning of the heart of the true patriot toward his fellow men. within his own soul an ardent love for his country, as it is embodied to him in the idea of a land made glorious by the deeds of the past and the activities of the present for the home of mankind. Within the reach of his desire are the men of all races and all places; he would fain proclaim to them the blessings that belong to a land where all men are "free and equal." where the problems of civilization may be worked out boldly under the sanction and restraints of law. Without such sanction and restraint these vexing problems lead to disorder and anarchy.

It is for the reason that love of country means respect for law, and means at the same time liberty for the widest expression of opinion, and the boldest effort to change the law to suit progressive opinion, that the Orders of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution of America are now, and will be yet more, a power to the land. They stand between the extreme conservatives who denounce the advancing interests of labor and of women, and the extreme progressionists who are tolerant of violations of the Constitution and the law if such violations will bring about needed reforms. Politics do not come in the province of the work, or even under the consideration of the Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution, but all that concerns good government as it relates to a respect for law, and as it relates to a preservation of those principles of Independence upon which this nation was founded, is the priceless heritage of

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 these Sons and Daughters. They are inspired by the enthusiasm of a kinship to the past and a hope of the future, to work and think and act in behalf of preservation and legitimate expansion of this good government. They study the past in the history of measures and men and women, they consider the present in an effort to unite the heirs of those men and women of the past in a mighty effort to cherish and perpetuate the work for mankind which these forefathers so wisely originated.

This work will develop through detail and small efforts exerted in many places, as great results have grown through all time. The celebrations, essays, addresses, pride in locality and interest in family tradition, is already bringing forward a mass of hidden history and heroism that was never unsuspected. Each and every one of these incidents and heirlooms is a foundation-stone of the edifice on which our good government rests. Each Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. and each branch of the Society of the "Sons," is under a moral obligation to bring forward the minutiæ of all history of places and men and women in its immediate locality. THE AMERICAN MONTHLY is a vehicle to convey this material to its proper resting place in the archives of these Societies, where it will be preserved for use and reference. Errors may occur in the statement of facts, but here is the opportunity for correction and discussion. Let us draw aside the veil of the past and learn from it wisdom for the future, and let us keep our sympathies and our work broad enough to bear always in mind the inspiring song of the angels, "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

We would call the attention of all "Daughters" to the resolution passed by the Board of Management November 16, 1892, and printed in the official report of this number of The American Monthly, which authorizes the action of a National Committee composed of officers and Regents of this Society to collect funds for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, our late and most honored President-General. The names of the committee appear on another page, and it is earnestly desired that they proceed to act in this matter at once and without

 $y = (y - y)^{-1}$  (1) y = y = 0The second of the second of th  further notification. State Regents will undoubtedly call the attention of Chapters and members of the Society in their respective States to this object, and Chapter Regents, it is suggested, will call a meeting of their Chapters for this especial purpose, and, after presenting the subject, receive the subscriptions at that time, afterward giving an opportunity to those who were absent to participate in this general offering of the "Daughters" for a great national object.

Members of the Society who are not connected with Chapters will send their offering either to the Regent of their respective States, or directly to the Treasurer of the Committee.

There are few of us who will not at least once in a lifetime visit Washington and enter the White House, that historic mansion which is identified with the life of the nation; that home around which cluster the memories of great men, and of tender women who were their companions and their peers. What Daughter of the American Revolution will not feel an honest pride in the knowledge that her mite contributed its share in placing on these walls the portrait of that "First Lady of the Land," who must ever stand "first" in the hearts of all of these "Daughters." We wish this to be not only a voluntary but a prompt offering. Let it be a holiday gift, coming with the joy of Christmas, the happiness of the New Year, and with a suggestion of hope and peace to the family of the President of the United States. It is a rare privilege that only Americans may enjoy, to indulge the sentiment of their hearts toward one so eminent as the wife of the head of a great nation. by voluntarily placing her portrait in the Executive Mansion. The Daughters of the American Revolution will certainly avail themselves of such an opportunity.

The close of the year is a time when we naturally review our errors, and make fair promises for the future. The American Monthly enters into the spirit of the season, and laments sincerely some errors of typography in the past and hopes to make a fairer record in the future; some statements have been transposed, as when the son of Mrs. Madison is named Todd Payne, when it should have been written Payne

30 T V V V Todd; a statement in regard to the duel in which Commodore Decatur was killed makes Aaron Burr his destroyer. This is a mistake. Will some one give the particulars of this duel for our new department of "Queries and Replies," which will be opened in the January number? On page 580 of this magazine, Daughters of the Revolution should be Daughters of the American Revolution; but our confession becomes tedious and we hope that a multitude of sins will be covered by the generous charity of this happy time.



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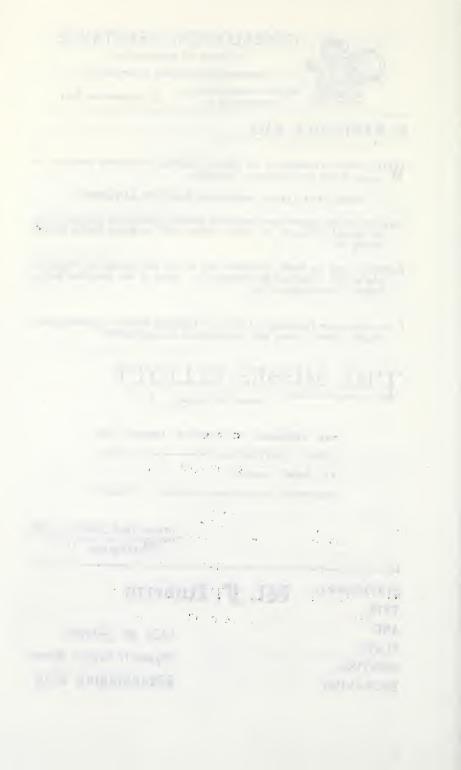
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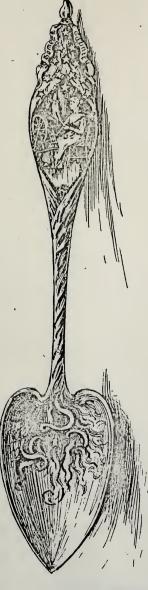
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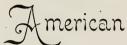
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